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LITTLE BO-PEEP

BY

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ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"SAY, Teacher, what you think?" demanded Eva Gonorowsky, oblivious to everything save the marvelous news which had bubbled all day beneath her butterfly bow: "What you think? Little Bo-Peep is cousins mit me."

"That must be very nice," Miss Bailey responded. No geneological announcement could surprise her since Abraham Abrahamowsky had claimed kinship with Abraham Lincoln. "That must be very nice, dear."

"It's awful nice," said Eva. "She lives now in Russia, only it ain't healthy for her there no more, und so she comes soon on my house."

"Will she bring her sheeps mit?" inquired Morris Mogilewsky, whose passion for Nature Study persisted through all sorts of discouragements. "I likes I shall see a sheep, all in one, mit its hair on. I ain't never seen that."

"I guess she brings it all right, all right. She is lovin' much mit anblins. In Russia her papa is got more'n fifty hundred und three lambs und fifty million und six sheeps. Und mine little cousins she plays all times mit lambs. She is like me. She is all the childrens what her mama's got. She brings her papa und her mama, too."

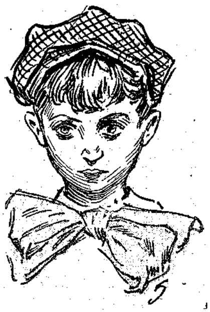
"Is her papa got elflints?" asked Morris.

"Is his name Barnum?" asked Patrick Brennan.

But Eva was conversing with Miss Bailey and refused to be distracted. "Mine uncle is awful rich, und mine cousin is awful stylish. You could to look on her picture what comes out of Russia. She is mine rich und stylish cousin."

Rich and stylish the youngster certainly looked. Hard ruffles of stiff lace encrusted all her velvet outlines; rings and bracelets adorned her pudgy hands; her coiffure was incredible, and her air was self-conscious. Two lambs were stiffly posed at her feet, and she held a beribboned shepherd's crook in her jeweled grasp.

"Bo-Peep indeed!" exclaimed Miss Bailey.



"'Will she bring her sheeps mit?' inquired Morris"

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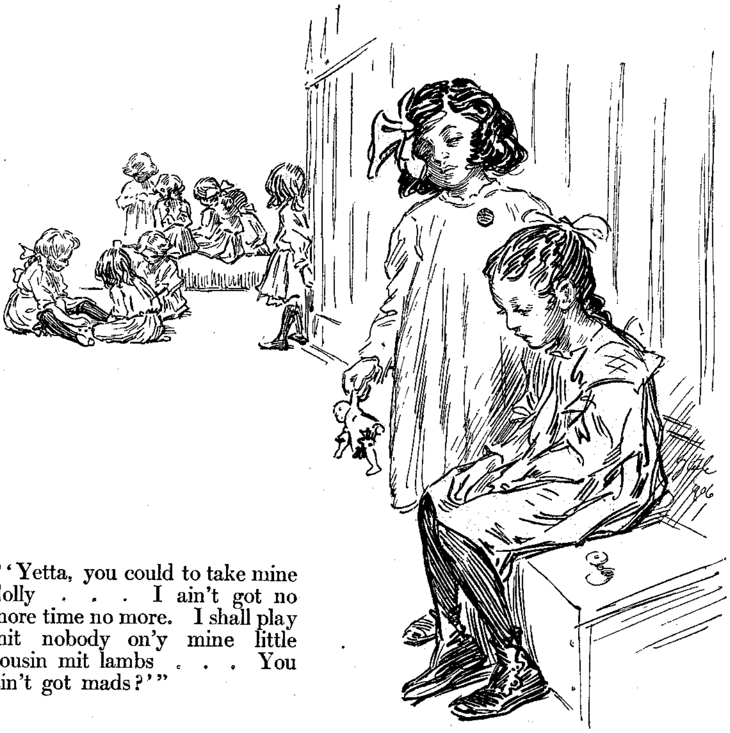


"'Yetta, you could to take mine dolly . . . I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs . . . You ain't got mads?'"

"Und she ain't lost them sheeps 't all. 'She let 'em alone und they comes by the house,' " quoted Morris, who loved facts above rhythm.

"Rich und stylish," repeated Eva unctuously. "Sheeps is all the style in Russia this year."

"I'm got a kitten," volunteered Sarah Schodsky—"They is stylish, too"; but no one seemed impressed.

The advent of that cousin affected all the relations of Eva's life. She was a possession to be lived up to, and Eva's spirit exalted itself daily to reach the standard fixed by the photograph. She carried it with her always, and in imagination she marched her friends and companions past the gaudy little figure and watched them shrivel into insignificance. Even her own Sabbath finery lost its power to uphold her through unadorned week-days, and the gleam of Patrick's official costume grew dim.

"I don't know," she pondered, as loyalty did battle with reason, "I don't know what is the style in Russia. Mine cousin could to think that Patrick is rowdy, und Yetta is poor, und mine best dress is old."

One of these fears was shared by Mrs. Gonorowsky, who straightway devoted some of her scanty funds and leisure to the construction of a toilet which should spare Eva the agony of "shamed feelings" when the stylish cousin should arrive. Teacher was, of course, informed; shown the sample of the much washed adult skirt which was to be the new costume's chief ingredient; was even allowed to contribute lace for its neck and sleeves, wide ribbon for its sash, and to be present at a dress rehearsal.

Week after week dragged itself across the calendar on Miss Bailey's desk, and brought no stylish cousin out of Russia to share the seat and the heart which Eva had emptied for her. She cast away all such treasures and friendships as were unsuited to one set apart to associate with rank and fashion. The broken tin soldiers, the labyrinth of string, the fragmentary china doll, and its cradle which had once been a baby's shoe, she bestowed upon that element of her acquaintance with which she felt constrained to part, with some such little speech as:

"Yetta, you could to take mine dolly, the while I ain't got no more time to play mit her. I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs what comes out of Russia. I am loving much mit you, Yetta, and I am loving much mit mine dolly, on'y I couldn't to play no more mit nobody on'y mine cousin und lambs. You ain't got mads?"

"Can I have the dolly's bed, too?" Yetta demanded, before confessing her emotional condition.

"Sure you can, und two pieces from pencils."

"An' a string for mine hair?" insisted the usurer.

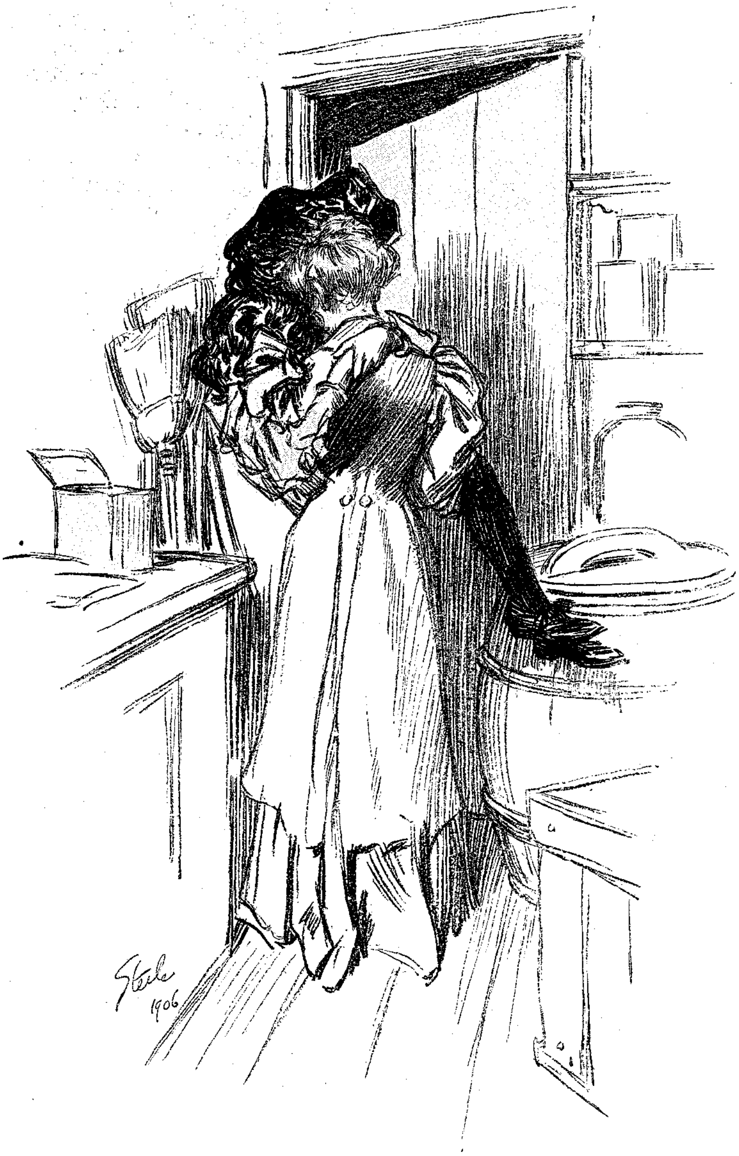
"Two strings."

"Then I ain't got mads," Yetta conceded. "I have kind feelings."

Only Patrick refused to let either threats or bribes affect him. He entirely misunderstood Eva's anxiety, and only increased it by his attitude of admiring protection.

"It don't make no difference to me if you *have* got a greenhorn cousin," he assured her. "It makes no difference to me. Why,

"'What is it, sweetheart? Didn't the stylish little cousin come out of Russia?'"

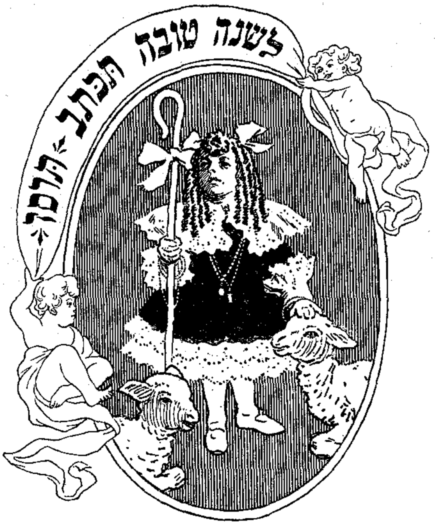


I'd just as lieves treat the two of youse to hoky-poky if I'd the penny — an' I tell yer no one would dast to guy yer cousin if I wuz 'round."

And Eva's heart whispered: "He don't puts him on so stylish as mine cousin, but anyway his papa is cops, and Patrick's best suit is got from sure gold buttons."

Every morning she appeared despairing and in her ordinary attire; toward lunch-time her spirits and her expectations reached fever heights; at one o'clock she returned to Room 18 crestfallen; but at three o'clock she was all jubilant again and trotted off with the rank and file of the First Readers as though she were not a member of the cabinet.

And so no one was surprised when she failed to answer to the roll-call one morning. Miss Bailey rejoiced that her favorite's long vigil was over, and the First Reader Class glued its eyes upon the door and prepared to have them dazzled. Yet the morning passed uneventfully away. One o'clock came, and Eva did not, and as the next day brought no sign of her, Miss Bailey went to investigate, remonstrate, and congratulate. Eva opened the door; but such a crushed, tear-stained, white-faced Eva! Teacher simply picked her up and held her against the shoulder that had been her refuge in so many lesser griefs.



LITTLE BO-PEEP

"'her picture what comes out of Russia'"

"What is it, sweetheart?" she questioned. "Didn't the stylish little cousin come out of Russia?"

Eva clasped her frantically. "It ain't cousins," she wailed. "It ain't stylish. It ain't Bo-Peep. I ain't never seen nothing like it. I don't know what it is, on'y I have a fraid, I have a fraid, I have a fraid!"

"Is your mother in?" asked Teacher, when she found she could not bring Eva to anything like self-control. "Tell her, dear, that I want to speak with her," and she set the child upon the floor and tried to reduce her to some semblance of the smart monitor of pencil points. Eva crept to the door of the dark closet which was bedroom, storeroom, dressing-room — everything which the single outer room was not — and beat upon it.

"Mama! Mama!" she panted, and then cowered behind Teacher and hid her eyes in Teacher's dress.

The door opened slowly, and Mrs. Gonorowsky came quietly out. Constance Bailey had heard of anguish and despair, but she had never seen them until she met Mrs. Gonorowsky's eyes.

"What is it?" was all she could say. "Oh, Mrs. Gonorowsky, what it it? Didn't your people come?"

"The little girl comes"— Mrs. Gonorowsky was beginning, when Eva, her hands still before her eyes, broke out ——

"It ain't little girls. It ain't cousins. It ain't got no lambs. I don't know what it is, but I have a fraid over it."

"But your sister and her husband?" asked Miss Bailey.

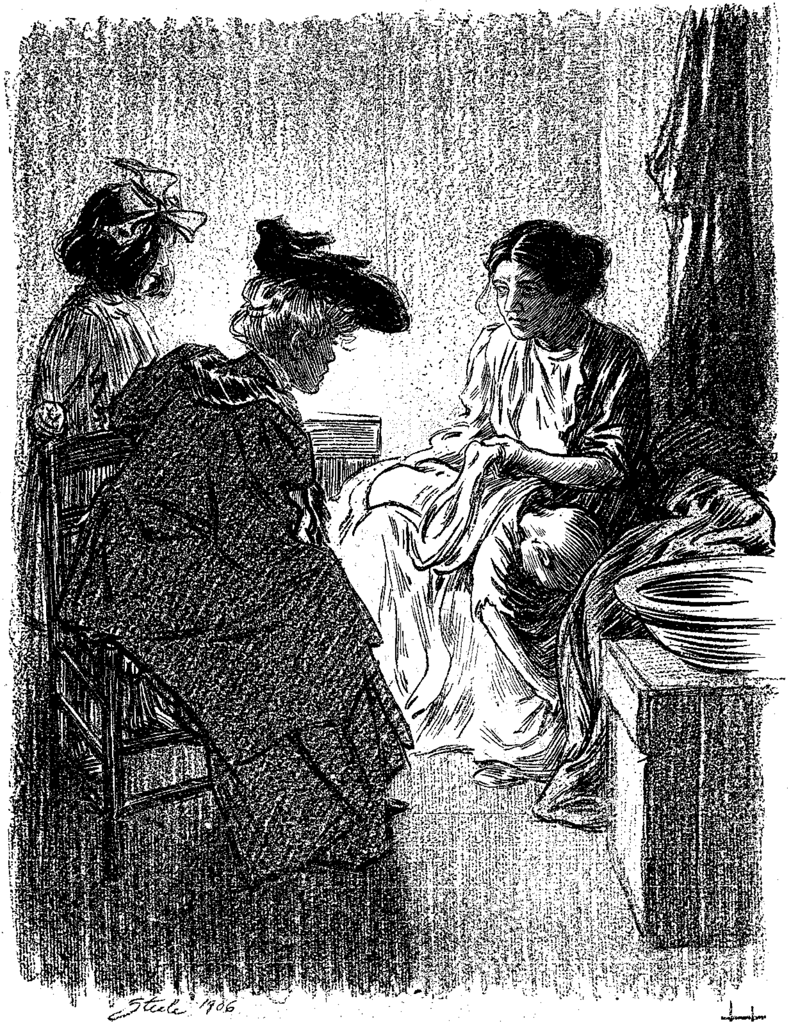
"They don't comes," said Mrs. Gonorowsky. She was quite passive, and yet Constance had often seen her in hysterics of neighborly vituperation. "They don't never comes," she repeated dully.

"And the child came all alone?"

"A friend from mine sister und from me, he brings her on the house. You like you shall see her, maybe. You don't needs you shall ask over mine sister sooner you looks on that child."

"It ain't no child," wailed Eva. "It ain't! It ain't! It ain't! I wants mine stylish little cousin what I had pictures off of."

Teacher followed Mrs. Gonorowsky into the tiny inner room, lighted only by a candle and not aired at all, and there on a heap of clothing lay a creature — Eva was right: it was not a child — who gazed blankly at them. Its head had been shaved, perhaps



"'The knout,' said Mrs. Gonorowsky, very quietly"

on the steamer, perhaps to escape identification, and its lips never stopped moaning, panting, whispering one sentence.

"That is the child," said Mrs. Gonorowsky simply.

"But what is she saying?" queried Constance. "Is she asking for anyone?"

"She says," Mrs. Gonorowsky interpreted, "'I am Christian! I kiss the Cross!' They learn her to say that. I show you how they learn her," and she took the little body on her lap and began to unswathe the bandages in which it was wrapped. The back was uncovered first.

"I kiss the Cross!" shrieked the baby as the last dressing was removed. "I kiss the Cross!"

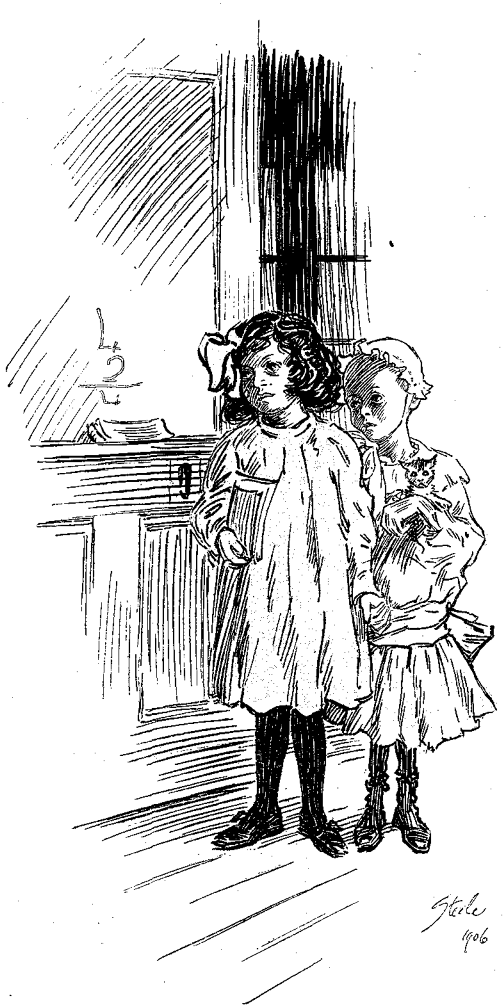
"The knout," said Mrs. Gonorowsky, very quietly. "We learn to know its mark, we women of the Jews. Now see another way they learn her," and she deftly turned the child upon its back.

"Oh, God in Heaven! Did men do that?" cried Constance Bailey.

"Christian!" moaned the baby. "I kiss the Cross!"

"Und you ask where is her mama?" commented Mrs. Gonorowsky.

A week passed before Eva came again to Room 18; but Miss Bailey had seen her frequently during the interval and had done what in her lay to pave the way for her return. Eva's cousin, she explained to the First Readers, had been ill and could not be expected to shine resplendent in foreign fashions for, perhaps, a month; and Eva, upon her return, was not to be questioned or bothered. Miss Bailey was very serious and very earnest in these commands, and the First Readers swore to do her bidding and almost did it when Eva slipped into her accustomed place in her accustomed clothes.



"One day the cousin came to school. Eva led her in in triumph"

"It ain't cousins," she whispered to Miss Bailey. "It ain't girls, und it ain't got no lambs, but I finds a kitty on the street und I gives it to it, und I ain't got no more a fraid over it. Last night I gives it a hair ribbon, und it smiled. It began to have a glad, so I ain't got no more fraids."

Gradually the reports grew more cheering; until one day the cousin came to school. Eva led her in in triumph, and Miss Bailey, who was accustomed to many pitiful appeals to her understanding of small hearts, now found herself quite speechless as she turned to greet this newest charge. The baby was still heartbreakingly thin; but her eyes were gentle and human; her shaven head was covered with a fluted, lace-trimmed baby's bonnet; a miserable kitten was clasped in her arms, and she wore, oh, miracle of loving kindness! Eva's reception gown. Of course, she spoke no word of English, but at Eva's whispered injunction she entrusted a little hand to Teacher's clasp and allowed herself to be established at Eva's side.

"Und any way," said the monitor on pencil points, as she surveyed her new relation, "und any way she don't look like nobody else, und the childrens could to think, maybe, that caps from babies is the style in Russia."

After that she came every day, and gradually the strained look left her little face, and once or twice, as Eva pointed out to Miss Bailey, she smiled, and all went well in Room 18; until the evil day set aside by the Board of Health for the vaccination of the scholars in that particular school.

Even then disaster might have been averted if Miss Bailey had not been obliged to stay in Room 18 with the majority, while little squads of five or six were taken to the Principal's Office to be examined and, if needs were, vaccinated, bandaged, and returned to their teachers, in pride or hysterics as their sex or nature prompted. It was nearly three o'clock when Eva, Patrick, the new cousin, the kitten, and two of the rank and file set out together, and had not been more than ten minutes absent when Patrick came dashing back.

"Gimme me hat," he cried as he dived under his desk. "Gimme me hat! That fool greeny run away."

Miss Bailey wasted no time in setting out for the scene of excitement, and on the way encountered Eva Gonorowsky quite distracted.

"Oh, Teacher! Teacher!" she wailed. "Mine cousin she runs on the block, und she don't know where she is, und she don't know where she lives, und she don't know nothing. She couldn't to talk, even."

"Oh, the poor child! Why should she run away?"

"I couldn't to tell," said Eva. "I holds her in mine hand. On'y sooner she seen how the doctor makes blood come out of Sarah Schodsky, she yells something fierce over crosses und Christs, und she runs on the street."

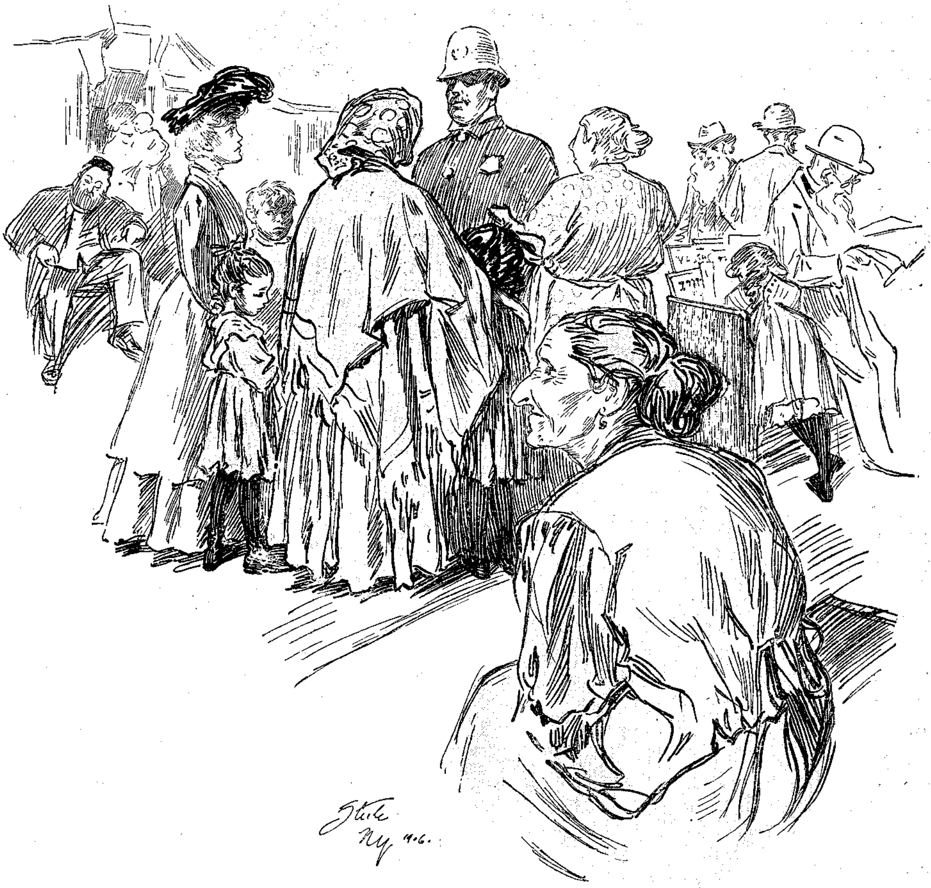
Down to the big door rushed Eva and Miss Bailey; but there was no sign of the white-bonneted stylish cousin in all the moving crowd. They were just in time to catch a glimpse of the vanishing Patrick Brennan; and surely no knight of old had ever, for a lady's sake, pricked his way on a more perilous adventure than this small knight of Ulster had embarked upon. Miss Bailey hurried back to her kingdom, dismissed her class, and followed Patrick's example. Mrs. Gonorowsky, Mr. Brennan, *père*, Morris Mogilewsky, Yetta Aaronsohn, in fact the whole executive of Room 18, joined in the quest; but far in advance of them all fared Patrick Brennan.

"I sure am up against it," he communed. "What would de gang tink if dey seen me wastin' me time chasin' a darn fool greeny?"

Meanwhile the greeny was adrift on a sea of troubles. The panic in which she left the school grew momentarily worse. Everything terrified her, but nothing stopped her; and her pursuers heard many disquieting rumors of her flight.

"A little girl in a cap?" said the policeman on the corner of Henry and Essex Streets, in answer to Miss Bailey's inquiry: "Yes. I seen her runnin' to beat the band toward the river. I stopped her long enough to ask her where she was going, and she tore out of me hands like an eel and told me something in Yiddish. 'Twas none of my business if she wanted to do steeple-

"'A little girl in a cap?' said the policeman . . . 'Yes. I seen her runnin' . . . toward the river'"



chases over and under the push-carts, and so I let her go. She had a kitten with her."

"Yes. She went by here," said the janitor of a neighboring school. "She looked so little and so scared that I tried to stop her, but that seemed to scare her worse, and so I let her go. She was going toward the river." But who could direct any of them to the darkness between an uptilted push-cart with one wheel, and the wall against which it leaned, where little Bo-Peep crouched, one tiny incarnation of terror? She watched, through the crack where cart met sidewalk, the feet of her pursuers. Thousands of them passed, and yet others always followed. Some went briskly, as though they still had far to go. Some moved more slowly, guessing their quarry to be near. Some stood in sodden groups, having discovered her hiding-place and knowing that they might seize her when they would. It was only by frantic repetitions of her exorcism that she averted a thousands deaths. "I am Christian," she whispered to the cold stones upon which she cowered. "I am Christian, I kiss the Cross." And the feet always passed.

Most terrifying of all were a pair of feet — enormous, heavy-shod, and turned up at the toes — which went deliberately and noisily across her field of vision time and time again. Above the ponderous feet a section of blue trousers showed, as Mr. Brennan, *père*, patrolled his beat and questioned every possible informant. Once a pair of small and shiny shoes held parley with these heavy ones just beside the push-cart.

"Still no news?" asked Constance Bailey.

"None at all, Miss. The earth opened and swallowed her. A couple of women seen her running along here toward the river. A man on the corner seen her turn down this block. But what became of her, I'm durned if I know. But don't you git worked up about it: them kids always turns up. 'Let them alone and they'll come home,' as the song says."

At the juncture of East Broadway and Clinton Street, Miss Bailey encountered Mrs. Gonorowsky.

"Mine Gott!" wailed that distracted matron. "Ain't you find her?"

"No," answered Constance, "but I saw a man who had seen her."

"Every one seen her," cried Mrs. Gonorowsky. "O'ny nobody wass smardt enough they shall stop her. Everybody says: 'Sure I seen a girl mit kittens und baby's hats. She runs by the river.'"

Out of the crowd of Grand Street, Patrick bore down upon them.

"The whole gang is chasin' her," he panted. "One of the fellers seen her makin' fer de river. Don't youse fuss. We'll git her." Always that ominous phrase "toward the river." Yet there was no trace of the fugitive along the dirty docks and warehouses of the river-front. Stevedores and loungers were accosted in vain. Neighboring police stations had heard nothing of her. Gouverneur Hospital had no news of her. And so the short afternoon faded into evening.

Meanwhile the baby, cold, hungry, torn by fear and sobbing, clung to her patch of darkness until all the world grew dark. The kitten had long ago escaped from her strangling embrace, and she was utterly desolate. And gradually a fear greater than all those which she had endured crept over her and benumbed all lesser fears into one unreasoning panic. She was afraid of the dark. She was out in the dark. Alone.

So little Bo-Peep crept out of her hiding-place and lost herself in the dreaded crowd. Back and forth she strayed in search of light, but still in quaking terror of people. She was clinging to the bright window of a gloriously illuminated glass house on a corner when a woman stopped and accosted her in the old familiar language, but with an unfamiliar harshness.

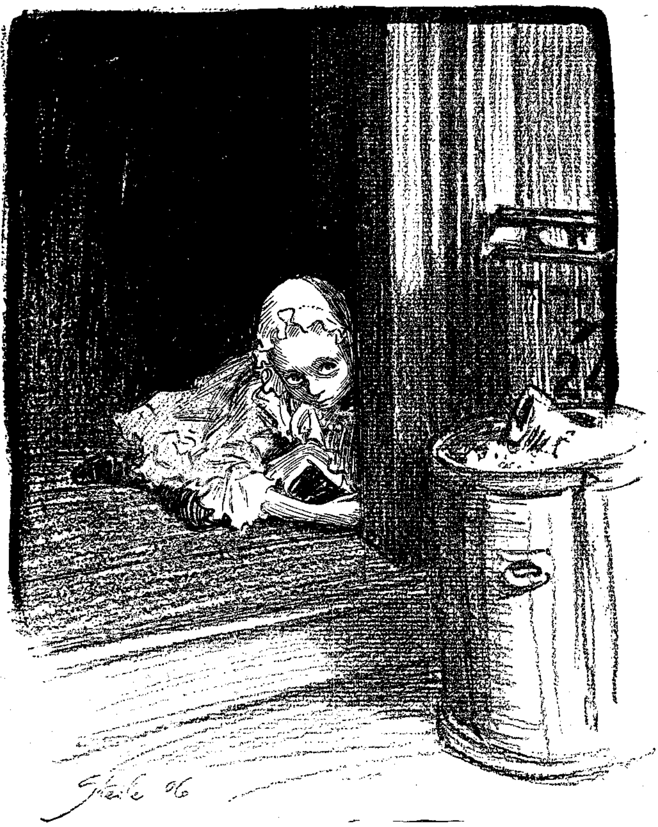
"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Don't you know that you ought to be in bed? Go home to your mother, you bad little girl. She will be watching for you."

Little Bo-Peep shrank into an empty hall, and the woman went upon her preoccupied way. But there was no rest there for the small fugitive. Feet were still searching for her. They began to come down the dirty stairs, and they drove her blindly on again, out into the night.

Light without people was now her prayer, and presently she found a narrow windowless lane at the further end of which a light burned dimly, over a door hung all askew. The lane was long, and it seemed easier to crawl than to fall so often, but at last she reached the step under the light, where there were no people and where the sound of the pursuing footsteps came very faintly.

When she awoke, she was in the dark again. "Mother, Mother," she whimpered, as her baby habit was. But her head rested upon cold stone, and no reassuring arm enfolded her. Terror took her for its own again, and she was scrambling to her feet, when a familiar sound arrested her. Pressed close to the door she listened with her whole small body. Yes, she was right. It came again, a soft "crunch, crunch, crunch." Little Bo-Peep pressed her nose to a crack and sniffed cautiously. Again she was right. Her friends were just inside the gate. There were soft breathings in the dark enclosure; soft movings; and as she wondered, a wavering bleat changed quickly to a soft whinny of contentment.

The space between the gate and the threshold was cruelly narrow, and the baby, despite all Mrs. Gonorowsky's care, still bore the marks of her conversion red upon her. But outside the gate were fear and darkness, and inside there was Home.



"Little Bo-Peep shrank into an empty hall"

And very early on the morning of the next day, the local Rabbi coming to make his inspection, as by Jewish law prescribed, found a limp little figure in the corner farthest from the gate. The face in its border of limp muslin frills was white and still, and a deep stain was stiffening and darkening all Eva's reception gown; even the nearest fleece was red. For little Bo-Peep had found Home at last, and had lain down to sleep with her lambs.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE NEW CRUDE WEST—THE GREAT GERMAN IMMIGRATION—VISIT TO LONDON; KOSSUTH, JENNY LIND, AND WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

A JOURNEY to the West in 1854 was not the comfortable sleeping-car affair on fast through trains that it is now, and travelers did not seem to be so nervously anxious to make the quickest possible time. I leisurely visited Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago. All these cities were then in that period of youthful spirit which is confidently anticipating a great future. Society still felt itself on a footing of substantial equality—not, indeed, equality in point of fortune, but equality in point of opportunity and expectation. There seemed to be a buoyant, joyous spirit animating all classes, and between those classes — if, indeed, classes they could be called — an easy, unrestrained intercourse and coöperation.

Of all the places I visited I found this least, perhaps, in St. Louis, where slave-holders — "old families" with aristocratic pretensions of social and political superiority — lived. There the existence of slavery, with its subtle influence, cast its shadow over the industrial and commercial developments of the city, as well as over the relations between the different groups of citizens. But St. Louis had, after all, much more of the elasticity of Western life than any of the larger towns in the slave-holding states, and had among its population a strong anti-slavery element. The political leader of that element was Mr. Frank P. Blair, a man of much ability and an energetic spirit. But the constituency of the anti-slavery movement, in St. Louis and in Missouri generally, was furnished mainly by the population of German birth or descent.

The Germans About St. Louis

The bulk of that German population consisted, of course, of agriculturists, small tradesmen, mechanics, and common laborers. But there were many persons of education and superior capacity among them, who vigorously leavened the whole body. Two different periods of political upheaval in Germany, that of 1830 and the years immediately following, and that of 1848 and 1849, had served to drive out of the old fatherland hosts of men of ability and character, and of both of these two "immigrations" the German element in St. Louis and neighborhood had its full share. Some of the notable men of the early '30's, the Engelmanns, Hilgards, Tilmanns, Bunsens, Follenins, Körners, and Münchs, settled down in and around Belleville in Illinois, near the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis, or not far from St. Louis, on the Missouri, there to raise their corn and wine. Those who, although university men, devoted themselves to agriculture, were called among the Germans, half sportively, half respectfully, the "Latin farmers." One of them, Gustav Körner, who practised law in Belleville, rose to eminence as a judge, as a lieutenant-governor of Illinois, and as a minister of the United States to Spain. Another, Friederich Münch, the finest type of the "Latin farmer," lived to a venerable old age in Gasconade County, Missouri, and remained active almost to the day of his death, as a writer for newspapers and periodicals, under the name of "Far West."

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These men regarded St. Louis as their metropolis and in a large sense belonged to the "Germandom" of that city.

They were strongly reinforced by the German immigration of 1848 which settled down in that region in considerable number, bringing such men as Friedrich Hecker, the revolutionary leader in Southwest Germany who bought a prairie farm in Illinois, opposite St. Louis; and Dr. Emil Preetorius, Dr. Boernstein, Dr. Däntzer, Mr. Bernays, Dr. Weigel, Dr. Hammer, Dr. Wm. Taussig and his brother James, the Sigels, Franz and Albert, and others, who took their abode in the city of St. Louis itself. The infusion of such ingredients gave to the German population of St. Louis and its vicinity a capacity for prompt, intelligent, and vigorous patriotic action which, when the great crisis of 1861 came, made the pro-slavery aristocrats, who had always contemptuously looked down upon the "Dutch" as semi-barbarians, stare with amazement and dismay at the sudden appearance of that hardly suspected power which struck such telling blows for Union and Liberty.

A Hero in Exile

Before leaving the vicinity of St. Louis I visited the German revolutionary leader, Friedrich Hecker, on his prairie farm near Belleville in Illinois. I had never personally met him in Germany, but had heard much about his brilliant qualities and his fiery, impulsive nature. He had started a republican uprising in South Germany at an early stage of the revolutionary movement of 1848, which, although quickly overcome by a military force, had made him the hero of popular songs. His picture, representing him in a somewhat fantastic garb, was spread all over Germany, and as an exile he had become a sort of legendary hero. Being a man of much study and large acquirements, he was entitled to high rank among the "Latin farmers."

His new home was a log-house of very primitive appearance. Mrs. Hecker, a woman of beauty and refinement, clad in the dress of a farmer's wife, plain but very tidy and tasteful, welcomed me at the door. "The Tiedemanns announced your coming," she said, "and we have been expecting you for several days. Hecker is ill with chills and fever and in very bad humor. But he wants to see you very much. If he uses peculiar language, do not mind it. It is his way when he is out of sorts." Mrs. Tiedemann, Hecker's sister in Philadelphia, had already told me of his tantrums. Thus cautioned, I entered the log-house and found myself in a large room very scantily and roughly furnished. Hecker was sitting on a low couch covered with a buffalo skin.

"Hello," he shouted in a husky voice. "Here you are at last. What in the world brought you into this accursed country?"

"Do you really think this country is so very bad?" I asked.

"Well — well, no!" he said. "It is not a bad country. It is good enough. But the devil take the chills and fever! Only look at me!" Then he rose to his feet and continued denouncing the chills and fever in the most violent terms.

Indeed, as he stood there, a man little over forty, he presented a rather pitiable figure. As a young lawyer at Mannheim and deputy in the legislative chamber of Baden, he had been noted for the elegance of his apparel; now he wore a gray woolen shirt, baggy and shabby trousers, and a pair of old carpet slippers. Mrs. Hecker, who noticed my look of surprise, whispered to me with a sigh, "Since we live here I cannot get him to make himself look decent." I had always heard that Hecker was a handsome man. And he might have been, with his aquiline nose, his clear blue eyes, his finely chiselled features, and his blonde hair and beard. But now that face looked haggard, sallow, and weary, and his frame, once so elastic, was drooping and hardly able to carry itself.

"Ah," said he, "you see what will become of an old revolutionist when he has to live on quinine pills." Then he again opened the vast resources of his vituperative eloquence on the malarial fever, calling it no end of opprobrious names. Gradually he quieted down, and we began to discuss the political situation. His wrath kindled again when speaking of slavery and the iniquitous attempt of Douglas to permit slavery unlimited expansion over the territories. With all the fine enthusiasm of his noble nature he greeted the anti-slavery movement, then rising all over the North, as the dawn of a new era, and we pledged ourselves mutually to meet on the field in a common endeavor if that great cause should ever call for our aid.

I was invited to stay for the midday dinner, which I did. It was a very plain but good farmer's meal. Mrs. Hecker, who had cooked it, also helped in serving it. Two rather rough-looking men in shirt-sleeves, the farm-hands, sat with us at the table. This, as Hecker informed me, was the rule of the house. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," said he. But this fraternity did not prevent him from giving one of the farm-hands, who had in some way displeased him, after dinner, in my presence, a "dressing down" with a fluency, vigor, and richness of language which I should hardly have thought possible, had I not heard it.

Chicago, a Wooden Frontier Town

From Hecker's farm I went to Chicago, and I shall never forget the first night I passed in that city. I arrived there by a belated train about an hour after midnight. An omnibus took me to the Tremont Hotel, where I was informed that every room in the house was occupied. The clerk named to me some other house, and I started out, valise in hand. The omnibus was gone and no hack to be had. So I walked to two or three other hostelries with the same result. Trying to follow the directions I had last received, I somehow lost my way, and overcome with fatigue I sat down on a curbstone, hoping that a policeman or some other philanthropic person would come that way.

Chicago had at that time sidewalks made of wooden planks, under which, it appeared, rats in incalculable numbers had made their nests. Troops of them I saw moving about in the gaslight. As I was sitting still, they playfully scampered over my feet. Efforts to scare them away proved unavailing. I sought another curbstone, but the rats were there too. At last a policeman hove in sight. For a minute he seemed to be in doubt as to whether he should not take me to the station-house; but having heard my story he finally consented to show me an inn where he thought I would find shelter. But there, too, every guest-room was occupied. They had just one bed free, which I might have, if I wished, but it was in a room without a window, a sort of large closet. I was tired enough to take anything. But an inspection of the bed by candle-light utterly discouraged every thought of undressing. I spent the rest of the night on a chair and hailed daylight with great relief.

Chicago was then a city of about 65,000 inhabitants. The blockhouse of old Fort Dearborn was still standing and remained so for several years. Excepting the principal public edifices, hotels, and business houses, and a few private residences, the town was built of wood. The partly unpaved and partly ill-paved streets were extremely dusty in dry, and extremely muddy in wet weather. I noticed remarkably few attempts to give dwelling houses an attractive appearance. The city had on the whole what might be called an unhandsome look. During my short visit I heard many expressions of exceedingly sanguine anticipation as to the future of the place — anticipations which have since proved hardly sanguine enough. But at that time there were also doubters. "If you had been here a year ago," a friend said to me, "you might have invested money in real estate to great advantage. But it is too late now." Everybody seemed very busy — so busy, indeed, that I was almost afraid to claim anybody's time and attention.

Milwaukee and the Forty-Eighters

From Chicago I went to Wisconsin, and there I found an atmosphere eminently congenial. Milwaukee, with a population much smaller than that of Chicago, had received rather more than its proportional share of the German immigration of 1848. The city had possessed a strong German element before, — good-natured, quiet, law-abiding, order-loving, and industrious citizens, with persons of marked ability among them, who contributed much to the growth of the community and enjoyed themselves in their simple and cheery way. But the "Forty-Eighters" brought something like a wave of spring sunshine into that life. They were mostly high-spirited young people, inspired by fresh ideals which they had failed to realize in the old world, but hoped to realize here; ready to enter upon any activity they might be capable of; and eager not only to make that activity profitable but also to render life merry and beautiful; and, withal, full of enthusiasm for the great American Republic which was to be their home and the home of their children. Some had brought money with them; others had not. Some had been educated at German universities for learned professions, some were artists, some literary men, some merchants. Others had grown up in more humble walks of life, but, a very few drones excepted, all went to work with a cheerful purpose to make the best of everything.

They at once proceeded to enliven society with artistic enterprises. One of their first and most important achievements was the organization of the "Musical Society" of Milwaukee, which in an amazingly short time was able to produce oratorios and light operas in a really creditable manner. The "German Turn Verein" not only cultivated the gymnastic arts for the benefit of its own members, but it produced "living pictures" and similar exhibitions of high artistic value. The Forty-Eighters thus awakened interests which a majority of the old population had hardly known, but which now attracted general favor and very largely bridged over the distance between the native American and the new-comer.

The establishment of a German theater was a matter of course, and its performances, which indeed deserved much praise, proved so attractive that it became a sort of social center.

It is true, similar things were done in other cities where the Forty-Eighters had congregated. But so far as I know, nowhere did their influence so quickly impress itself upon the whole social atmosphere as in the "German Athens of America," as Milwaukee was called at the time. It is also true that the vivacity of this spirit in a few instances ran into attempts to realize questionable or extravagant theories. But, generally speaking, the inspiration proved itself exhilaratingly healthy, not only socially, but also politically.

On the whole, the things that I saw and heard made the West exceedingly attractive to me. This was something of the America that I had seen in my dreams; a new country, a new society almost entirely unhampered by any traditions of the past; a new people produced by the free intermingling of the vigorous elements of all nations, with not old England alone, but the world for its motherland; with almost limitless opportunities open to all, and with equal rights secured by free institutions of government. Life in the West, especially away from the larger towns lacked, indeed, the finer enjoyments of civilization to a degree hard to bear to those who had been accustomed to them and who did not find a compensation in that which gave to Western life—and American life generally—its peculiar charm: a warm, living interest in the progressive evolution, the joy of growth—that which I have attempted to call in German "die Werdelust."

The stimulating atmosphere of the West, as I felt it, was so congenial to me, that I resolved to establish my home in the Mississippi valley. What I had seen and heard of the State of Wisconsin and its people was so exceedingly pleasing that I preferred that State to any other; and, as several of my relatives were domiciled at Watertown, and my parents and sisters had in the meantime come over from Europe and would naturally be glad to live together with other members of the family, I bought some property there with a view to permanent settlement.

The Political Reaction in Europe

Before that settlement was effected, however, I had, on account of my wife's health, to make a journey to Europe. We spent some time in London. What a weird change of scene it was between the two worlds! The old circle of political exiles which I had left three years before was dispersed. The good Baroness Brüning, who had been so sweet and helpful a friend to many of them, had died of heart-disease. Most of those who had gathered around her hospitable fireside had either emigrated to America or somehow disappeared. My nearest friends, the Kinkels, were still there and had prospered,—he as lecturer on art-history, she as teacher of music,—and occupied a larger house.

My friend Malwida von Meysenburg was still there superintending the education of the daughters of the famous Russian Liberal, Alexander Herzen.

I found the friend of my university days, Friedrich Althaus, who was teaching and had also been engaged by Prince Albert to help him catalogue his collection of engravings. But there was little left of that revolutionary scheming and plotting to which the exiled had formerly given themselves, inspired by the delusive hope that a new uprising for free government would soon again take place on the European continent. Louis Napoleon sat firmly on the imperial throne of France, and the prestige he had gained by the Crimean War had brought him the most flattering recognition by other European sovereigns and made him appear like the arbiter of the destinies of the continent. In Germany the stupid and rude reaction against the liberal current of 1848 went its course. In Austria the return to absolutistic rule seemed almost complete. In Italy Mazzini's revolutionary attempt, the prospects of which he had pictured to me in such glowing colors three years ago, had resulted in disastrous failure. No part of the European horizon seemed to be illumined by a ray of hope to cheer the exiles still living in London. There was indeed an international committee of revolutionary leaders, to give direction to whatever revolutionary possibility might turn up. Whether they could see any such possibilities among the hard actualities of the time, it is difficult to say. But as a matter of experience, nothing can be more active and fatuous than the imagination, and nothing more eager, boundless, and pathetic than the credulity of the exile. To those whose eyes were open to the real situation, the international committee looked like a gathering of specters moving about in a graveyard.

Whether Mazzini was at the time in London, I do not know. If he was, he held himself in that mysterious seclusion characteristic of him — a seclusion in which he met only his most confidential political agents and those English families whose members, completely under his wonderful fascination, were devoted to him to the point of almost limitless self-sacrifice.

Kossuth's Melancholy Retirement

But Kossuth was in London, and I promptly went to pay my respects. I had seen him only once, four years before, when he first visited England as the spokesman of his unfortunate country, which, after a most gallant struggle, had been overpowered by superior brute force. He was then the hero of the day. I have before described his entrance into London and the enthusiastic homage he received from what seemed to be almost the whole English people; how it was considered a privilege to be admitted to his presence, and how at a public reception he spoke a word to me that made me very proud and happy. He had then, at the invitation of the government — I might say of the people of the United States, — proceeded to America, where he was received almost like a superior being, all classes of society surging around him with measureless outbursts of enthusiastic admiration. But he could not move the government of this republic to active interference in favor of the independence of Hungary, nor did he obtain from his American admirers that "substantial aid" for his cause which he had looked and worked for, and thus he returned from America a profoundly disappointed man.

His second appearance in England convinced him that the boiling enthusiasm of the English people had evaporated. His further appeals in behalf of his cause met only with compassionate sympathy which had no longer any stirring impulse in it, and it must have become clear to him that, for the time being at least, his cause was lost. At first he had appeared in England, as well as in America, in the character of the legitimate, although deposed, ruler of Hungary, and his countrymen in exile had surrounded their "governor" with a sort of court ceremonial which was to express their respect for him, which flattered his pride, and which was accepted by many others as appropriate to his dignity. This "style" had, in Hungarian circles in London, been kept up for a while even after the disappearance of the popular enthusiasm. But it fell naturally into disuse when many of the followers who on triumphal progresses had formed his brilliant retinue, dispersed to seek for themselves the means of living; when poverty had compelled him to retire into seclusion and modest quarters, and when, appearing on the street, he was no longer surrounded by cheering crowds, but at best was greeted with silent respect by a few persons who recognized him.

This was the condition of his affairs when I called at the very unpretending cottage he inhabited in one of the suburbs of London. The door was opened by a man well advanced in years, of an honest, winning countenance of unmistakable Hungarian type, with keen dark eyes, broad cheek-bones, and gleaming teeth. From his appearance I judged that he was rather a friend, a devoted companion, than a servant, and such I afterwards learned him to be. Without ceremony he took me into a very plainly furnished little parlor where, he said, the "governor" would receive me.

After a few moments Kossuth came in and greeted me with cordial kindness. He had aged much since I had last seen him. His hair and beard were streaked with gray. Yet his voice still retained the mellow tones which but a few years ago had charmed such countless multitudes. He spoke much of his American tour, praised the hospitable spirit of the American people, and with quiet dignity expressed his disappointment at the fruitlessness of his efforts. He drew a gloomy picture of existing conditions in

Europe, but thought that such a state of things could not endure and that the future was not without hope. After a while Madame Kossuth came into the room, and Kossuth introduced me to his wife with some kind remarks. She spoke to me with great politeness, but I must confess that I was somewhat prejudiced against her. In her prosperity she had borne the reputation of being haughty and distant, and her presumptuous attitude is said to have been occasionally dangerous to her husband's popularity. In the case of such characters the fall from greatness is usually not regarded as a claim to especial sympathy. But as I saw her then she seemed to be full of tender care for her husband's health.

I left Kossuth's presence with a heart full of sadness. In him, in that idol of the popular imagination, now reduced to impotence, poverty, and solitude, I had seen the very image of the defeat suffered by the revolutionary movement of 1848.

Russia; Mr. Schurz's Remarkable Forecast

It was on the occasion of this sojourn in London that I made the acquaintance of Alexander Herzen, a natural son of a Russian nobleman of high rank, himself a Russian patriot in the liberal sense, who had been obliged to leave his native country. Malwida von Meysenburg who lived in his family superintending the education of his daughters, which she did with all her peculiar enthusiasm, brought us together, and we soon became friends. Herzen, at least ten years older than I, was an aristocrat by birth and instinct, but a democrat by philosophy, a fine noble nature, a man of culture, of a warm heart and large sympathies. I would listen to him by the hour when in his rhapsodic way he talked of Russia and the Russian people, that uncouth and only half conscious giant, that would gradually exchange its surface civilization borrowed from the West for one of a national character; the awakening of whose popular intelligence would then put an end to the stolid autocracy the deadening weight of which held down every free aspiration.

Other impressions I gathered through my contact with some of Herzen's Russian friends who from time to time met in his hospitable house and at his table. At dinner the conversation would sparkle with dramatic tales of Russian life, descriptions of weird social conditions and commotions, which opened mysterious prospects of great upheavings and transformations, and which were interspersed with witty sallies against the government and droll satire on the ruling classes. But when after dinner the bowl of strong punch was put on the table, the same persons who so far had conducted themselves like gentlemen of culture and refinement, becoming gradually heated, would presently break out in ebullitions of a sort of savage wildness, the like of which I had never witnessed among Germans, or French, or English, or Americans. They strongly reminded me of the proverb: "You scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar."

Herzen himself always remained self-contained; but as an indulgent host he did not restrain his guests. Probably he knew that he could not. Once or twice he would say to me in an undertone, witnessing my amazement: "So they are! So they are! But they are splendid fellows for all that."

And so, I suppose, they are indeed, not only as individuals but as a nation — a huge unshapely mass, with a glossy polish on the outer surface, but fierce forces within, kept in control by a tremendous pressure of power, or superstition, or stolid faith, but really untamed and full of savage vigor, the full breaking loose of which must result in awful cataclysms producing in their turn — what? It is difficult to imagine how the Russian empire as it now is, from Poland to eastern-most Siberia, could be kept together and governed by anything else than an autocratic centralization of power, a constantly self-asserting and directing central authority with a tremendous organization of force behind it. This rigid central despotism cannot fail to create oppressive abuses in the government of the various territories and diverse populations composing the empire. When this burden of oppression becomes too galling, efforts, raw, rude, more or less inarticulate and confused, will be made in quest of relief, with a slim chance of success. Discontent with the inexorable autocracy will spread and seize upon the superior intelligence of the country, which will be inspired with a restless ambition to have a share in the government.

At the moment when the autocrat yields to the demands of that popular intelligence and assents to constitutional limitations of his power, or to anything that will give an authoritative, official voice to the people, the real revolutionary crisis will begin.

The popular discontent will not be appeased, but will be sharpened by the concession. All the social forces will then be thrown into spasmodic commotion; and, when those forces in their native wildness break through their traditional restraint, the world may have to witness a spectacle of revolutionary chaos without example in history. The chaos may ultimately bring forth new conceptions of freedom, right, and justice, new forms of organized society, new developments of civilization. But what the sweep of those volcanic disturbances will be and what their final outcome, is a mystery baffling the imagination — a mystery that can be approached only with awe and dread.*

Such were the contemplations set going in my mind by the contact with this part of the Russian world, that enigma of the future. With what delightful assurance I turned from this cloudy puzzle to the "New World" which I had recently made my home — the great western Republic, not indeed without its hard problems, but a Republic founded upon clear, sound, just, humane, irrefragable principles, the conscious embodiment of the highest aims of the modern age; and with a people most of whom were full of warm sympathy with every effort for human liberty the world over, and animated with an enthusiastic appreciation of their own great destiny as leaders of mankind in the struggle for freedom and justice, universal peace and good-will! How I longed to go "home" and take part in the great fight against slavery, the only blot that sullied the escutcheon of the Republic, and the only malign influence, as I then conceived, that threatened the fulfilment of its great mission in the world:

Wagner and Jenny Lind

But before my return to America, I had a joyful experiences which I cannot refrain from describing. It was of an artistic nature. Madame Kinkel took me to a concert — in which Jenny Lind, then retired from the stage, was to sing the great aria of Agathe in the Freischütz, and in which also Richard Wagner's overture to Tannhäuser was to be produced, Wagner himself to act as conductor of the orchestra.

As I have already said in the first part of these reminiscences, Madame Kinkel was one of the most highly educated and most accomplished musicians I have ever known. I owe to her not only my full appreciation of Beethoven, Bach, and Gluck, and other great classical composers; she had also made me intimately acquainted with Chopin and Schumann, whose productions she played with exquisite grace. But her musical principles and taste were severely those of the "old school," and she detested Wagner as a reckless and almost criminal demoralizer of the musical conscience. She did not fail to give me, on the way to the concert, a thorough lecture on Wagner's vices, his contempt of the most sacred rules of harmony, his impossible transitions from one key to another, his excruciating dissonances, his intemperate straining after sensuous effects, and what not.

"It is true," she added by way of precautionary warning, "there is something exciting, a certain fascination in his music, and many people are carried away by it — some musicians, even, of whom something better might have been expected. But I hope when you hear it, you will remain cool and not lose your critical sense." I had never heard a note of Wagner's music. I had seen some of his writings, the tone of which had not favorably impressed me. My personal contact with Wagner in Zürich had not been at all sympathetic; on the contrary, I shared the judgment about Wagner prevalent among the refugees there, that he was an excessively presumptuous, haughty, dogmatic, repellent person, from whom it was best to keep away. I was, therefore, by no means predisposed to be taken off my feet by the charms of his productions. All of which, when I told her, was quite reassuring to my mentor.

As to the performance of Jenny Lind, Madame Kinkel and I were altogether of the same mind and feeling. Jenny Lind was then no longer young. Her appearance, although still exceedingly pleasing, had become somewhat matronly. Her voice might, perhaps, not have retained all its original birdsong-like lightness of warble. But there was still that half veiled tone, as if there were something mysterious behind it; that velvety timbre, that strange, magnetic vibration, the mere sound of which could draw tears to the eyes of the listener. She was the nightingale still. To hear her was deep, pure, dreamy delight. Of all the great voices that I have heard — and I have heard many

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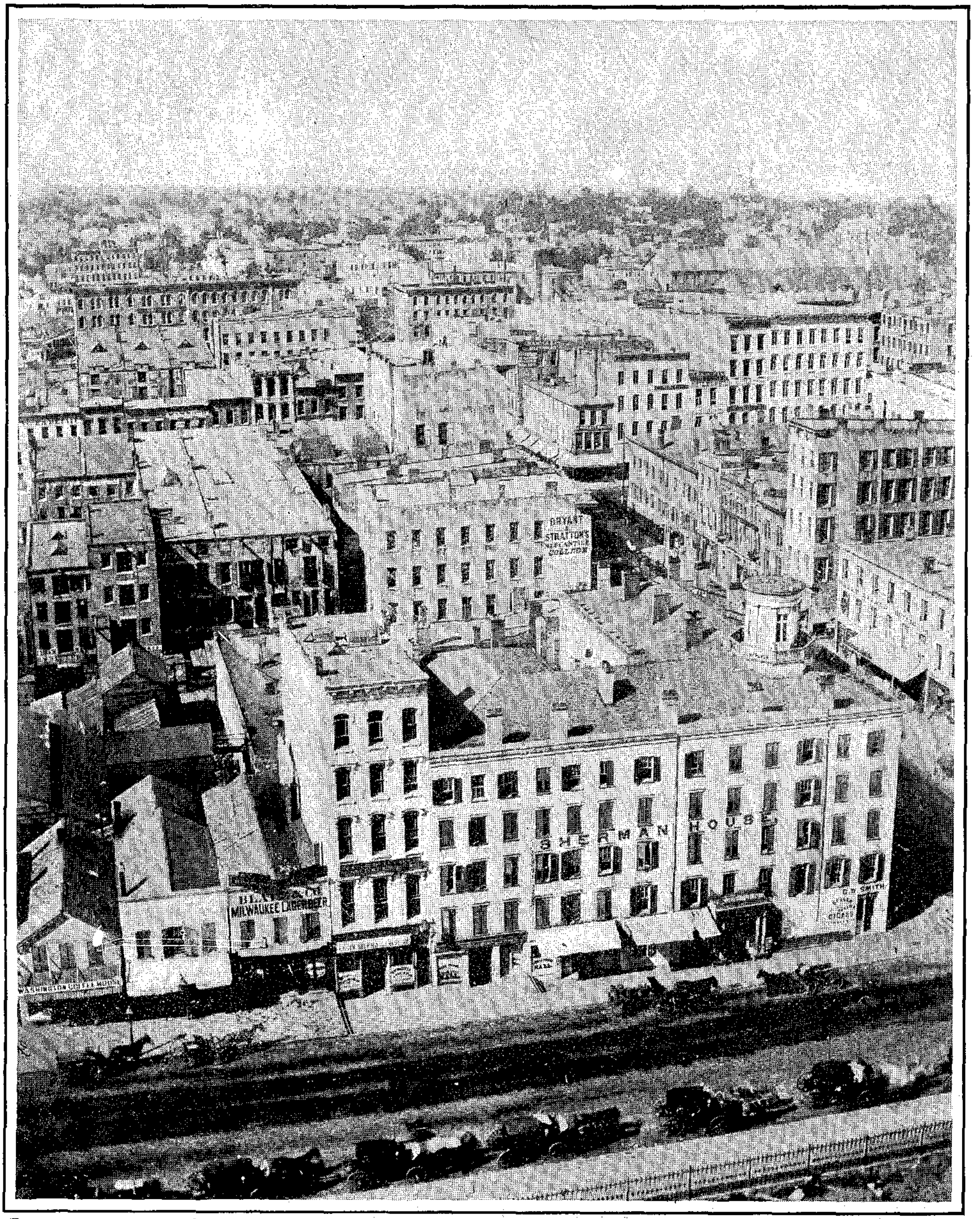
*The above was written in 1900, four years before the revolutionary outbreak in Russia.



From a photograph by Hessler, owned by the Chicago Historical Society

CHICAGO IN 1858

From the Court-house looking northeast. Randolph Street in the immediate foreground

— none was so angelic and went so entrancingly, so caressingly to the heart as Jenny Lind's.

First Hearing of Tannhäuser Overture

At last came the overture to Tannhäuser. Madame Kinkel, who in the most eloquent words, had expressed her ecstasy over Jenny Lind's rendering of the Freischütz aria became uneasy. "Now keep yourself well in hand," she said, looking at me with an expression betraying some anxiety as to the outcome. The opening "Pilgrim's Chorus," as it rose from the orchestra, pleased me much, without, however, impressing me as something overpowering. But when the violins set in with that weird and constantly growing tumult of passion, drowning

CARL SCHURZ AND HIS WIFE

From a daguerreotype made shortly after their marriage

the pious notes of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" under the wild outcries of an uncanny frenzy, then sinking into whining moans of exhaustion, I could hardly restrain myself. I felt as if I should jump up and shout.

Madame Kinkel observed my emotion, put her hand upon my own as if to hold me down to my seat, and whispered: "Oh, oh, I see how it takes you, too. But do you not hear that it is all wrong?" I could not answer, but continued to listen with rapture. I did not hear that it was all wrong; and if I had noticed anything that was wrong under the accepted rules of thorough-bass, I should not have cared. I was fairly overwhelmed by those surging and rolling billows of harmony, by the breakers of passion rushing and tumbling over the rocks, those plaintive voices of sadness or despair, those tender accents of love or delight floating above and through the accompaniment which lifted the melody into a poetic cloud. When the last notes of the Tannhäuser overture had died away, I sat still, unable to say anything articulate. I felt only that an entirely new musical world had opened and revealed itself to me, the charms of which I could not possibly resist. My good friend Madame Kinkel noticed well what had happened to me. She looked at me sadly and said with a sigh, "I see, I see! You are now a captive too. And so it goes. What will become of our art?"

Indeed, I was a captive, and I remained one. It so happened that many years, nearly thirty, elapsed before I heard any Wagner music again, except some transcriptions for the piano which were naturally but feeble echoes of the orchestral score, and a single presentation of Lohengrin in the little theater of Wiesbaden. But when at last during those memorable seasons of German

Opera in New York, beginning in 1885, I had the happiness of witnessing the wonderful

to stop at the tremendous sigh of woe, never heard before, rushing through the air,

Opera in New York, beginning in 1885, I had the happiness of witnessing the wonderful Nibelungen Ring tetralogy, and Tristan und Isolde, and the Meistersinger, and when, still later, I heard Parsifal in Bayreuth, the impressions I received were no less powerful and profound than had been that first which I have just described.

I did not care to study Wagner's theories of the "Music-Drama," or, by deciphering the printed scores, to dive into the mysterious depths of his harmonic elaborations. I simply gave myself up to the sensations stirred in me by what I heard and saw. The effects produced on me were perfectly free from the influence of preconceived opinion or affectation — in other words, they were entirely unbidden, unprepared, natural, irresistible. I did not lose my appreciation of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and other music-poets. But here was something apart — something different, not in degree, but in kind. How could I compare Wagner with Beethoven? I might as well compare the Parthenon with the Cathedral of Cologne, — or either with the Falls of Niagara. The musical language of Wagner has always impressed me as something like the original language of the eternal elements — something awe-inspiringly eloquent, speaking in tones rising from mysterious depths of understanding and passion. It is difficult to illustrate by example, but I will try. Among the funeral marches in musical literature, Beethoven's and Chopin's had always most sympathetically appealed to my feelings — Beethoven's with the stately solemnity of its mourning accents, and Chopin's with its cathedral bells interwoven with melodious plaints. But when I hear the Siegfried dead-march in the Götterdämmerung, my heart-beat seems to stop at the tremendous sigh of woe, never heard before, rushing through the air.

FRIEDRICH HECKER

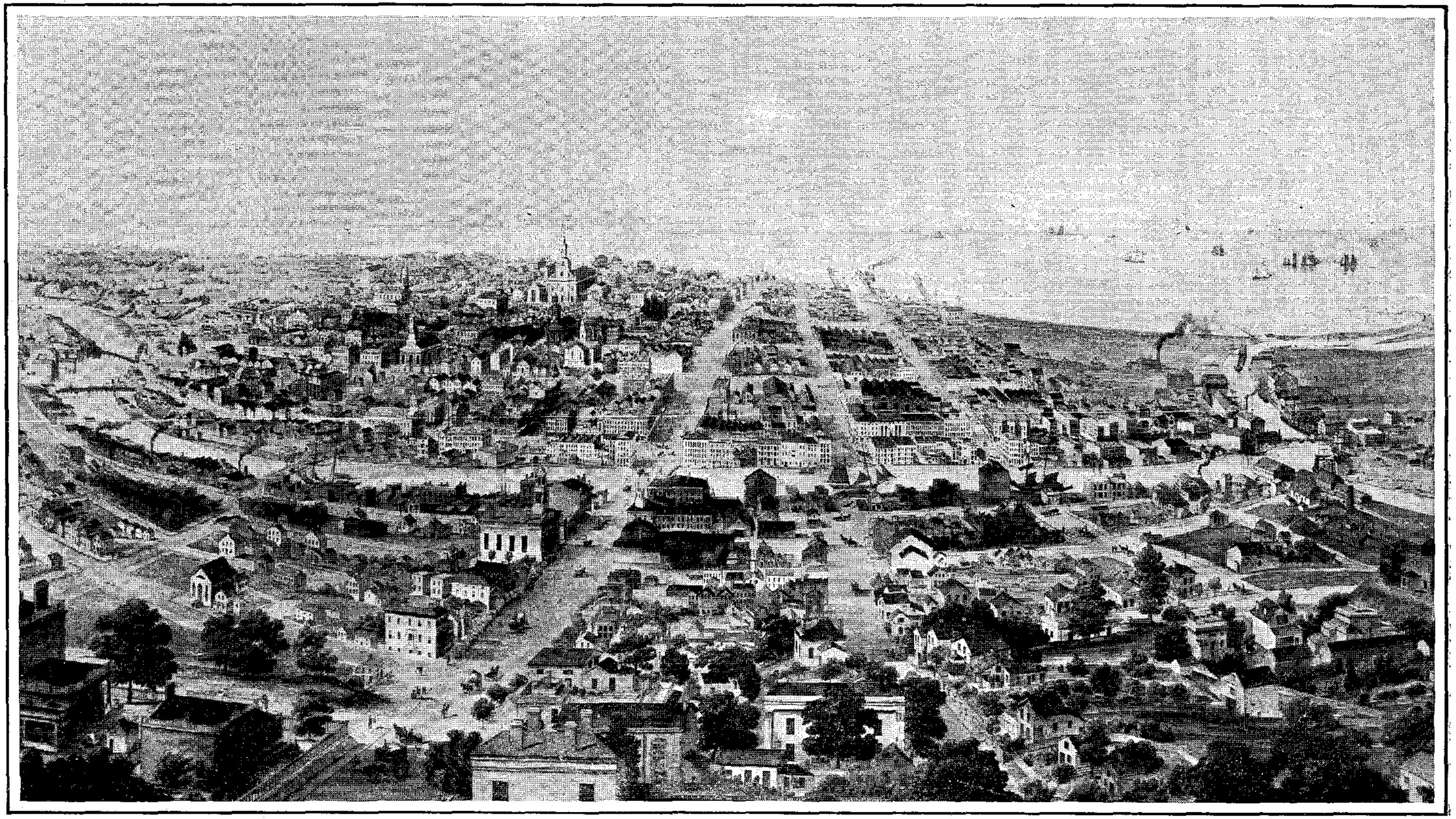
The German revolutionary leader. "As an exile he had become a sort of legendary hero"

To me, as one who was born and had grown up in Germany, Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, especially young Siegfried and the Götterdämmerung, had a peculiar home-born charm which grew all the stronger the more familiar I became with those tonepoems. The legends of Siegfried in various forms had been among the delights of my early boyhood. Siegfried was one of the mythical heroes of the Rhineland. And when I heard the "Leit-motifs" of the Nibelungen Ring, they sounded to me like something I had heard in my cradle — in the half-consciousness of my earliest dreams. This, indeed, was an illusion; but that illusion showed how Wagner, to my feeling at least, had in those phrases touched the true chord of the sage as it hovers over my native land, and as it is echoed in my imagination.

The Sublime Mysteries of Parsifal

I shall never forget my first impressions of Parsifal which I enjoyed many years later. The performances at Bayreuth were then still on their highest level. The whole atmosphere of the town and the neighboring country was charged with artistic enthusiasm and exaltation. The crowds of visitors from all parts of the civilized world had come almost like pilgrims to a shrine. People went to Wagner's Opera-house as true believers go to church.

When the audience was assembled in the severely plain building, and the lights were turned down, an almost startling silence fell upon the house. The multitude held its breath in reverential expectation. Then came the solemn tones of the orchestra, floating up from the depth of its mysterious concealment. Then the parting of the curtain



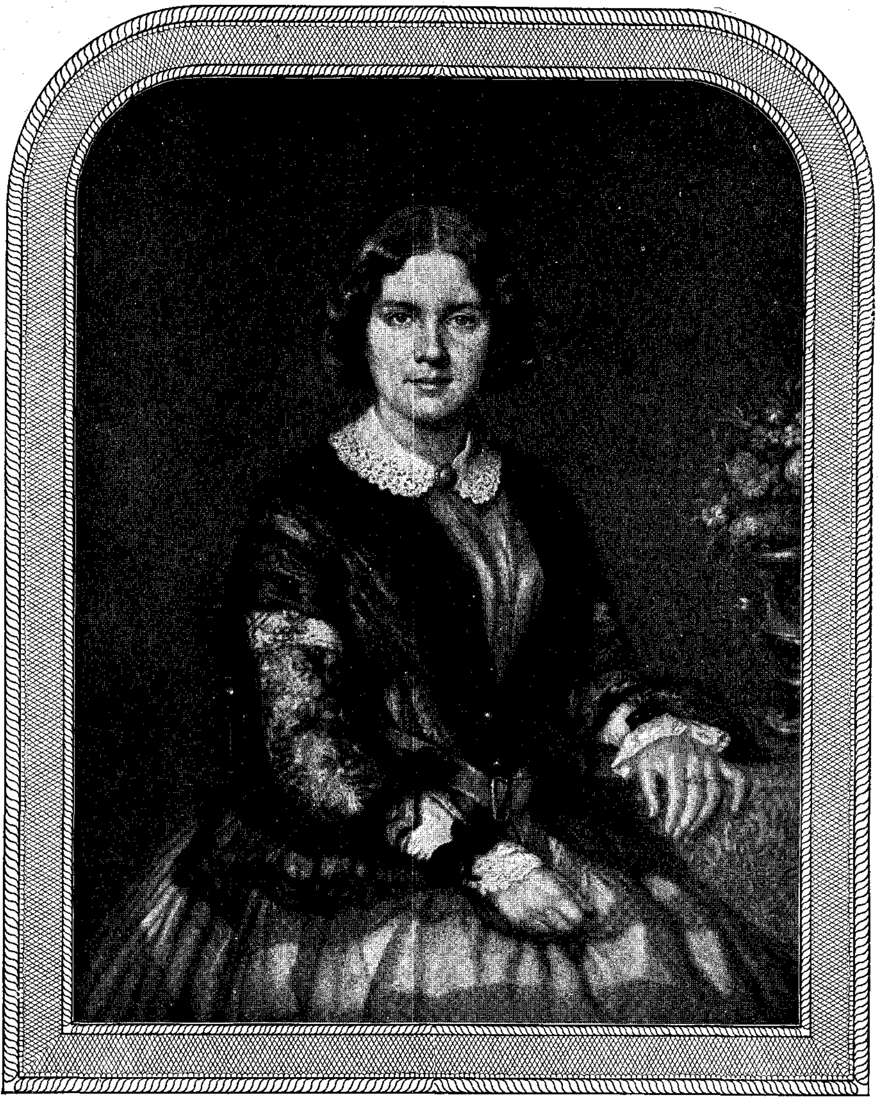
MILWAUKEE IN 1853

From a contemporary lithograph by D. W. Moody after a drawing by George J. Robertson revealed the scene of the sacred lake. The suffering Amfortes entered with his companions of the Holy Grail, and the mystic action, as it unrolled itself, the appearance of the youthful Parsifal, and the killing of the sacred swan, all wrapped in majestic harmonies, held our hearts spellbound. But all this was but a feeble prelude to what followed. The changing scene became gradually enveloped in darkness, made more mysterious by the swinging peals of mighty cathedral bells. As by magic, the great temple hall of the Castle of the Holy Grail was before us, flooded with light. And then, when the knights of the Grail marched down its aisles and took their seats, and the blond-locked pages, fair as angels, and the king of the Grail appeared, bearing the miraculous cup, and the chorus of the boys came streaming down from the lofty height of the Cupola — then, I have to confess, tears trickled down my face, for I now beheld something like what I had imagined Heaven to be when I was a child.

You may call this extravagant language. But a large portion, if not a majority of the audience, was evidently overwhelmed by the same emotions. When, after the close of the act, the curtain swept together, and the lights in the audience-room flashed out again, I saw hundreds of handkerchiefs busy wiping moistened cheeks. There was not the slightest attempt at a demonstration of applause. The assembled multitude rose in perfect silence and sought the doors. In the little company of friends who were with me, not a word was spoken. We only pressed one another's hands as we went out. In the row behind us sat Coquelin, the great French comedian. He walked out immediately in front of me. His face wore an expression of profound seriousness. When he reached the open door I heard one of his companions ask him how he had liked the performance. Coquelin did not answer a word, but turned from his friend and walked away silent and alone. Between the first and the second acts, according to custom, we took dinner at one of the restaurants near by. Not one of us had recovered himself sufficiently to be fit for table talk. We sat there almost entirely speechless during the whole repast.

When all this happened —1889 — I was no longer young and easily excitable, but rather well past the meridian of life. I had never been given to sentimental hysterics. My friends around me were all sensible persons, some of them musically well educated. We had all seen and heard much in and of the world. What, then, was there in the first act of Parsifal that excited in us such extraordinary emotions? It was not the splendor of the scenery; for that, however magnificent, could only appeal to our sense of the picturesque and call forth admiration. Neither was there in the action anything melodramatic that might have touched our sympathetic hearts and thus moved us to tears. The action was, in fact, exceedingly simple, and rather mystic than humanly sympathetic in its significance. Nor was it the music alone. This, when heard in the concert hall, as I have since often heard it, would indeed strike one as something of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, but it would not produce that feeling of perfectly overpowering exaltation. No, it was all these things together, scenery, action, and music, that transported us into an atmosphere of — shall I so call it? — religious, devotional fervor, lifting us high above all the prosy, commonplace actualities of life, into the sphere of the purely sublime, the holy, and unloosing all the craving for faith and adoration that may have been dormant in the soul. We were truly and profoundly pious as we sat there gazing and listening — pious beyond the control of our feelings. Our hearts were full of a strange joyfulness, heaving upward with those grand harmonies, as they swelled and rose toward the mystery of Heaven.

Beyond comparison, no production of art has ever touched me so wondrously, so supernaturally, as the first act of Parsifal. The effect was the same when I saw it again and it lacked the element of surprise. Nor have I ever met anyone who has seen and heard it and has altogether resisted its charm. And this was the last and crowning achievement of a most astonishing career. In the highest degree astonishing, it may well be said, was the success of a man who in elaborate treatises put forth the systematic theories, of a truly revolutionary character, upon which his works of imagination had been, or were to be, constructed; and who, thus assailing generally accepted principles and notions with a supreme, almost insolent confidence in his own power, had prejudiced almost the whole artistic world against himself. Yet Wagner finally won a triumph which no musical composer before him ever

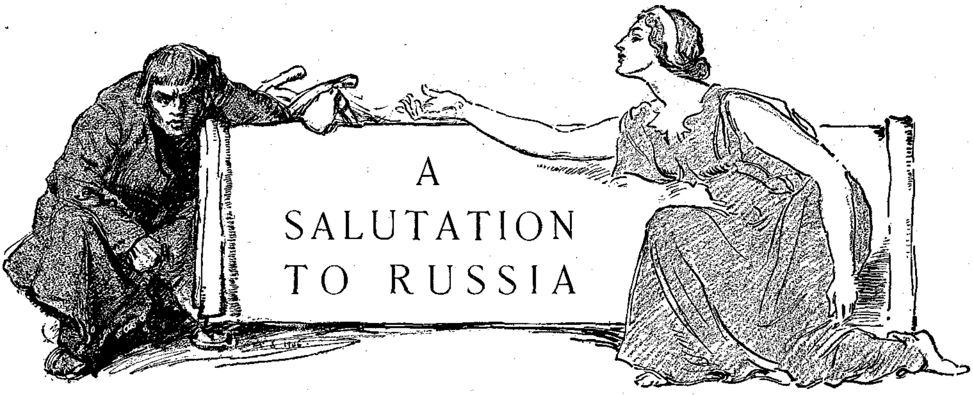


JENNY LIND

From the engraving by Sartain after a daguerreotype by Richards

had dared to dream of; for he substantially said to mankind generally: "I am no longer to peddle my productions among you. I have selected, not for your convenience but for mine, a little out-of-the-way town in Germany, where you will have to come in order to see and hear my works, as I wish them to be seen and heard." And they came. The most renowned artists considered it the highest honor to appear, without a penny of pay, in that modest opera-house built on a hill near Bayreuth; and the powerful, and the rich, and men and women of culture from all the world filled that plain auditorium as eager and devout listeners. In the history of art there has never been such a demonstration of public homage as this.

(MR. SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES, IN THE JANUARY NUMBER, WILL CONTAIN HIS PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES IN ILLINOIS, AND HIS EXPERIENCES WHILE CAMPAIGNING FOR THE EARLY REPUBLICAN PARTY IN WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA)



A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALBERT STERNER

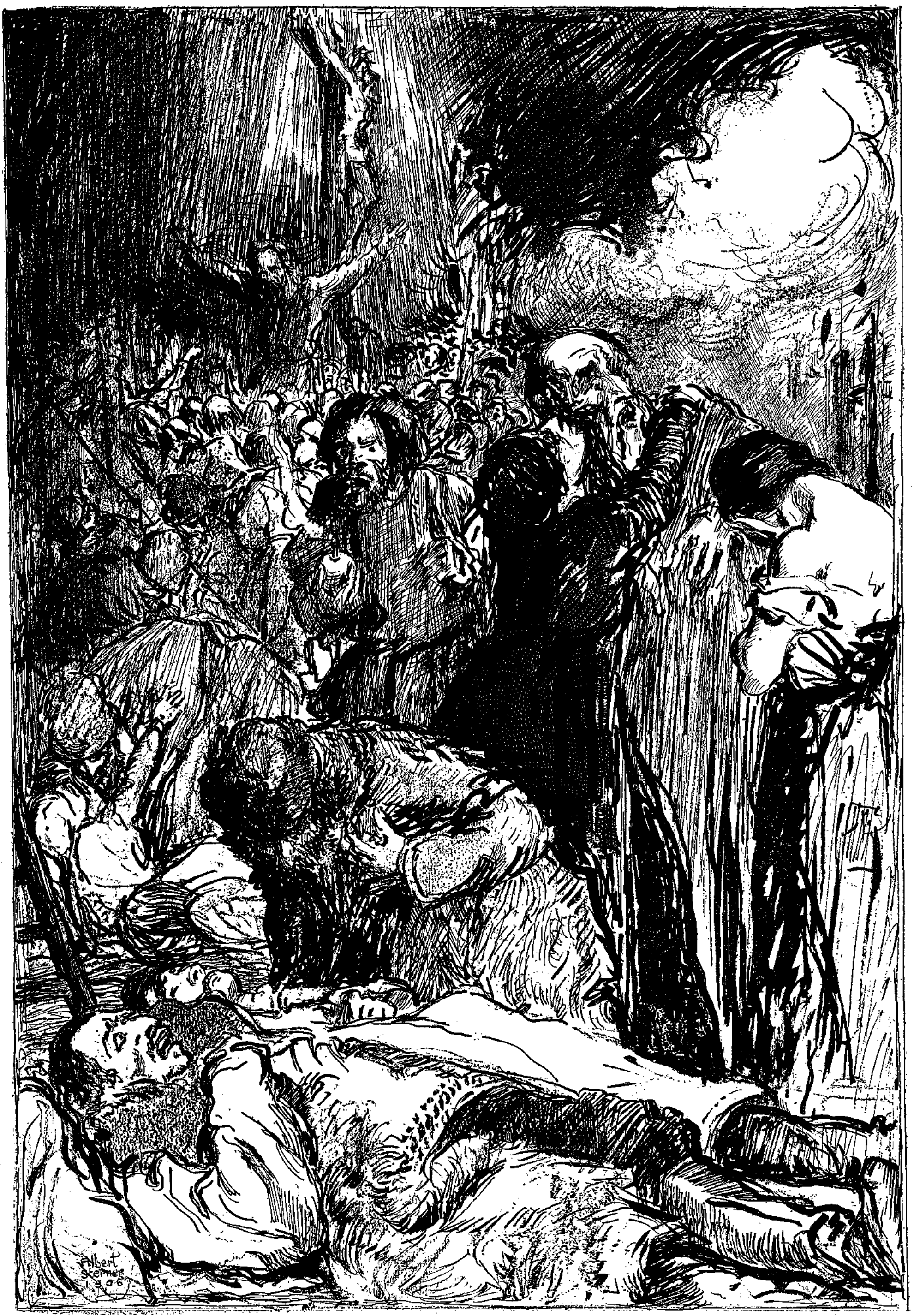
YOU, millions of muzhiks, huddled in the smoky doorways of your huts,
Dumb people of the inner horde, slaves to the Eternal Stillness;
Fathers ground between the upper and the nether millstone,
Mothers bringing forth children without hope;
Reeking, reeling, toiling, driven by hunger;—
You, the clods of a nation, patient, brutal, unforeseeing,
Incalculable mass of the inner empire,
Responding not to the hurtle and unrest of seething political parties,
Like a vast rock-bound hulk unmoved by the froth and foam of futile currents —
We, America, salute you.

Eager disheveled unwise students, tumultuous thinkers, revolutionists,
Anarchists, socialists; steady autonomists; muzzled journalists, audacious poets,
Tremendous-brained tramps and vagrants;
Drudging workers in factories, smiths and cunning artificers at Warsaw and Vladimir,
All the unheard-from army of craftsmen in ugly cities on the Dnieper and Dniester:—
We, America, salute you.

Unscrupulous competent heads of bureaus, playing the great game;
You who are helpless pawns on the board, fettered, intelligent or stupid, dumb or shrieking;
Remembering Poles, spirited Lithuanians, sullen Finns, ballad-singing Letts;
Dilapidated ashamed princes, burning girls hugging bombs to your bosom,
Rapacious prefects and chiefs with Death peeping at you round every corner:—
We, America, salute you.

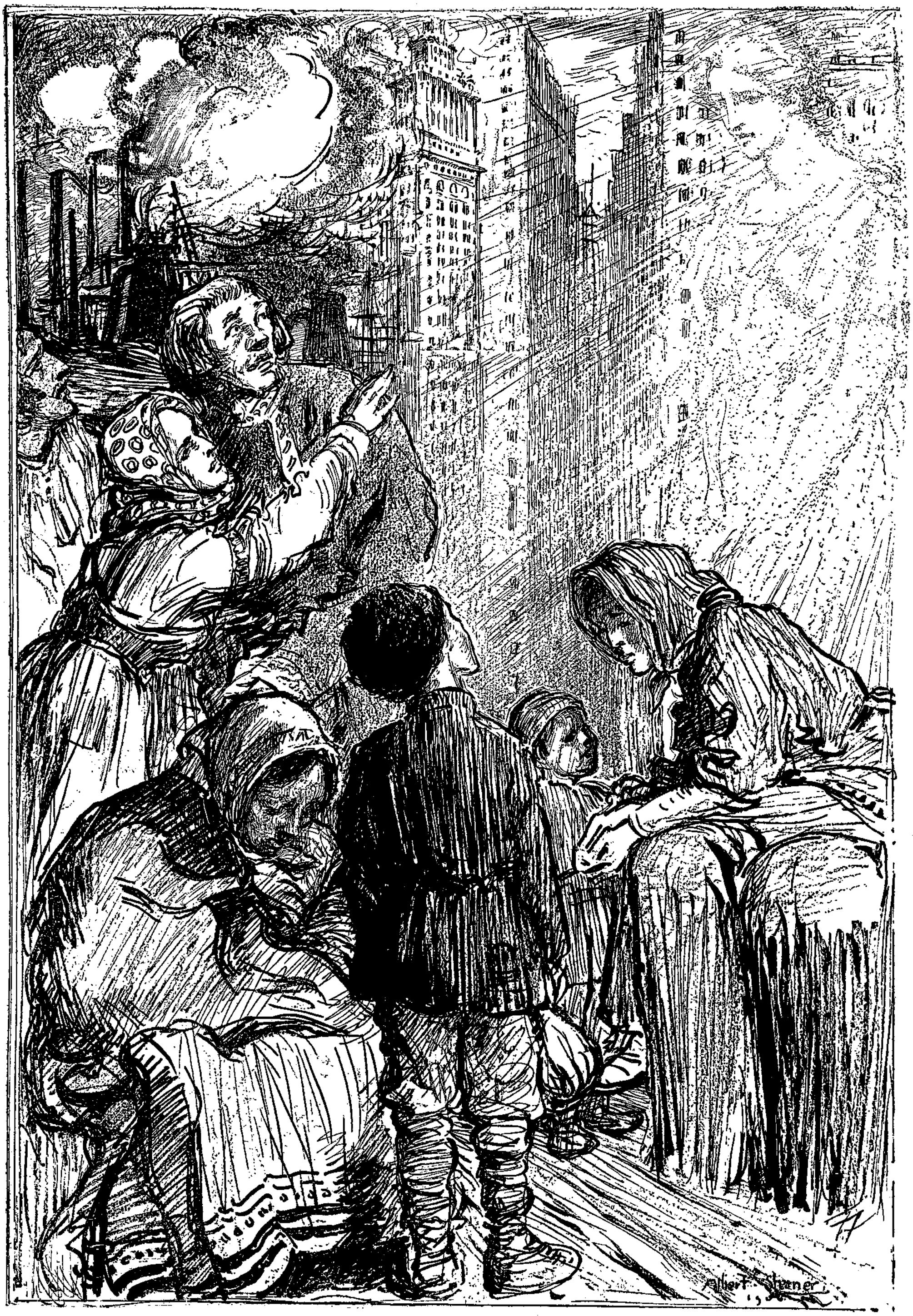
Orphans wailing at Kief and Kishinef and Rostoff-on-Don;
Hunted Semites squatting in cellars;
Gaunt emigrants, your poor possessions in a handkerchief tied to the back:—
We, America, salute you.

You, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance;
Icon-worshipers standing by thousands in the five-domed temples of the White-Stone City,
Chanting voices of gray-beards who kneel gazing toward the sunrise,
Haggards of the Caucasus, nomads, goat-hunters, cattle-breeders,
Weather-beaten, innocent, elusive;
Wild patient women washing at fountains;
Weavers of sacred patterns out of wool and satin for the scornful feet of unbelievers;
Disheartened colonists in greasy caftans on the desolate steppes,


Albert Sterner 1906

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT STERNER

"ALL YE, LOOKING TO SYMBOLS AND SIGNS FOR DELIVERANCE: —


Albert Sterner

WE, AMERICA, SALUTE YOU”

Nourishing arid creeds, Memnonites, Doukhobars, Molokánye, Khlysti;
All ye, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance:—
We, America, salute you.

You, rank and file of the army, beasts of burden or brainless sword-wielders,
Low-browed, terrible in sodden obedience;
You also, soldiers, sailors in mutiny, wreaking your grievances in the hideous language of Cronstadt,
(Savage sign-writing of maddened dull intelligences):—
We, America, salute you.

You, rioters at Moscow, Odessa, Kherson, and Siedlce,
Mobs, puppets pulled by strings,
Performing unaware the crafty purposes of others, the Black Hundreds
Who sit in high places far away signing death rosters;
Stooped humble parents and children, standing in line, waiting a dole of bread:—
We, America, salute you.

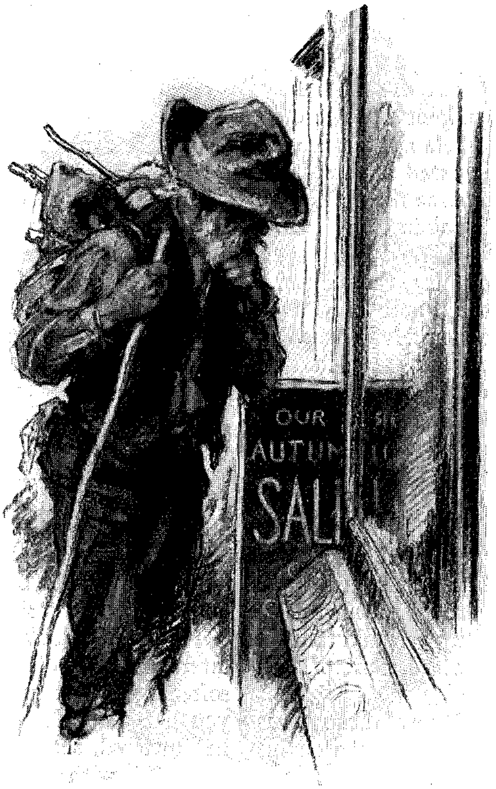
You who are at the centre, battlers, eager, serious,
The League of Leagues, engineering quietly everywhere,
The leaders in prison and in exile,
You who have achieved the Douma and certain ambiguous manifestos that make for freedom:—
We, America, salute you.

All ye, unnumbered units of the huge immovable total;
Ignorant of the planet you inhabit,
Knowing nothing of the events you precipitate,
Knowing nothing of your own meaning,
Like dumb characters of a written word that do not understand what they spell;
All such, starved wheat-sowers of the Black Lands,
Half-blind burrowers in the coal-mines of the Don country,
Frost-bitten wood-cutters in the frozen forsaken provinces,
Crawling creatures across the endless caravan-routes,
Cursing boatmen on Matoushka Volga,
Shrill bazaar-men at Nizhni-Novgorod,
Stern exiles beyond the obliterated white versts;
Dead peasants piled in scurrilous heaps off in heathen Manchuria:—
We, America, salute you.

You, led to your fruitless death on Red Sunday
Before your Little Father's palace,
You, reckless martyrs too trustful, who have achieved the soul's liberty:—
We, America, salute you.

You, O Romanoff, walking softly at painted Tsarkoe-Seloe,
Waxen, wavering, kind-hearted,
With white hands that do not know how to grip and eyes that have no vision;
You, O Romanoff, with one foot rocking a cradle and with the other trampling out a million human ambitions
As a girl might crush a puff-ball to see it disappear in smoke;
Unhappy Nicholas, wearing the badge of mastership,
Groping like a timid apprentice among the appalling dynamos that generate war and peace:—
We, America, salute you.

You, O child, watched over by all the Russias, prayed for all the night long,
The intolerable night of darkness-bound races,
You with the star of hope on your forehead;
Frail swaddling, heir to the long horror and the threat of the Red Terror,
Blissful child, cooing at the glitter of swords and the boom of artillery:—
We, America, salute you.



"he paused before the window of a shop"

THE WAGES OF SALVATION

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY," "THE LADY PEDDLER AND THE DIPLOMAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

MEIN gracious, how dat wind blow, und dis only de first of September!" exclaimed Mrs. Landvetter, as a cold gust from the snow-covered peaks rattled the narrow windows of her cabin, and the storm beat wildly upon the roof. "Look, how de rain creep under de door, und de lamps flare up," nodding at the thin flames which rose suddenly and then fell in the two oil lamps on the newly scoured deal table.

Against the rough, stone chimney of the bare, clean room leaned a slight, listless girl in the uniform of the Salvation Army. "I wish it would stop," she said, glancing nervously toward an old man who sat huddled on a low stool before the stove, and with restless fingers turned the leaves of the Bible on his knee. "It's sure to bring on one of his spells. I've seen it comin' ever since the wind began to blow."

"Oh, yes; alvays," was the phlegmatic response of Mrs. Landvetter, as she adjusted the pins in the lace pillow in her lap. She was a huge Teuton, clad in spotless, lavender calico confined at the waist by a white apron. Her sleek, scant hair was drawn tightly back and twisted into a knot the size of a hickory-nut, and her whole appearance, as that of her kitchen, suggested an unceasing effort on her part to combine the maximum of specklessness with the minimum of adornment.

As was usual in the evening, the toil-worn hands, that had washed and hoed and scrubbed all day, busied themselves with lace-making, and her face, hard, wooden and shiny, was bent above her task.

But again the wind rose, and so madly that the stout door of the cabin tore at its iron bolt, and the windows rattled until it seemed as if the glass would break.

While the woman stared apprehensively at the growing pool of water under the door, Andrew Campbell suddenly cast his Bible upon the floor, and with wild, strange eyes peering from a mat of gray hair and tangled whiskers, watched the white slant of rain drive against the panes.

On such nights as these, one of those waves of despair which occasionally broke on his partly-eclipsed brain swept over him, and now in an almost incoherent storm of words he began to pour out his grief.

"It was nigh this time o' the year," his speech marked by a strong, Scotch accent and broken with sobs, "and my wife, Ruth, and our son, we were a' up in our cabin on Corona. — Ah but we were happy! — happy!" He lost himself in haggard reverie. "Aye, that was it," with passionate conviction, "we were too happy — we had turned our thoughts from God. — We had forgotten — it had been raining for a week — but the creek had kept its banks.

"Ethel, listen, listen," clutching her arm with tense fingers, as the wind again shrieked about the cabin. "The wind was like that — we paid no heed. Ruth stirred the parritch for our supper — there came a mighty roaring like that of the sea — it was a' dark in a moment. The teembers o' the cabin strained and snapped — and — we were a' oot i' the cold, cold water. Ethel — I — I — " he writhed in the torture of remembrance — "I — was saved, and — they — were lost."

At his first words the girl had flown to him and kneeling by his side had thrown one arm protectingly about him; and now she patted him rhythmically on the back, murmuring, "There, there," as if soothing a baby. Her pale face with its pretty, cleft mouth and big, gray eyes was pressed against the old man's arm, and her ashen fair hair overflowed his shoulder.

Mrs. Landvetter gazed at her two boarders with unsoftened, ruminative eyes as she methodically placed and replaced her lace pins. "Vell, dat is yours," was her deep-voiced, indifferent comment. "Effery body has got deirs comin' to dem. Look at me; I vas forty-nine last Lady's Day, und I ain't neffer had a silk dress." She paused in her work and lost herself in the interest of her narrative.

"Vonce, ven I vork in de onion field und de potato patch pretty steady yet, I beg some money from my mutter und valk two mile to town. I vas goin' to haf a silk vaist like de odder girls. Yust as I got to de store door, Poppy, he caught me. He valk me home und gif me a goot beatin', I tell you; und I ain't neffer got my silk dress yet."

The old man looked at her with a dawning interest in his distraught eyes, sympathy softening the anguish of his gaze. "And you haf suffered. I never thought that," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Vell," with a wink at the girl, "I ain't neffer had a silk dress. Ain't dat straight, Ethel?"

"Oh, la," said Ethel, a glow of excitement on her face. "Silk dresses. I've had a plenty of them in my time, five and six at once." She gave a final pat to the old man and rose to her feet. "The kind that stand alone, some of 'em; you know, Mis' Landvetter," vivaciously. "Satins, brocades, failles, grosgrains, taffetas, all kinds, — anything I wanted. My," with a reminiscent, vain, little laugh, "I certainly had my share of the vanities of this world, 'fore I give 'em all up for Christ's sake.

"Why, the day of the very night that I was convicted of sin, — that was down to the Springs, y' know, and I thought, poor, blind sinner that I was, that I was havin' the time of my life — Tom, a gentleman friend of mine, had just struck a pocket of free gold, and we was celebratin'. I was keepin' his roll for him. The boys all knew they could trust me to any extent," in a parenthesis of pride.

"Oh, I ain't tryin' to say a good word for myself, — anyone whose sins was as scarlet as mine had better not try that on; but I never stole a cent, and I wouldn't lie to please you.

"Well, that morning Tom give me his roll, he was a awful generous fellow, and he says: 'Ethel, it's as much yours as it's mine, little girl; peel off what you like.'

"Well, 'course I took him up. I peeled off a hundred and fifty then and there, an' blew in every cent of it for lingery. I always was crazy about lingery. Why, Mis' Landvetter, I bought me one petticoat that was nothing but insertion and lace ruffles clean to the waist — lace this wide, y' know," measuring the depth of her fingers. "And I never put it on, neither; for that very night I heard Mr. Campbell here speakin' to a crowd on the street, and every word he said went right home," placing her hand to her heart, "an' I knew I was saved by the blood of the Lamb.

"But, la! Men don't know what temptation is. When the devil gets after me, he keeps whisperin' of pretty things. He tries to get me into the stores, just to see 'em an' finger 'em." She laughed triumphantly. "He had me so tight, he didn't want to give me up, did he, Mr. Campbell?"

But Campbell paid no heed to their talk; his thoughts were occupied with the plaint to which Mrs. Landvetter had given utterance. Having laid bare to her the anguish of his soul, he assumed that her secret despair had risen up and answered it. That her cause for grief was slight to absurdity, he did not pause to analyze — perhaps was incapable of doing so. He simply accepted her words, that "effery body had deirs comin' to dem." He had his sorrow; she had hers. It mattered little what form it took, whether it were the terror by night, or the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. His was the loss of wife, home, and child; hers, the ungratified longing for a silk dress.

Often, in the days which followed, he pondered over this revelation in a nature which he had never suspected of ethical yearnings, and felt himself drawn to the hard, unsympathetic *hausfrau* by the ties of a common understanding.

Mrs. Landvetter's mind, however, could he have known it, was busy with things far removed from silk dresses, for her shrewd wits were working over a plan by which Campbell's usefulness to herself might be considerably augmented.

It was nearing the time when he started upon a certain annual pilgrimage, included as regularly and unalterably in his routine of the year, as the seasons.

Early in September he adventured forth upon his singular wanderings, for he believed, as did many of his more superstitious neighbors, that he possessed certain occult gifts, among them the ability to locate minerals by means of a strand of twisted wire. This in hand, his habit was to roam over the mountains, led, as he conceived, by a mysterious power to selected spots; pausing there, he would repeat the various formulae of numbers which he considered by some law of correspondence sympathetic to the ore he sought.

If gold lay in the rock under his feet, the wire, upon the repetition of the gold number, would bend from the vertical position in which he held it until it touched the earth.

With a canny, Scotch thrift Campbell took up these claims and made more or less money by the sale of them, although no one was ever able to discover to what uses he put the proceeds. There were rumors of a horde of penniless relatives whom he supported in Scotland; but again, it was stoutly affirmed that the Denver banks held long lists of untouched deposits to his credit, and that Ethel would be the ultimate beneficiary.

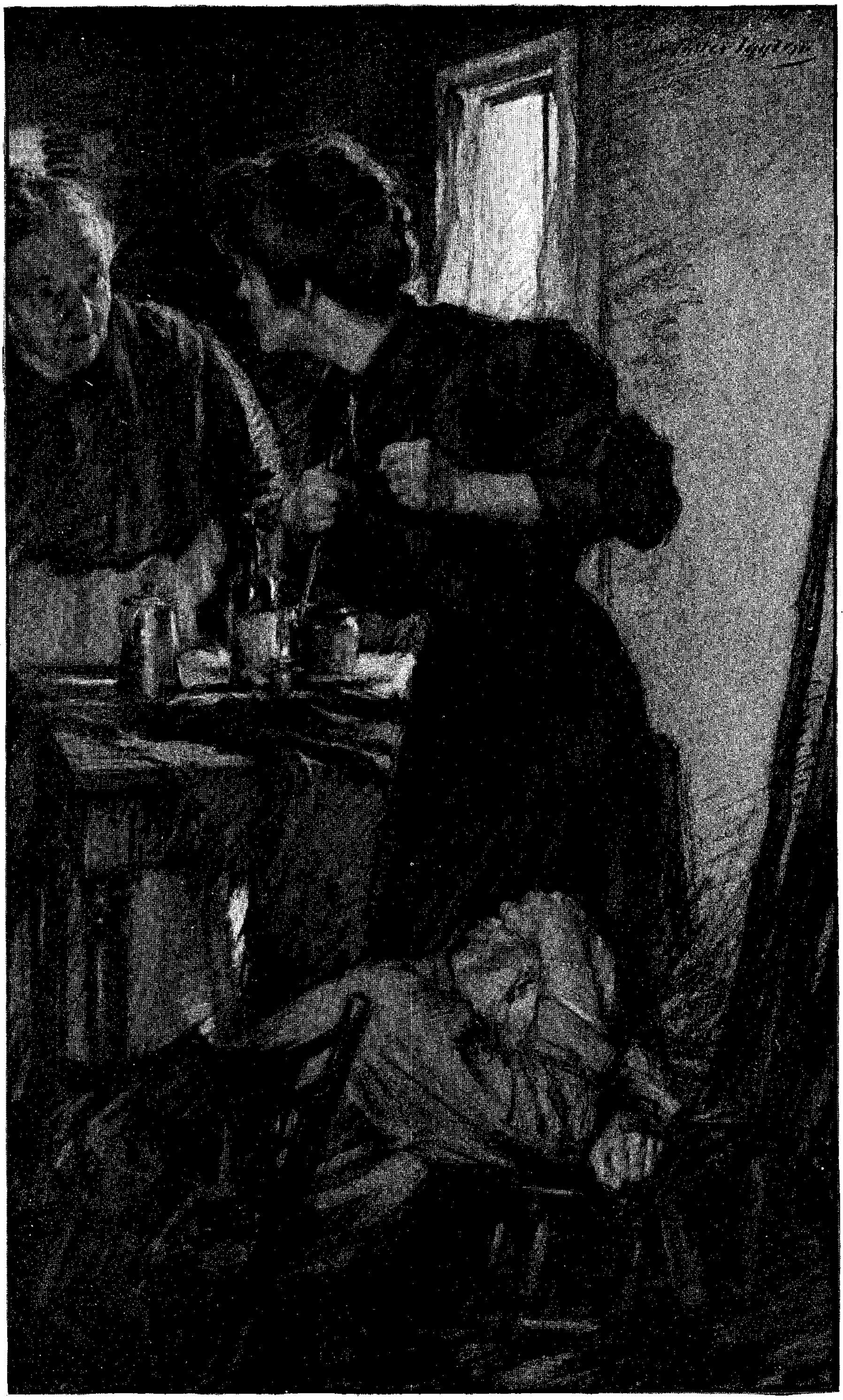
As the moment for his departure drew near, and as she saw him making his various preparations, Mrs. Landvetter determined to put her carefully evolved plan into execution.

"Campbell's a-takin' his old wire und his pack, und he tracks out pretty soon now," she remarked to Ethel one morning as she hung her freshly-washed clothes on the line. The temptation of all out-of-doors was in the air, and the Salvation Army girl had lingered before walking four miles over the mountains to headquarters. "I got a scheme for him, und I vant you to kind of coax him into it, Ethel."

"What scheme you tryin' to work off on him now?" asked the girl sharply.

Mrs. Landvetter took a clothes-pin from between her teeth and pinned up a sheet to the line. "Vell," she began slowly, "I don't see no reason v'y, instead of sellin' my laces to dose agents dat takes deir money out 'fore I gets mine, I shouldn't get dat old Campbell to peddle 'em ven he goes over de mountains, hein?"

"He won't like it," replied Ethel, "and he won't do it. Oh, I know," as the German woman was about to interrupt her, "you think anything's good enough for him. You just see a little half-cracked, withered stump



"'I'LL PAY YOU YOUR OLD MONEY NOW'"

of a man, don't you, like most folks does around here? But, if he'd wrestled for your soul like he done for mine, you'd see Christ's messenger same as I do. And he shan't go for to peddle." She turned toward the gate.

"But, Ethel, yet," exclaimed her landlady, snatching at her gown. "T'ink how goot it vould be for him. Dose vimmens dat he shows de laces to, dey look after him some. Dey gif him a bed und a meal now und den. He can't look after hisself."

"That is so," admitted Ethel with reluctance, "an' maybe I will ask him to help you out. Mind, I ain't promisin', though; I got to think it over."

"I haf so mooch laces," continued Mrs. Landvetter, although her listener had departed, "ten yards in de pineapple pattern, und twelve in de roses point, und eight in de flur de lisses, und mooch odders. I t'ink I make dat old man sell dem, all right," with an emphatic nod of the head.

But Campbell rebelled vigorously, when notified of her project for making him useful. He shook his shaggy head and thrust out an obstinate lower jaw.

"Am I to peddle laces, woman? I gang to the mountains for meditation on the meesteries and for the finding of ore by means of my gift. And I will not peddle laces."

For a day or two he remained obdurate, in defiance of her rough pleading, and consequently she deemed it wise to defer further discussion of the subject until Ethel came home.

On the afternoon of the Salvation Army girl's return, she found Mr. Campbell on his usual stool by the kitchen stove, bent over the great Bible on his knee.

"Oh, Ethel," he cried as she entered, "I have great news for you. You know I have puzzled long over the vairse, 'There shall be no more sea.' I have wondered, and I have wondered. For many months it has lain on my mind; but last night," with exaltation in his eyes, and yet glancing about to see that Mrs. Landvetter was not within hearing, "last night, my Ruth came to me and expounded it. Ye ken that being out of the flesh, she has progressed greatly, and she said it meant this: That the sea divided the land and is ever a barrier to be crossed, and so it stands as a sign of separation; but at last Love shall blot it out, and there shall be no more parting."

The girl looked at him with the tenderest, most awed admiration. "Ain't that grand?" with a catch in her voice. "You certainly are right in the Kingdom of Heaven, Mr. Campbell."

"I have studied and studied over it," he went on earnestly, "and waited for Ruth, but it was long before she came. It is sometimes very long before she comes," with a kind of patient pathos. "I tried also to discuss it with Mrs. Landvetter; but the meesteries are withheld from her. Still, what can you expect?" shaking his head commiseratingly; "she has had her sorrows, and they have made her hard." He gazed fixedly at the stove for a moment and coughed once or twice. "She has asked me to peddle her laces through the mountains," with shamefaced apology, looking eagerly at Ethel to see how she would take the news.

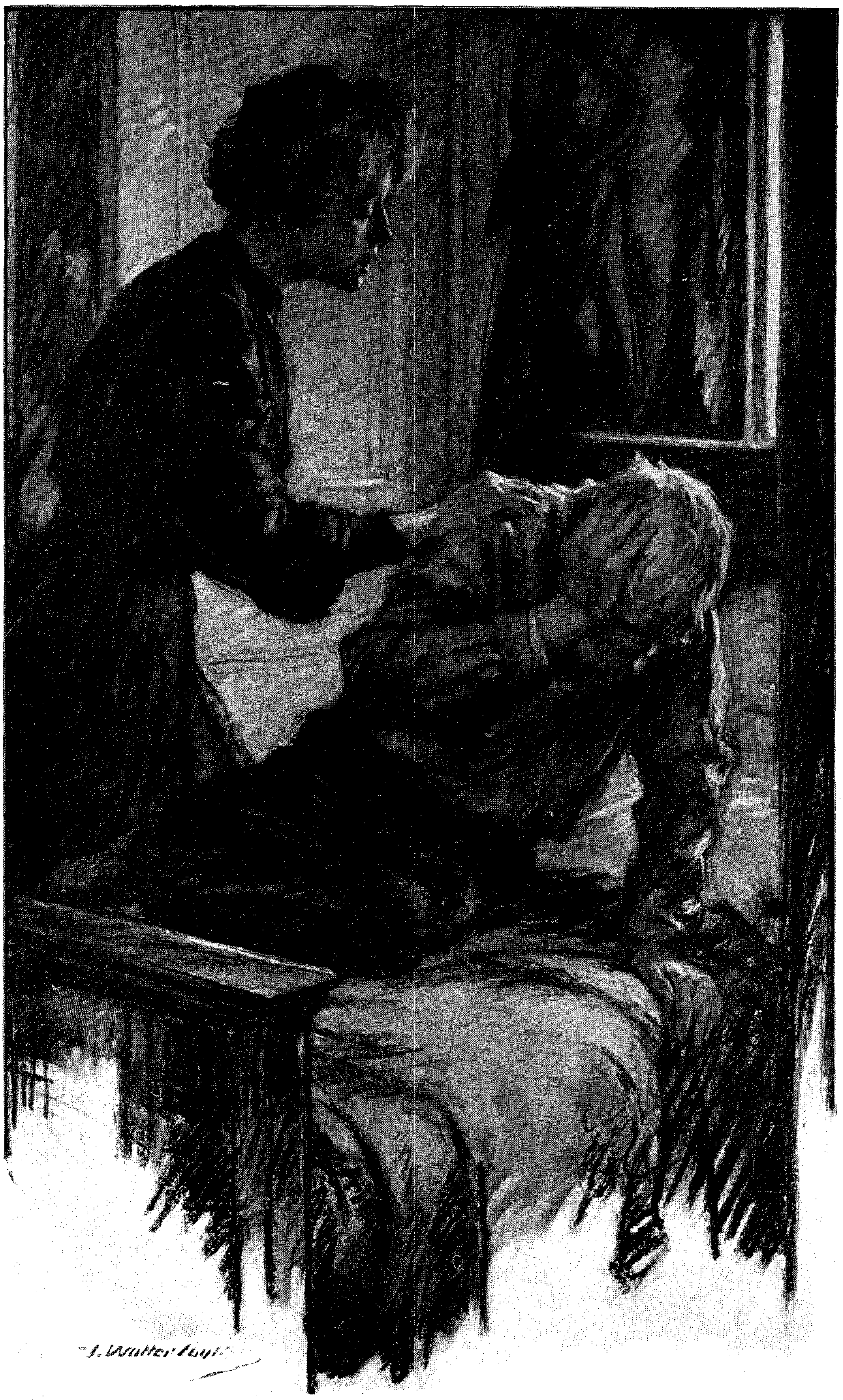
"I know. She spoke to me about it too, Mr. Campbell; and it don't seem right, indeed it don't. For my part, I don't think you ought to do a thing but stand up in the pulpit and preach. Still, I'd feel a sight easier about you if you would take her laces. It wouldn't be peddlin' really, Mr. Campbell. It would just be accommodatin' a friend."

He considered this presentation of the matter, and with a brightening face finally accepted it. "Ah, well," with resignation, "I will do it. Say no more about it."

So, one morning when the sun lay mellowly over the aspens, whose leaves were turning to bright gold under the sharp touch of discipline administered by the early frost, and the maples were hung with thousands of serrated, scarlet banners which floated and gleamed through the pines, austerely dark, permanently green, old Andrew Campbell trudged up the road toward the shining, snow-clad peaks, his wire in his hand and Mrs. Landvetter's laces snugly stowed away in his pack.

These he drew forth from time to time with wonderful results, for the women on whose hearthstones he sat regarded him with an almost superstitious awe and prized his wares above their value. By day, he prospected with his wire and his cabalistic figures; at nightfall, in the isolated cabins, he expounded what he called "the meesteries," and casually and somewhat reluctantly exhibited Mrs. Landvetter's laces.

His very indifference induced the eagerness of his purchasers. They recognized in him a different type of peddler from the usual brisk, businesslike, anxious-to-sell


J. Walter Taylor

"IT WASN'T YOUR RUTH WHO GOT HIT. IT WAS ME—JUST ONLY ETHEL'" variety. He drifted into their cabins and spoke to them prophet-wise of things alien to their intelligence, but which roused in them their latent veneration for the seer.

And in the different villages where he sojourned briefly, he wandered into the gambling-houses, as naïvely sure of his welcome as in the cabins. In fact, these constituted his market-places, for this unworldly old man to whom life's realities were its mysteries was well known among the worshipers of the blind madonna of chance.

But the season was a bad one. Mr. Campbell found it difficult to arouse interest even in the few claims he took up. The wire, too, proved singularly capricious; and although the old man stood patiently on the rocks for hours at a time repeating his magical numbers, his divining rod seldom trembled in his hand.

Then, too, the days, although still golden, were growing shorter, and there was a nipping touch in the air which warned the old prospector that the snow would soon drift over his trails, and that to turn his face homeward was the part of discretion; when suddenly, by one of those sardonic jests of Fate which sometimes lead one to believe oneself but a pawn on the chessboard in a match game between the powers of good and evil, his progress was unexpectedly delayed.

Longer than was his wont, Campbell had tarried in one camp where he hoped the ore might prove responsive to his quest; and there, in the garishly decorated saloons, he impartially gave the people the benefit of his mysticism and the opportunity of purchasing his claims — opportunities in the main neglected or ignored.

But this sordid, squalid little mining village, with its magnificent environment of snow-capped summits, whispering pines, and mellow sunlight, was experiencing a long-anticipated, infrequent excitement. There came a fair or festival week, and Mr. Campbell, dazed but interested, found himself jostled, hurried along in a tide of men and women, hailed by name, the center of laughing groups. The village, for the nonce, had become the magnetic lodestone of those effervescent spirits from neighboring camps on whom the hills had for months laid their repressive spell.

It was all so strange and disturbing that Campbell lost what little sense he had of life's every-day proportions. For hours during the day, and until long after midnight, he wandered about, possessed by the spirit of excitement and restlessness in the air.

At last, during one of his peregrinations, he paused before the window of a shop, his attention arrested by the sumptuous display behind the glass.

"Man, man," he murmured, "that is silk, and Mrs. Landvetter has never had a silk dress. Why," with brightening eyes, "I will take her one; it will be a surprise for her. But," his face falling, "it will doubtless be very costly."

He drew out an old wallet from an inner pocket and, untying the string which bound it, carefully examined its contents. It held but a little silver, and he shook his head sadly as he wound the string about it once more and thrust it back. "The pity of it! The pity of it! But," he considered, his face suddenly alight, "I have money from the sale of her foolish lace-work, this miserable money that she will hoard away in a stocking because she does not know there are silk dresses so near her."

Finally, under the spur of this suggestion, he drifted within and asked to look at silk pieces. Bolt after bolt was unrolled for his inspection and held up to catch the light.

"Beautiful selection, sir," said the clerk, genially.

"Aye," agreed Campbell. "I was thinking of a lady," he continued slowly and impressively, "who has never had a silk dress."

"Well, judging from the standpoint of women, that lady has never really lived," remarked the clerk. "You ought to set that straight, right off. Now, just because we're selling at closing out prices, I'm going to let you have your choice of anything here."

"I do not know what color she would prefer," demurred Campbell. "Whether the blue, the green, the yellow, or the red."

"How old's the lady?" asked the clerk, leaning across the counter.

Mr. Campbell considered. "Forty-nine, the last Lady's Day," he said carefully; "whatever Papist's festival that might be."

"Then she'll want black." The clerk spoke with decisive finality. "I bet all these years she's had her heart set on a black silk dress."

His arguments were more than convincing; but, although visibly wavering, Mr. Campbell held to his original intention of prudence. "This is a sair important matter to decide," he said with dignity. "I maun discuss it with my wife."

But Ruth, mythical and complaisant counsellor, evidently viewed the matter in the same light as himself. There seemed to arise in neither mind any misgivings as to his ethical right to spend Mrs. Landvetter's money for a silk dress.

Campbell, in his scrupulous delicacy, would have starved to death before he would have taken a penny of the sum to buy himself a crust of bread; but in the instance before him, he saw only the opportunity of granting to a fellow-being a long-cherished heart's desire. Therefore he returned to the store the following day, and for the sum of twenty-five dollars purchased the silk dress with accompanying buttons, thread, linings, etc. which, the clerk assured him, were necessary for the proper making of a gown.

A day or two later he stood in the doorway of Mrs. Landvetter's cabin. The first snowflakes were blowing from a gray sky, and the air was raw and cold. Ethel knelt before the stove, warming her hands, and as she sprang to meet him, bubbling with a voluble welcome, she caught an immediate impression of something new in his expression, something responsive, almost buoyant. It was as if the blight which had so long overfallen him had been partly erased. There he stood, smiling, mysterious, alert.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you back," she cried. "I'll call Mrs. Landvetter, and we'll have your breakfast ready for you in a jiffy. It's cold this morning. Oh, I tell you, I've missed you; but the change has done you good. You do look well."

"Aye, and I have some surprises for you all," with a certain sly glee, as he placed the long, narrow package on the table. "I hae a vairse that will take me the winter to ponder oot, and I hae something for Mrs. Landvetter — something she has wished for a' her life!"

"For pity's sake! Ain't you the kindest, little man!" said Ethel tenderly. "To remember her after the way she — But, still now, that ain't Christian. There she is now," as Mrs. Landvetter passed the window and threw open the door, a billet of wood in her hard, red arms. When she saw Campbell, a smile widened the corners of her mouth, and avarice showed in her eyes.

"Vell, Mr. Campbell, how you vas? Excoose me v'ile I puts down dis vood, und den I can gif you a hand. Vell, vell. So, so. You didn't git lost, nor nuttin', hein? Sit down v'ile I makes you a cup of coffee."

With a sly glance at Ethel, Campbell took his old seat on the stool, his cherished package laid carefully across his knees.

Mrs. Landvetter was aware that there were certain formalities prescribed by etiquette to be observed before she could put the one paramount question; but she determined to make these as brief as possible. Consequently, a generous piece of wood was thrust into the stove, and the coffee-pot filled and put on to boil with an obvious bustle.

And now for the formalities. "Vell, *wie gehts* in de mountains? De wire done goot, I guess?"

Her boarder thrust out his lower jaw. "No," he returned. "It was not good."

"Dat vas too bad. But de vetter; he vas nice, vasn't he?"

"Beautiful," assented Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Landvetter sighed with relief. She had paid her mint and anise and cummin to Mrs. Grundy. "Und," leaning eagerly forward and speaking with an almost tremulous jocularity, "und haf you brought all mein laces back, or haf you lost dem?"

"I hae sold them a'."

"Effery piece?" she screamed incredulously. "Effery piece?"

"Every piece," he answered.

"Vell, you *vas* a goot, liddle man. Und how mooch did dey bring; how mooch?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars? Mein Gott, you vas de best effer!" hugging herself and rocking back and forth in her glee. "Twenty-five dollars! Und, now," with outstretched, visibly itching fingers, "v'ere is de money?"

"It is a' in this package." He slowly unrolled the paper from the silk. "There it is!"

The huge German woman looked at him for a moment in astonishment. "Vat you givin' me, Campbell?" she asked roughly.

He still smiled. "You hae never had a silk dress in your life"; his words tumbled over each other at the thought of the magnitude of the joy he was conferring; "and I hae brought you one with the money I got from the sale of your laces."

Mrs. Landvetter looked at him a moment with a purpling face. Then she sprang at him. "You bought dat silk mit my money? Den, by Gott, I break your head!" She rushed toward the pile of wood on the hearth and, seizing a thick stick, struck blindly in the air.

But Ethel, lithe and quick, had sprung from her seat by the table, picking up something as she ran — something that gleamed long and shining in her hand.

"Don't you touch him, or I'll kill you!" she threatened, catching the larger woman by the arm. Her face was dead white, her narrowed eyes glittered like a cat's, her gasping voice was scarcely audible. "You — — — , it ain't the first time I've used a knife! The jury has let me off twice, an' they would again, you bet. Drop that stick, I tell you! Drop it!" Then, as Mrs. Landvetter wavered but still held her ground, she bent the long, thin blade almost double and let it snap back in the older woman's face.

That mighty Hun recoiled, but still snarling and showing her fangs. "I vant my money," she muttered stubbornly; "und, by Gott, I get it out of him."

"Yes, I know you, you dirty coward. You'll wait till I'm gone and then take it out of him, and rattle him so he won't never get straight again. Well, you won't get the chance; for I'll pay you your old money now. I'll take the silk off your hands. It ain't the first time I've wore silk, by a long sight!"

She tore open her gown and drew a chamois bag from her bosom. Unfastening it, she counted out some crumpled bills and loose silver. "There's your money," contemptuously; "twenty-five dollars. Put it down in your stocking now. Get it safe, do."

"V'ere you get it, Ethel?" Mrs. Landvetter clutched the money, fawned over it, and yet feared to hold it.

"None of your damn' business where I got it. You drop that wood and go on out to your wash-tubs." She stamped her foot and then, seeing the other hesitate, motioned with her knife toward the door. "Go on, I say."

As Mrs. Landvetter closed the door behind her, Ethel threw her weapon on the table and ran to old Andrew Campbell, who crouched upon the floor close to the wall, holding his gray head with his hands.

"Come, come," she crooned brokenly. "Come with Ethel."

He said no word, but at the sound of her voice rose feebly, and passively let her lead him to his dark, little room off the kitchen. She had almost to lift him upon his bunk, and then she knelt beside him, spent with her fury, shaken with hysterical tears.

At last he turned his haggard face with its wild, miserable eyes to hers. "I do not care if she shook me," he muttered hoarsely. "I do not care if she did not like the silk. But I cannot forgive her, and I can never pray again, and I cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"But," Ethel checked her sobs to soothe him, "if you don't care that she shook you, and you don't care that she didn't like the silk, what makes you feel so bad?"

"Because," he answered with solemn anguish, "she lifted a great stick and struck my Ruth; and I can never forgive her." His words trailed as he lapsed into despair.

Ethel was bewildered for a moment, and then, with a dawning comprehension of his trouble, she looked about her helplessly. There seemed no way in which she could minister to this mind diseased.

But again she turned her perplexed, despairing glance toward the bed where Campbell lay; and as she gazed at that waif — conquered, overwhelmed, beaten by life — the light of love shone in her eyes and in her sad, pitying smile.

"Listen, Mr. Campbell," bending above him and speaking with imperative, tender distinctness. "It wasn't your Ruth who got hit. It was me — just only Ethel. She give me a whack across the arm, and you've got us mixed up. How could you? Why, your Ruth stood beside you all the time."

He half raised himself in the bed, new hope dawning in his eyes. But they clouded again with suspicion. His trembling hands plucked at her sleeve. "Let me see," he said, "where she struck you?"

Her lips paled; then she lifted her head with a reckless laugh. "It don't show yet, dear; but it'll be all black and blue by to-morrow. You'll see." Smiling tenderly at him, she rose to her feet and walked to the small, narrow window. Leaning her head against the rough sash, she looked out upon the gray of the hills now blurred in snow. Her fair hair fell about her white face, her scarlet mouth drooped forlornly.

"I ain't never lied nor stole till to-day," she whispered. "No matter what else I done, I've always been a lady that way. But I guess if I could fall so low as to steal what I collected for the Army, I needn't let a little thing like a lie stick in my throat." She dropped her face in her hands. "I've tried to raise myself, I've tried to be somebody; but what's the use? It seems like even God was against me."

CLANCY OF THE JACK-POT

BY

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was Clancy's ante, but after going over his hand mentally for a moment, he looked up and with a peculiar drawl said, "Boys, let's make this a jack-pot for the kid, Bill's kid what's comin', the first native son of Sierra Vista."

"Right you are," came a voice out of the smoke and gloom; "and it's a double eagle to come in."

The big, dull yellow gold pieces clinked musically on the pine-board table, and the game was about to proceed, when a rushing, sliding sound was heard from above, and the door broke in with a crash, allowing a man to roll out on to the floor with a small avalanche of snow.

"Come in," cried Clancy; "don't stand on no ceremony."

The new-comer, after glancing back at the incline down which he had shot, deliberately damned it after an approved and original fashion, then pulled himself together and stood up. The unexpected visitor was a giant, and as he strode up to the table something in the big, red face and wonderful, yellow eyes arrested every player's attention, while Clancy exclaimed, "What's the matter, Alec?"

"The kid's come," answered the new-comer, making a gesture to stop the cheers,—the arrival of a baby was a great event in Sierra Vista,— "but the woman's dying."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Clancy.

Some of the men standing in the gloom took off their hats, not knowing exactly why they did so.

"Yes, and Bill's off his base. But that ain't the worst of it; that kid's goin' to starve to death."

"Not on your life," cried Clancy, pointing to the table. "Why, there's his first birthday present."

"It wouldn't help if it had a bushel of blue chips," answered Alec. "What the kid wants is milk, first, last, and all the time, and there ain't but one can of the stuff between here and the open, and the snow's forty foot on the level, and Ralsdorf five days off; the kid's up against it."

The players cashed in their chips in silence, got into their coats, and moved to the door that could hardly be seen in the dim light, as banked up against every window was snow; snow that reached not only to the roof, but ten, twenty feet above it. The entrance to Clancy's was a snow chute or tunnel, with steps of snow leading upward, and as the men crawled out into the open, they stood high above the house and village.

Endless snow-storms had fallen, until the little mining hamlet, that in the summer stood in a pleasant mountain-environed valley, was now forty feet under the snow. Stores and houses were completely out of sight, and the only things to suggest the presence of a town were chimney extensions and flags, rising from the field of white on two sides of a straight line that indicated the street far below. Each house had its tunnel, and as the snow increased and accumulated, the tunnel was lengthened and another joint added to the stove-pipe to keep it above the surface. In all the world, doubtless, there was not so peculiar a state of affairs as in this land of deepest snow; even the Eskimos know nothing like it.

As the men — all miners of the snowed-up mines in this part of the Sierra Nevada — crawled like ants out of the hole, they picked up their skees, which had been thrust endwise into the snow, put them on, and made their way up the street, stopping at a big red flag and disappearing, one by one, down the slide, into the saloon of the town. All the available men had gathered, as they did every day in this drear winter of almost endless snow; snow that did not drift, but dropped like feathers, until the entire valley was closed and shut in, until the ranges were covered so deeply that the small trees disappeared, and only the tops of the large ones were here and there to be seen.

Big Alec strode up to a table around which the citizens of Sierra Vista gathered. "Boys," he began, "I reckon you've heard the news. Bill Hardy's woman had a baby this afternoon — a little gal about so big," holding his large red hands about a foot apart, "and the old Fogarty woman says she's a regular snowflake dropped out of the clouds; but Bill's woman's going over the Divide, and the little gal is left to you an' to me, an' we're jest natchrally up against it. I reckon Bill never thought but what the kid could get along with canned goods and what natur provided for it; but the natur end of the outfit is cut out, and the old woman says canned goods won't go. There's but one small can of milk between that kid and starvation, and the mail man hasn't been able to get over the divide for a month. Boys," and the big miner smashed a bony fist down on the table, "the only way to save the kid is to take it out into civilization where there *is* milk, and women and things, and the question up to the town is, who's a-goin' to do it? I've got two kids here without any mother or I wouldn't be askin' that question."

A dozen men sprang forward out of the darkness of the foul, oil-scented room, but Clancy, he of the jack-pot, being in the lead, — as he generally was, being built that way, — the man with the yellow eyes grasped his hand and said, "You're elected, Clance, an' you bet your sweet life you'll do it."

There was no time to lose, and on the second day after the birth of the child the inhabitants of Sierra Vista, to the number of fifty, crawled up out of their burrows to see Clancy off with the baby. He had received certain instructions from Mrs. Fogarty as to the care of infants. He was going alone, as there was not a skee-runner who could keep up with him. His outfit was well adapted to the requirements: a heavy suit; a fur sleeping bag, and a bag of fur for the baby, slung from his back; provisions for a week, mostly jerked venison; some chocolate; an outfit for melting the milk, a six-shooter, a knife, and a belt of cartridges, long skees, a skee-pole, and a flask of brandy.

The entire town, famous for its skee-runners and racers, started with Clancy and followed him down the little valley and up the incline to the forest where, high in the pines, were blazed marks, now in plain sight on the level, but in summer forty or fifty feet in air. Up to the divide which formed the rim of the valley, the crowd went, then stopped and cheered, as Clancy swung himself over and shot down the steep incline, in a short time disappearing from view. As far as the eye could reach, mountains rose, valleys sank, ridges crossed and zigzagged, and deep cañons fell away; and over all the white mantle, from which, like giant pompons, the trees appeared.

Strong, virile as he was, the eternal whiteness of the snow, its terrible depth, its proneness to slide and form avalanches, sank into his heart as a menace of disaster; but between his shoulders something warm filled him with energy and that which carries when all else fails. Like the skilled skee-rider he was, champion in a hundred contests down mountain-sides, he moved on over the icy snow like the spirit of the wind, a splendid human animal,— rising over hummocks, making tremendous leaps into the air, speeding on to seeming destruction; now using his pole to break the pace, again, in the exuberance of his strength, holding it on high as he shot through the freezing air.

When he reached the bottom of the slide of the mountain with such force that he shot fifty feet up the opposite slope, he caught himself with his pole and began killing the ascent, zigzagging slowly upward. He knew the immediate country well and was following the general directions of the mail skee-man, who in times of less snow made the passage across the mountains once in two weeks. He followed the blazed trail, and in hours of heartbreaking work reached another summit and went whirling down, always headed south, in the direction of the country that, miles away, opened out into the level plains where man lived. Once he struck a hidden limb and was hurled into the air, but by splendid action so twisted himself that he did not fall on his little burden. The plaintive wail that came as a result of the shock brought to him the realization of the possible danger of such an accident. He stopped, trembling with excitement, and shaped his pace with more moderation. Instead of sliding down the slopes at full speed, he slid at an angle, or coasted on the pole and sought for easier routes.

The sun dropped so that he lost it several times, then, ascending, found it again. At last he saw it sink over the distant mountains, losing it entirely as he shot down through a pass where blue and purple shadows were growing and blending on the snow. He had traveled hours with hardly a stop, and the pace was telling. Selecting a fir-tree, he brushed away the snow, shook it from the lower branches, dug out a burrow with his long knife, heaping up a wind-break about him with skilful hands, and spread his thick fur sleeping bag, which had a thin rubber cover impervious to dampness; then he lighted the alcohol lamp, melted some snow, adding to it a portion of the milk, and in the folds of the bag uncovered the little face and gave the child its food. Only twice had the baby cried since he started, and he wondered at it; then he thought that perhaps it was sick, a possibility that had not occurred to him. But the little face was warm, and by the light of the lamp the bright eyes looked wonderingly into his, giving the man a strange and novel sensation — the feeling of paternity. He ate some jerked venison and chocolate, then crawled into the bag and, holding the fur bundle in his arms, slept, how long he did not know. The mountain wind rose, and as the tree bent and waved, great patches of snow fell and struck the branches and sifted down with more or less force. Then came a quiver, a rush, the very mountain shaking; it was an avalanche in some adjoining cañon, perhaps one that he had passed; and then came the terror that he had slept too long, that he was losing time.

Throwing off the snow, he repacked, slung the burden upon his back, moved out into the moonlight, and sped on down the cañon. How weird it was! Ghosts and phantoms stalked everywhere; they hung from trees, they blocked his way and seemed to be flying as banners of snow, swinging on the wind that wailed down through the pass. He was passing a cañon that in summer was the bed of a stream, now filled with snow, from which, on either side, rose rocks overhung with snow veneered with ice, that caught the gleams of the moon. A strange moaning sound came down the wind, and ever and anon the booming crash and fall of rocks filled the vibrant air with sound, so that the man often stopped, awed and silenced by the throes of nature. And so for two days more he strode on, always to the south.

The snow grew finer, and the traveling slow. As the moon sank one night, Clancy sought the shelter of an overhanging boulder and slid into a huge crevice in the wall of the cañon, where he opened the sleeping bag and crawled in for a brief rest. He was aroused by the cries of the child; and after feeding it and taking some food himself, he again started out into the snow.

Suddenly, like a mental specter, came the feeling that he was being followed; it came so quickly that a shudder went vibrating over him, and instinctively he stopped and looked back, and would have sworn that someone, or some living thing moved back from his trail. Seized with a frenzy of excitement, he drew his revolver and dropped behind a rock, crouching like a human panther, ready to spring. He heard a wild cry, half human in its intonation — it came again, again, and still again; a mountain lion was on his trail. At first it was a relief, and he laughed aloud, for he had many a time put his knife into a lion to save his dogs, and he knew the trick of lions' following men, though rarely attacking them. But there had been instances of man-killing lions, and perhaps this was one. He fortified himself behind the rock and tried to sleep, revolver in hand; but the child cried and moaned, and he feared that if the lion were creeping near, it might hear: so pulling himself together he again faced the storm with a sense of dread in his heart, and pushed on far into the night, at last literally falling in the snow and resting in the lee of a great boulder.

But the weirdness of the situation prevented him from sleeping. He would start up, half dreaming, half awake, to hear either in imagination or in fact the cry of some wild beast. A strange mental condition had taken possession of him, a stupendous elation, as though the mind were governing his physical being to the extent of being able to force him to continual exertion and to carry him through, when the body was to all intents and purposes unable to respond; he seemed to be in a trance, and only by seeing and handling the little burden that he held next to his heart in the big bag could he recall his mind to its normal poise. He had seen a horse run day and night until it fell dead, and he realized that his almost continuous performance had seriously involved the adjustment of his faculties. He would not drop physically, but he might fail mentally, and this fear grew as he lay listening to the extremes of sound: the slightest — the falling of snowflakes; the loudest — the down-rushing of hill- and mountain-sides, the avalanche. He imagined that the snow as it drifted down the cañon took on strange shapes. Now a phantom ship under full sail went plowing on; he could see the bellying canvas, the spume beneath the bow as she careened; then the eddies twisted the great snow sheets into other forms — bodies of men, ghostly platoons marching on and on, to be dissipated by a heavy sea that broke and piled upon a rocky shore. Then he seemed to be submerged and swept away.

He finally fell asleep and was awakened by the crying of the child. Sunlight was streaming down into the cañon, illumining the white tufted trees, like a benediction. He lighted the alcohol lamp, and in prying the wooden stopper with which the milk can had been plugged, he found that the contents had partly disappeared. For some reason the discovery did not discourage him. He was dazed by fatigue. The child was fretful and continued its crying. Unable to stop its plaintive wail, he braced it against a rock so that the sun did not shine into its face, pink against the fur and surrounding snow, and began to talk to it.

"Say, look here, kid, there ain't nothin' the matter with you; you're all right. What you kickin' about, grub? Three times a day an' twict a night, an' plenty of it; yes, you bet there is. An' won't we paint the town a sky-blue alabaster pink when we reach milk? Oh, no, perhaps we won't."

But the baby cried on.

"Don't you worry, kid," he began again; "we're goin' to get through, an' don't you forget it. We're on Easy Street, an' Grubville's at the end of the lane," and Clancy threw his big hands up. "Hold up, kid, you'll wake up that old lion, or lucivee. Hold up, kid, an' I'll tell you about my poker hand. You see Redding, Lou Doyle, your pap, an' me, was sittin' in a game at Alec's old saloon, the Siesta. Alec held a straight flush, all but one card. Your pap held four aces and a king, an' I ain't givin' you no taffy, it's a fact." Clancy reiterated this, as to his astonishment the baby stopped crying. And as the sun came out of a cloud he saw or imagined that the little blue eyes were fastened wonderingly on his.

"Red held four queens, an' it was my deal. I found I had a canary bunch, every doggone card in the deck. There wasn't a thing for me to do, kid, but stand pat an' bluff the lights outen 'em, so I took one card, creatin' the impression that I had four of a kind. Red called for — Well, I'll be dogged," continued Clancy after a brief pause;" I ain't no spellbinder, that's dead sure," and he bent over the little face. The baby's eyes were closed, it was fast asleep. "You dern little cuss," he muttered softly, "I'm goin' to get you to Grubville, an' don't you forget it," and he stared at the little face, his own growing a deeper and deeper red. "I'm damned if I ain't a good mind to kiss it for its dead mammy; but I never kissed a baby in all my life; I might scare it to death."

Clancy glanced furtively around, as though to see if anyone were looking, wiped the icicles from his beard, bent over the child,— a big, red-faced, bloodshot-eyed benediction,— and touched his lips to its forehead; then, swinging the bundle on his back, he slipped on his skees and moved on, conscious that some kind of change had swept over him exactly what he did not know.

The snow was soft and fluffy, making traveling much more difficult. It concealed treacherous places and played tricks with his skees, several times throwing him to the ground with considerable force, so that he was obliged to regulate his pace. For some hours he moved slowly on, then suddenly the cañon ended in a blind lead, and he knew that he had lost the trail followed by the post skee-runner. There was no time to go back; he knew the general direction, so he began the ascent of the cañon wall and in two hours, by zigzagging, came to the summit of the ridge and looked out and down on peaks and mountains rolling, tumbling away to the south. To the south, that was it; he would have known he was headed that way even if he had not seen the needle of his compass; he noted the lichens on the north and east sides of the trees where the snow had fallen, and dashed on. The descent was so steep that he coasted on his pole half the time. Reaching the bottom, he entered the largest cañon leading in the general direction of south and walked on. He stopped but once in several hours, and then only for food. The child had been crying for a long time, and he knew the reason; he had put it on half rations; there was not enough milk in the can to last with close economy for six meals more, and he was holding on to the chocolate, not eating it himself, as a last resort.

Night came quickly. He stopped long enough to feed the child, trying it with chocolate, but in vain. He did not even attempt to talk to it, there was not time; it must cry itself to sleep, he must push on and on, eternally on.

By midnight he reached a level valley filled with trees — splendid specters covered with snow. They seemed figures grasping at him, as he passed and brushed the limbs aside, silhouetted against the sky in which steel facets seemed set in countless millions. A peculiar numbness began in his knees and crept slowly upward. It was like some deadly stupor, only it did not rise in the brain. He sprang forward with renewed energy as it swept over him, trying to throw it off, not realizing that it was the summing up of terrible physical strain; then, stopping, he unslung his burden, placed it upon the snow, and in a frenzy began to rub his legs, toppling over from sheer weakness and rolling several feet as though wrestling with some unseen monster.

The contact with the snow full in his face as he rolled, brought him to, and he sprang to his feet, turning to the child. Clear snow met his glance; the bag was gone. With a fierce cry he leaped forward, all the instinct of a mountaineer and woodsman surging to the surface as he dashed about the tree in a circle, eyes straining down to catch the trail, staring mad for the moment. Any animal that could have seized the child would have made a trail leading from the tree, but as he swept around, the snow was as smooth as velvet, not a break in its soft, pure surface; completing the circle, coming upon his own steps, at first mistaking them, Clancy flung himself upon them and looked for the lead. Suddenly a thought penetrated his dull brain, and running to the tree he began to dig with a skee where he had left the child. The first move uncovered the fur bag. A great mass of snow, a tree avalanche, had dropped noiselessly down and covered bag and child.

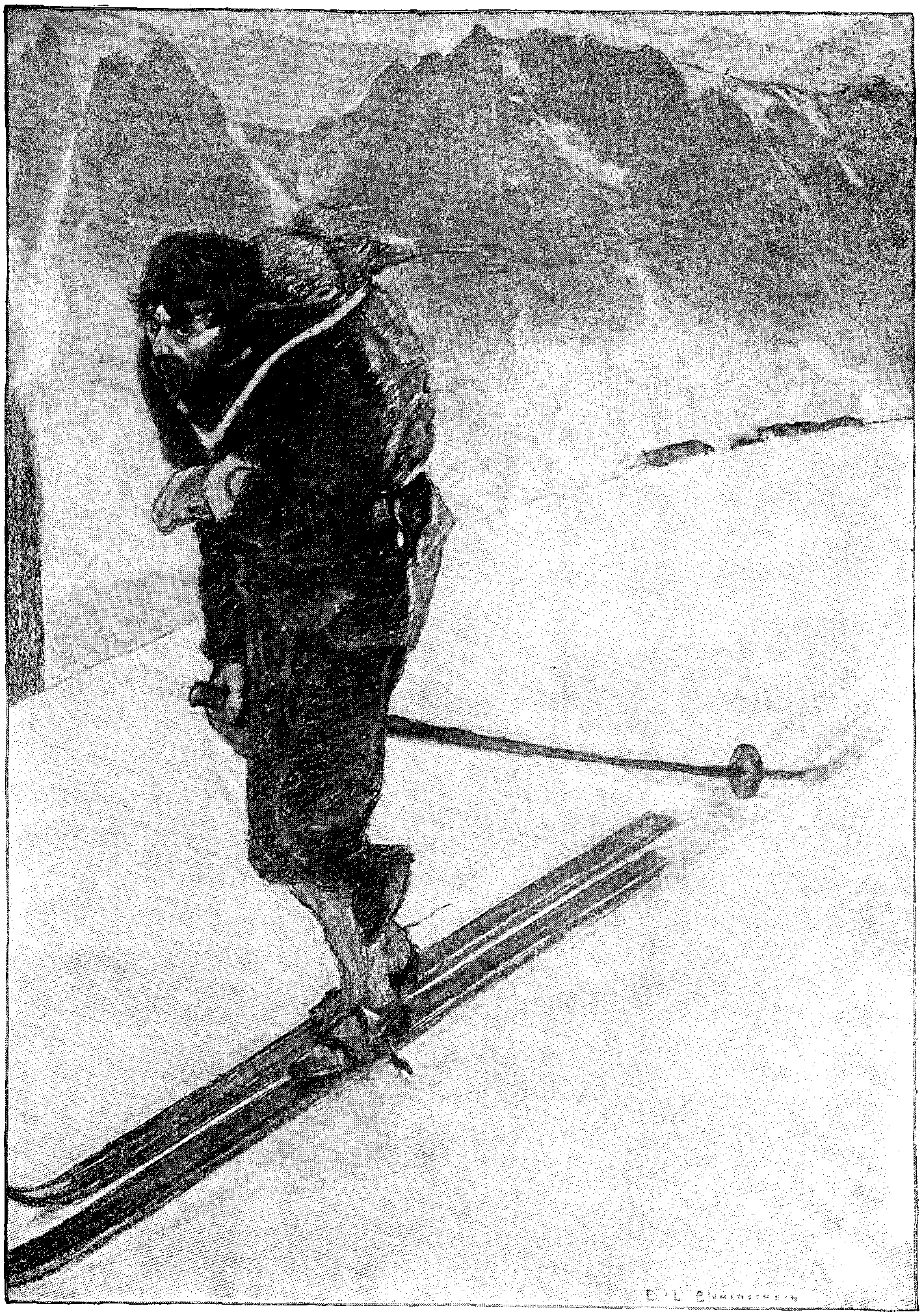
Creeping close beneath the low branches, Clancy cleared away the snow, opened his sleeping bag, and crawled in. He had slept perhaps an hour when he awoke with a start; something had given the bag a tug. Throwing back the flap he saw a gray, dog-like creature slink away, then on the night air rose a ventriloquistic howl. Half dazed, he arose to find that one of his skees had been hauled down from where he had thrust it into the snow. He brought it back, and noting the yellow light stealing up from the east, equipped himself and staggered off to the south. An hour later, when the sun illumined the splendid series of cañons, he stopped among some rocks to heat the milk, noting that there was but a spoonful left. He was living entirely on jerked meat, keeping the chocolate and brandy as a reserve. For the first time he took a drink, and exulted as the stimulant swept through his veins and arteries bearing new and false sensations of strength to his brain. "Brace up, kid," he whispered as a wail came from the bag; "we're goin' to get there, an' don't you forget it. Why, I can smell grub." It was so real, this trick of the imagination, that the man jumped up, a wild light in his eyes.

Up mountains, down terrific slides, striding, sliding, rushing on, this now fearful figure held its course. His face was swollen out of all proportion, his eyes almost closed, his teeth met between the lips which were bloody and cracked. The last time he stopped to feed the child he had thrown away the can and forced the infant to take melted chocolate, drinking some himself. His roll of jerked beef had disappeared· some animal had stolen it in the night. Even this catastrophe did not have any particular effect upon the man; his mind was benumbed to almost any influence. But one dominant idea seemed to have been left — to push on and on — by intuition holding to the south.

He had entered a forest where the trees were some distance apart and was forging slowly along, when a new and familiar sound struck his ear, a barking, whining yelp, quickly answered as though by an echo. As it died away, out of the forest that bordered a little clearing appeared three or four animals, one white as snow, the others gray.

"Timber wolves, by G — !" quivered on his palsied tongue.

They ran to and fro, struck his trail, and came on with a quick side-swing trot,



"SUDDENLY LIKE A MENTAL SPECTER CAME THE FEELING THAT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED occasionally lifting their heads to utter the sound that has been the funeral dirge for many a horse and steer.

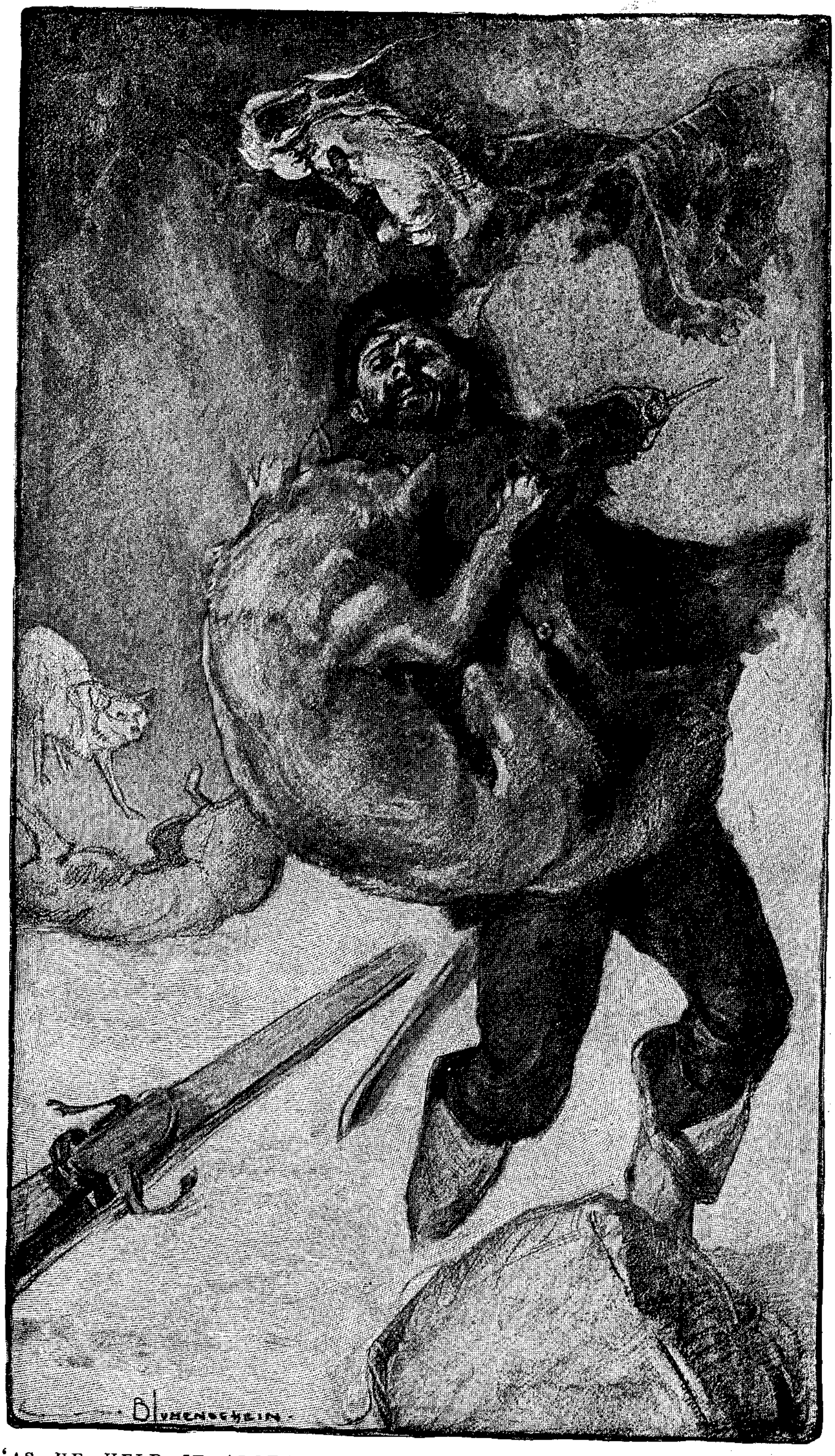
Clancy backed up against a tall fir, kicked off his skees, and stood ready for them. In a moment they saw him, stopped, and separated twenty feet, as though to attack him on the side and rear. Taking careful aim at a gray wolf as it came at him, Clancy fired directly in its face, dropping it; he whirled to fire at the one to his left, when the third sprang upon him. A flash and howl told that the second animal was wounded; with a powerful kick he caught the third between the forelegs and sent it flying backward. For a moment the two beasts were staggered. He tried to fire again, but found that he had dropped the revolver. In a frenzy, he seized the dead wolf and flung it at the others as they came on. He struck one a fierce blow under the jaw with his boot and made a slashing cut with his long knife, at which one of the wolves sprang around behind. At this he unslung the child and, holding it high in air with one hand, attempted to toss it into the low, shelf-like branches of the tree. But as he held it aloft, the wounded wolf sprang upon him, sprang and met the long blade that sank into its throat.

The force of the rush threw the man down and away from the tree. Dropping the bag into the soft snow, he seized his long skee that he had thrust, end upward, in the snow, and waited. The white wolf, the specter of its kind, ran back and came at him with many false starts, then with a yelp dashed straight on. Clancy intended to use the skee as a club, but the thought suddenly found lodgment in his benumbed brain that if this broke he was lost, so he dropped it and sprang to meet the brute, with a maddened cry — gr-r-r-r — in his throat. The wolf's mouth was open, and with a movement like the flash of light he grasped the lower jaw, back of the sharp canines, bent it down with his giant strength, at the same time gripped the throat with his left hand, and the two rolled in the snow from which came horrible cries, growls, imprecations, the sounds that go with enforced strangulation, and despair of man or beast. Not for a moment did the desperate man release his grip; the huge, doglike beast tore ridges in his face with its fore-claws, while the man beast, bearing it down, in turn tried to fasten his teeth upon the animal's throat, Slowly and surely he choked it, not releasing his hold until the brute was almost stiff; then he hurled it aside. Embued now with superhuman strength, he picked up the fur bundle, slung it upon his back, adjusted his skees, and ran as though for his life. Once more, amid a snow-storm, he stopped to eat, and to feed the child that now was almost always silent. But there was nothing; the roll containing the supply had been lost. To return was impossible; the drifting snow covered up the skee-marks as fast as they were made. It took some minutes for Clancy to realize the situation, and then he broke into a roar of terrible laughter; such laughter as had never been heard in those solitudes. Again slinging his bundle upon his back, he moved on to the south, laughing, singing, talking to the child. There followed long periods of silence. Time and again he fell over rocks and trunks of trees, but always on his face. And so he plunged along, at times raving like a madman. Great eyes peered at him, eyes of demons, eyes of wolves; but he staggered on until a larger wolf's eye than ever burst upon him; then, kicking off a skee he whirled it aloft, sprang forward, went down, and — the light went out.

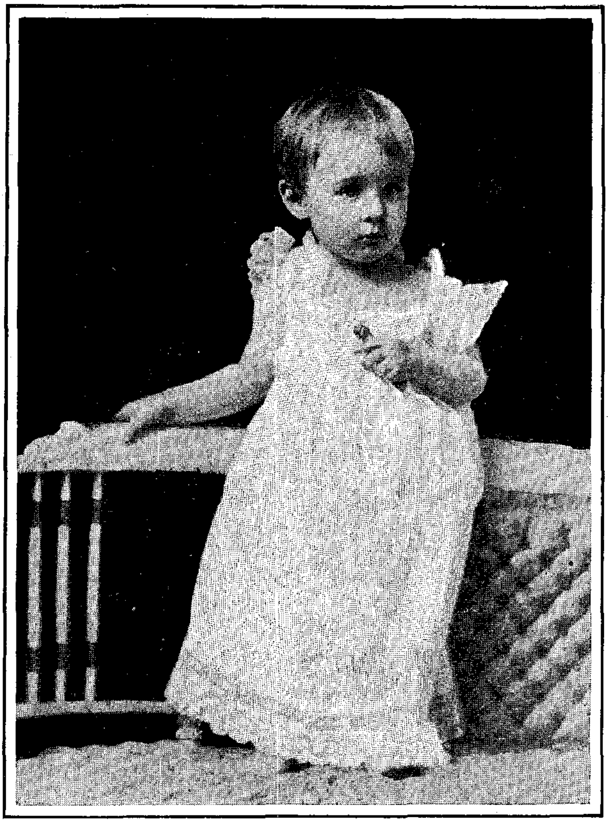
Old Joe Kicking Horse, a Modoc Indian, was cutting wood for the T. D. Company in the Sesqualie range and, as he later told the story, was making coffee over the camp-fire, when a wild figure came rushing out of the woods, whirling a long skee about its head, and plunged headlong into the coals, from which Old Joe and his squaw pulled him, to find, to their amazement, a baby strapped to his back; a baby not much over a week old, feeble and apparently starving. The squaw took the baby and folded it to her ample breast, while Old Joe forced some whisky down the insensible man's throat. For a long time he worked over him, while a droning Modoc lullaby,— and a lullaby is the same over all God's world,— came drifting on the wind from the cabin-door. He rubbed life into him, and suddenly the gaunt, haggard frame of a man struggled blindly to its feet and turning fiercely to Old Joe cried: "Where's the kid?"

"You come," replied the Modoc, and taking the trembling man by the arm, he led him into the shack. Steadying himself, Clancy looked round, rubbed his bloodshot eyes, and made out what at first looked like a big, squat figure of Buddha that slowly changed into a squaw.

"She heap busy," said Mrs. Old Joe.


BLUMENSCHEIN

"AS HE HELD IT ALOFT, THE WOUNDED WOLF SPRANG UPON HIM"



This is a picture of the child who went through this remarkable experience, taken two years after the events related in Mr. Holder's story. We regret that, respecting her wishes, we are not able to publish the mother's photograph. — EDITOR.

Clancy, clinging to Old Joe, leaned over the two and stared.

"Didn't I tell you, kid," he said faintly, "Grubville was at the end of the lane?"

"She's a stayer, I'll be dogged if she ain't," he continued, disappointed that the child did not look up.

"You bet," replied Mrs. Old Joe, lifting a handkerchief on the other side and displaying the bronzed intaglio of her own babe's face.

It was many a day before Clancy saw the child again; a few hours later he was in a delirium. Old Joe brought the surgeon from the government reservation, and for weeks the man struggled for life. But one day, when the sun came pouring down into the cañon, Mrs. Old Joe placed the child in his arms, and Clancy knew that he had accomplished the impossible. A runner was sent over the mountains to Sierra with the news, and one morning when the snow had gone, when great mounds of green went tumbling eternally away to the distant sea, a queer outfit crawled slowly up the divide that looked down on the valley of Sierra Vista: first came Clancy, leading a burro upon which sat Mrs. Old Joe, hired on a life lease as nurse in perpetuity by the miners of Sierra Vista, looking more like Buddha than ever, and holding the child; while behind, mounted on a mule, rode Old Joe with his own papoose. As they reached the divide the whole town came rushing up, and at the head Bill and a fair, brown-eyed woman who was not dead, who, by a miracle, had lived. As she reached Mrs. Old Joe and the child she had never seen, Alec and Lou Doyle and the rest turned away and looked at the scenery — then laughed and shouted through many tears; and then Clancy, Old Joe, and a protesting Buddha went up upon the shoulders of the citizens of Sierra as they hit the trail and wound down into the valley of deepest snow.

THE SORROWS OF GIUSEPPE

A LITTLE STORY OF REAL LIFE

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

FATE threw Giuseppe in my way and caused me to be the only soul on the Portland boat whom he could make understand. Therefore, Giuseppe poured out all his griefs to me as to a brother.

It came to pass in this wise. I was sitting on the horrible magenta plush settee-thing in the after cabin, looking at nothing at all and thinking luxuriously about the same, when this coatless Italian, this son of an out-worn civilization, drifted into my field of vision and came to anchor beside me on the plush. I noticed him particularly because he was very young and unusually good-looking, and because his green sweater and tan shoes made a startling color-scheme with the magenta. He was full-faced and rubicund, also horny-handed, heavy-shouldered, and oppressed with woe. His attitude was dejection itself, and he sighed frequently.

"*Buon giorno,*" I ventured in my best Ollendorff, "*come sta?*"

No answer — just a grunt and downcast glances.

"*Parlate Italiano?*" I persisted, not to be by any means so easily discouraged. Another grunt.

"Nothing doing here!" thought I to myself. "Better let him alone, I guess!" So saying, I crossed over to one of the little polished tables and pulled out a stale newspaper. Giuseppe eyed me half despairingly, half suspiciously. I was an American and therefore rich — all Americans are rich! — and so, of course, his inborn enemy; but none the less it seemed evident I could talk a few words of his native tongue, and *that* was something.

Presently he came and sat down opposite me at the table.

"*Signore,*" he blurted out abruptly, "you change-a feefty dollar? You change-a feefty dollar bill, eh?"

I looked up, not a little surprised.

"Fifty dollars?" I queried. "You want me to change fifty dollars? Sorry, *amico,* but I haven't got that much with me — *non posso!*"

He shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"*Si, si!*" he persisted. "You change-a heem all right! You reech-a mans!"

I couldn't help smiling at that. The idea of my being a rich man was a self-evident absurdity.

"*Non posso,* I tell you!" I retorted. "I can't do it!" With that I opened the flaps of my all but empty pocket-book for his inspection. Evidently such evidence bore no weight with him, for ——

"*Si, si!*" he still reiterated irritatingly. "You reech-a mans! Wha' for you no change-a heem?"

"Let's look at your fifty!" I exclaimed, beginning to grow interested in such persistence. "Show me *la moneta!*"

From the depths of his sub-sweater region he dredged up a very much folded bill. Only the fifty-dollar mark was visible, but the faded dirty yellow told the tale and explained Giuseppe's eagerness. I hated to corroborate the poor devil's only too well-founded suspicions.

"Let's look!" I urged. "Show me some more, *più, più!*"

He grudgingly unfolded the bill and spread it on the polished table-top. It read: "Confederate States of America . . . 1863." Jeff Davis' portrait graced both sides. Its probable value — as a curiosity — might have been ten cents.

"See here, *amico,*" I ventured hesitatingly, "I'm sorry, but that's no good — no good, you understand? *Non vale niente* —

not worth a cent! Confederate money, very old, too old — *troppo vecchia! Capite?* You understand?"

"Wha' you say? 'S too old, no good-a? Ah-h-h! *Corpo di Bacco!* My feefty dollar no good? *Iddio!* Wha's *matter* my feefty dollar?"

He squared his jaw, frowned ominously, and knotted his fist.

"It's too old, I tell you — Confederate! See here, don't you know what Confederate is? No? . . . Well, anyway, it's no good — *non vale nemmeno un soldo* — not worth a cent!"

"Ah, ha! *Falsa moneta?* My feefty dollar *falsa?* I don' know wha' you mean, Confederata — p'raps he's *counterfeit-a*, eh?"

"No, not false money, only Confederate!" . . . Then. to myself: "Hang it all! How the deuce am I going to teach him United States history? — Hullo, there, steward, wait a minute, will you? This man here wants to show you something. Here, *amico*, show this *signore* what you've got!"

The steward approached, a lean, thin-blooded type from the Maine coast, leathery-skinned and shifty-eyed. The offspring of orthodox parents and a "superior civilization," he contrasted unfavorably with the illiterate peasant's son, in whose veins still bounded the full red tide of southern life. Giuseppe handed him the bill, half suspiciously.

"No good," he passed his verdict also, "not wuth a tinker's dam!"

Giuseppe understood the tone, if not the words.

"Oh *misericordia!*" he groaned, now thoroughly convinced, and covered his eyes with his rough hands. "*Madre di Dio!* — my feefty dollar no good! *Jesucristo!*" A tear fell on the table-top. The steward walked away with a yellow-toothed grin.

"Serves him right!" he sent back at me like a Parthian shot as he ascended the stairs. "They ain't nuthin' too bad fer them darn Dagos!"

In a minute Giuseppe looked up again, and his black eyes were blazing.

"By G—, meester, eef I ever catch-a the mans that geeve me this-a bill, then — *Z-z-z-z-z-zz!*" His horny forefinger rasped sharply across my throat. "Both ear I cut heem, one to other! Now my *moglie*, my woman, yessir, she go' starve-die — *mor'a fam'!* By G—, I *keel* that-a mans! I keel him so queeck he never know w'at hit-a heem, yessir!"

"How 'd it happen?" I queried, anxious to divert him. "*Quando?* Tell me all about it, *amico*."

"In one saloon, I take-a two t'ree *bicchiere*, *straniero* he come een, he say, 'You change-a feefty? Yes?' Well, he say he pay all-a drinks if I change-a this bill, *si signore!* That's w'at he say! I have seexty dollar, just fineesh five month-a job, dam' hard work, too, yessir! He have fold-a bill, I see only *numero* feefty, so he han' me da bill an' I geeve heem forty-nine dollar, *quaranta-nove, si signore!* Then he pay two t'ree drink an' go 'way queek, say, 'Excuse me, minute,' an' go 'way an' never come-a back! Eef I find-a that mans . . . Bing!" This time the horny forefinger was a revolver.

"Well, well, that's too bad!" I murmured soothingly, for Giuseppe had become disquietingly realistic. "That's hard luck! And what were you going to do with the money? What made you carry so much? Were you going to buy something, *comprare qualchecosa?*"

"No, no, *nient'afatto!* Not-a use for mysel'! No sir, *niente per me!* For my *moglie*, my woman, you un'erstand, my *bambini* in *Italia* — I got-a t'ree *bambini*, yessir, an' Lucia, *la moglie*, all in Campodoglio, near-a *Napoli* — oh be-e-eautiful countree, *si signore!*"

"Naples? Yes, that's fine!" I assented. "*Molto bello!*"

"Tha's right! *Bellissimo!* Beeg mountain, gran' field, grape-a-vine, fire an' *fumo* come out-a top! *Si signore*, tha's da mouth of hell, you call it, *Inferno, si!* Da priest, he tol' me you go that-a way down to *Inferno, si signore!* An' it's gran' countree! My t'ree *bambini* verree fine *bambini*, yessir!" Giuseppe was warming up; his hand was beginning to make circles. "One-a *bambino* he go to *scuola*, one he babee, one he come-a pretty soon, *io credo*. *La moglie* she 's sick too, no work-a now. I want 'em all come America, yessir!

"W'en I first come here I save-a *la moneta* one month, sen' home, tell 'er save it, come-a here too! But she 's take-a that *moneta* an' spen' him all *per vivere*, to live on, eh? Well, then I no send any more, only leetle bit ev'ry month, an' da rest I save, me mysel' — getta lot-a *moneta*, then send heem all together, *capite?* So then she can come-a, bring *bambini, madre, tutta la famiglia*. So I work-a five month, shobbel like hell! Look-a da hand!"

He thrust out his palms. They were calloused like a camel's knees, in spots, and cracked and raw, the worst looking pair of hands I ever want to see.

"Yessir!" he continued. "I work-a like hell! Five month, *signore, cinque mes'*. Save all I can, seexty dollar, beeg roll-a *moneta!* I goin' sen' feefty dollar to *la moglie* in Campodoglio; everythin' all ready. All-a ready send *la moneta, moglie* all-a ready come America, an' bring *bambini, madre,* all family! Then I, big *sciocco,* big fool-a mans, go for celebrate in saloon, take-a two t'ree *bicchiere* . . . *ecco,* I loose-a forty-nine dollar, my *moglie* she stay in *Italia,* she no work, no come here, she starve-die p'raps, oh *Madre di Dio!*"

His teeth glinted in a grimace of pain, and his hard fist smote the table-top.

"And where are you going now?" I asked. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I gotta 'nother job up there," with a vague wave of the hand, "up dere by my brother, in Sportolan' (Portland). He's no real-a brother, no *carnale* — but, w'at you call? Brother-in-law? *Si,* tha's right! Brother-law! I goin' work again, make-a some more! But I 'fraid my *moglie* she's goin' starve-die 'fore I getta her America! *Ed i bambini!* W'at's become my *bambini?*"

His mood had changed again. He was only a big child himself, and no emotion could last long in that great high-arching breast.

"*Ecco, amico mio!*" said I, leaning over the table. "Take this to help get the *bella moglie* here in time!" and I pressed a silver half-dollar into the horny palm.

"No, no, *signore!*" he stammered, with a broad smile of amazement and pleasure. "No, no, not-a for me, no, *grazie!* no *per me!*"

"For *la Lucia!*" I exclaimed, "and for the little ones in Campodoglio!"

"*Grazie, mille grazie!*" he murmured. "For *la bella Lucia, si,* not-a for me!" and his thick fingers closed over the coin.

He brooded a moment in silence, then queried, as if struck by a new and hopeful idea,

"My feefty dollar not *falsa,* eh?"

"No, not false — only too old — I can't explain, but it's no good, that's all!"

"But no *falsa,* no *counterfeit-a?*" he insisted.

"No, not counterfeit!" I answered, smiling.

"Eef I pass-a heem they no arrest-a me? No putta me in *la prigione?*"

"I hardly think so."

"*Ecco! Now* I know what I do! I pass-a heem on some *Italiano* mans, me! No on an *Americano; Italiano* mans! *Americano* know w'at 'tis — *Italiano* take-a heem all right! I hold-a heem same way — only show *da numero. Italiano* don't know w'at is Confederata! He pass-a heem on *un altro,* an' he pass-a heem again, an' so on, all-a time! No hurt-a nobody!" He smiled beatifically. His clouds were all rolling away. I hated to remonstrate, but felt a feeble sense of duty urging me.

"Better not!" I objected. "Suppose the man you pass it on does this-a way to *you?*" My forefinger circled my own throat.

"Ah!" a lofty wave of the hand, "soon's I getta my feefty good dollar I take-a de boat to New York again — then I go *Italia,* me, getta *la moglie* mysel'! Never go Sportolan', no sir!"

He smiled again, even more joyously. His eyes beheld once more prophetically the olive-groves and vine-clad slopes of old Vesuvius. There, half-hidden on the flanks of the great mountain, clung his humble, whitewashed cabin, and in the doorway a girlish figure and other smaller ones stood waiting him. I felt that argument would not avail, and so forbore.

"*Signore* —" he said, after a moment's silence, rising from the table, — "*Signore,* I t'ank you — *grazie, mille grazie,* and — *addio!*"

He stretched forth his toil-calloused hand. I shook it warmly.

"*Addio, amico,* and good luck — *buona fortuna!* My best love to *la Lucia* when you see her again! *Addio!*"

Giuseppe smiled for the third time, flamboyantly, and was gone. His squared shoulders and confident step spoke volumes as he disappeared up the companionway.

In a few minutes I too went on deck. The boat was just passing Peak's Island on its way into Portland Harbor, and I saw Giuseppe no more, but his influence was still upon me. I was fatally corrupted; my last scruple had quite faded out, and I hoped frankly that he'd manage to pass that bill to someone better able to bear up under its false promises — to someone who did not have a wife and three babies (and nothing else!) in a whitewashed cabin among the vines of Campodoglio.

BEN B. LINDSEY: THE JUST JUDGE

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

III—THE TRIUMPH

EARLY in the history of Denver's Juvenile Court, a boy was arraigned for stealing lumber and sand from a contractor. The contractor was indignant; he "wanted to know whether Judge Lindsey was going to coddle that kid or protect the property of citizens of Denver from thieves." The Judge said he would take the case under advisement. He did. He took the "case" for a walk and a talk.

Once out of that stiff old stuffy old court-room, the tears dried up, and the two got acquainted.

"What did you want the lumber for, Kid?" the Judge asked.

"We were building a shack in my back yard, and we needed more boards than we had."

The Judge used to build shacks, and he and the kid discussed the different kinds you could build. The Judge bragged about some he'd put up. But he never used sand in a shack.

"What did you swipe the sand for?" he asked.

"Well," said the kid, "girls can't build shacks. They can keep house in 'em after they're built, but my sister and the other fellers' sisters, they wanted something to do till the shack was done. So while we was gettin' the boards, we seen the sand, and we swiped a little pile for the girls to play in."

And coming into the back yard, the kid showed the Judge the shack and the sand-pile — abandoned now. All work was suspended, pending a decision in their case. The Judge wanted to know what the Court was going to do to him. The Judge said he'd take the case under advisement, and he did. He took a walk down to the contractor, and he told said complainant all about the shack and the sand, and — the contractor furnished all the lumber and sand necessary to finish the job in that back yard. As for the children, they "cut out" all "swipin'."

The Judge kept the case under advisement, however. He kept on walking around in back yards and talking with young "thieves" and "builders." He saw many signs of energy and enterprise, and nothing to do; nothing good. Everywhere was private; nowhere to play. Everything was property to steal. The grown-ups had "hogged" everything, and children had nowhere to play and nothing to play with.

The Judge set about organizing a Juvenile association of grown-ups to furnish materials for young builders to build with; playgrounds to build on; water to swim in; jobs in the beet fields for vacation kids that had to work, and mountain trips for the rest. In brief, the Judge's Juvenile Association for the Protection and Betterment of Children, which he is trying to make a national organization, originated out of his discovery that society had forgotten to provide children with opportunities for good.

But society provided opportunities for evil. Denver offered plenty of these, and the children know them all. "I was amazed to hear what children knew," the Judge says. "I talked to them, and I walked with and among them; I visited back alleys at night, hung around cheap theaters, visited the tenderloin and the slums. Standing in the shadow just outside of saloons, I saw children come with pitchers in their hands, sent there for beer by their parents, and while they waited, I heard men tell obscene stories. The children listened, boys and little girls. I talked with the boys, and

I found that they understood everything that was vile. You see, I was trying to get at the causes of criminality in children, in children whom I found responsive to the noblest sentiments of honor and fair dealing. Well, I thought I saw what the causes were: the problem is one of environment; manifold opportunity for evil and none for good; and then, back of this, certain social and economic conditions. What could I do to relieve these conditions? I asked myself that again and again. My Court could correct the evil done, some of it, but how could I prevent the evil from being done?"

Perfectly simple and logical, all this. The Judge had no answer ready, but he attacked the worst condition, one that stirred him to his depths. He found that the Denver saloons had wine-rooms, and that not only boys, but girls, were allowed in them and ruined. The law forbade these places to women, but the law wasn't enforced. Why? Everybody knows, in a general way, why. Denver is a typical American city government, and Lindsey, a former member of the Democratic State Executive Committee, knew, in a general way, the reason for a "liberal" excise policy. It helped business. When cowboys and miners and other visitors came to town, they wanted to have a good time, and it was good for all business to help them spend their money. But the Judge saw that however good for business it might be, to neglect to enforce the wine-room law, it was bad for the children; and he put that view of it before the Police Board. He knew well the president, Frank Adams, and the members of the Board. Frank is a Democrat, like Ben, so Ben urged Frank to enforce the law in the interest of the children. The Judge also addressed the Chief of Police. The Chief couldn't do anything but refer the letters to the Board, which wouldn't or, at any rate, didn't do anything. The Judge then proceeded in his own way to compel the Board to enforce this law.

Colorado is a great place for injunctions. The interests there use the courts very much as in other states they use legislatures and governors. The brewers own the saloons, and brewing is an interest. It "contributes" to both parties. The brewers and the dive interests got out a writ enjoining the Police Board from enforcing the law. Judge Lindsey says the Police Board got out the writ against itself, and there is some ground for this suspicion. In the first place, the attorney for the brewers was the Democratic State chairman. In the second place, Frank Adams, who is a member of the Adams family, famous in Colorado politics, is the "iceman" in Denver. There are other icemen, but the saloons generally buy of him. So he may have been doing his customers a favor, on the side. But certainly the brewers were interested, for they warned Lindsey that if he went on making trouble for them, they would defeat him for election. No matter about that, however. Judge Peter L. Palmer—of whom it has been said that he would "enjoin the birds of the air from flying and the fishes of the sea from swimming"—Peter L. Palmer held that since, under the constitution of Colorado, women had the same rights as men, the law forbidding them the wine-rooms was unconstitutional. Wherefore he enjoined the Police Board, and the Police Board obeyed his order. Judge Lindsey didn't. He fined a dive-keeper in the face of it, and the Supreme Court of the United States upheld his ruling.

It takes time to go through the courts, however, and while the case was pending on appeal, girls were being haled into the Juvenile Court as "incorrigible"; and they did look "bad." But the evidence showed that they had been made bad in wine-rooms. "And I found that these wine-rooms were 'protected' by the police," the Judge says. "I tried time and again, with Frank Adams and with the other commissioners and with the Chief of Police to get the wine-room keepers arrested, and in vain. Children they would bring in, the boys and girls, but no adults. I investigated further. I called on the Humane Society, and the Secretary, Mr. E. K. Whitehead, told me of the most horrible details. He also had complained in vain to the police. Then I went out and I saw some of these things. I saw sixteen boys gambling in one place, and when I reported it to the policeman on the corner, he insulted me. I wrote about this and about the wine-room to the Chief and to the Commissioner. No answer.

"One Sunday I went to visit one of my probationers, and I found him cursing his mother, vilely, with an amazing command of oaths. Looking about, I saw that it was partly a house of assignation, partly a home for the very poor, and all the children were masters of men's language. Looking further, I saw, ten feet from the door of this house, the rear entrance to a wine-room, — wide open, though it was Sunday morning. I went to the mistress of the house of assignation, and she, hardened though she was, told me that this wine-room had supplied more than one bad place with inmates. Only a week before, she said, she saw two girls halt at that wine-room door. One was afraid to go in. The other was urging her, and while they were talking three men came out, seized the reluctant girl, and dragged her in. The next day the woman heard groans and sobs across the way, and she went to see what was the matter. She found the girls in the cellar, naked and drunk."

"My God!" the Judge exclaimed, "where was the policeman all this time?"

"Oh!" she said, "he knew all about it. He was in there, too, drinking with them."

"It would be hard for me to repeat," the Judge says, "all the things I saw and heard that harrowed my very soul. But they were the causes, this crime and vice and this police partnership, of many of the woes and troubles that came into my Court."

What could he do? The Judge knew that besides the "ice" and the brewers' contributions, there were other powers back of all these conditions. The railroads ruled the State, the railroads and the mine-owners and the American Smelting Company. Under them, in Denver, and for them, were all the public utility companies which, having grants of privileges, rewarded the people of the City and State by corrupting their government. "It's necessary," they say. Now the corrupt business interests that rule Denver and Colorado rule by ballot-box stuffing, and it was the dive-keepers, thieves, loafers — all the hangers-on of vice and crime — who did the stuffing. Lindsey, who long had known this, realized now that he had nowhere to turn to appeal for some little consideration of the children of his town, except to the people of his town.

He invited the Police Board to visit the Children's Court on Saturday morning, May 24, 1902. He also invited reporters. Frank Adams didn't come, but the other commissioners did, and the bailiff gave them seats in the jury-box. There the children could see them, and they could see the children, and there were some two hundred children on hand that morning: — two hundred "bad" boys who knew all about everything, including that Police Board. When they were all ready, Judge Lindsey entered and took his place on the bench. He looked over his gang of kids, and then he spoke to those officials, typical American officials.

"I have asked you gentlemen to come here and look at these boys," he said. "There are also girls in this city who report on Fridays," he added. The commissioners looked at the boys, and the Judge went on to say that while these children were brought there as delinquents, it was not alone the children who were delinquent. "Parents, in many cases, and adults who violate the law, and particularly police officers who refuse to enforce the law, they are more responsible than the children," he said. He illustrated: "It became the duty of this Court recently to send a young girl to the Industrial School. She was not depraved or vicious; she was capable of being a good, pure woman with any kind of favorable environment. But she was subject to temptations. What were one of these temptations? The wine-rooms; not one, but many. She was induced to enter such places. You knowingly permitted them to run in violation of the law. Yet the child is punished and disgraced. You and the dive-keeper, the real culprits, you go scot free."

The Judge — from the bench, mind you, — said this to those commissioners. Then he spoke of a young man who had lost his life in the same place where this girl was ruined. He told the rooming-house woman's story, and he described also her terror lest the police should learn that she had informed on the dive-keepers! Then he described what he knew of gambling by boys.

"I have seen a pitiful, gray-haired old lady, bent with years, her face dimmed with tears, pleading in this Court to recover the all she had on earth, lost by a son in a gambling hell tolerated by you. And here in broad daylight those who conducted the place come, and they tell of the open game of this young man and the loss of that money, and this they do with the prosecuting officer passing in and out. . . . It is nonsense to talk about these things not being known to your Board. It only subjects you to contempt and ridicule."

Frank Adams had been appealing to the Judge in the name of "business" and "the party," not to "rip up" the liquor question. The Judge answered that appeal now with another:

"Flesh and blood, body and soul, the future of little children is so sacred," he said, "that it is a monstrous sacrilege to permit any other consideration to interfere. . . . I know it is unusual to speak thus publicly, but all things usual have been done, and something unusual is justifiable. I therefore beg of you in this public manner, in the presence of these children, for their benefit, that you earnestly and diligently war upon these places. . . . I assure you that you will have then the goodwill and respect which are denied you now. That is worth more than all the vaunted boastings of all the devil's agents in this town. It is to these that you are catering now, and until you break the spell they have over you, you will be storing up misery, hell, and damnation for the present and future generations."

It was a terrible arraignment, there before those children, whose eyes bored into those officials. There was silence for a moment; then one commissioner, Charles F. Wilson, rose to answer. He said the Board had closed the place where the Judge had seen the boys gambling. The two hundred boys looked at the Judge; he hesitated. Didn't he know about that? Some of the boys did, and one of them sprang to his rescue. Leo Batson, twelve years old, rose, and pointing his finger at Commissioner Wilson, he said:

"Yes, you closed it up, but you opened it up again; like you generally do. It was open inside of a week. And it's open now, 'cause I seen boys in there myself."

There was silence when Leo sat down. The boys looked at the Commissioner. He was still a moment, then he went on without answering the boy. He referred to Peter L. Palmer's injunction. It was the Judge's turn.

"The issuance of that injunction was without sense or precedent," said Judge Lindsey. "And it didn't tie your hands. You could have brought your cases to my Court. In this tribunal you will find the whole power of the court on the side of the law."

The newspapers all turned "yellow" with this story, and that settled the matter for the time being. The tip was passed that the police couldn't "stand for wine-rooms where young girls went, for a while."

The Judge went on walking and talking with the children, and he listened, too, and the things they suffered kept his feelings aroused, while their wisdom "put him wise." It was appalling, what these children knew. "Huh, business men! They steal, too," said a cynical little thief one day when the Judge held out to him the prospect of growing up to be a "respected business man," if only he would stop stealing. "Don't the street railway swipe franchises? And the gas company and them, don't they steal? Guess I can read. And my boss, that's kicking to have me sent to jail, don't he sell cheap jewelry for eighteen carat fine?" In this and in similar cases the Judge had to reach down below the teachings of the world of business to the nobility born in the "born thief," to save him. "It's mean to cheat and steal," he said, and it was the success of this appeal that convinced Ben Lindsey that human nature was good enough to go to war for.

Of course he didn't realize at first what he was warring against. Brought up in a perfectly conventional way, his notions of life and economics were perfectly commonplace; but when men came to him and in the name of "business," "the party," and "property" besought him not to fight so hard for the children, he began to see that the enemy of men, as of children, was not men, but things. Once he and a police captain had a dispute in chambers over the custody of some boys arrested for stealing bicycles. The police wanted to hold the boys. Why? The Judge couldn't make out, till the officers said something about the owners of the wheels wanting to "get back their property."

"Oh," said the Judge, "I see the difference between you and me: You want to recover the property, while I want to recover the boys."

The Judge recovered both.

A cotton mill was set up in Colorado. That was a new industry, and the men who established it were applauded for their "enterprise, which could not but benefit the whole State." To compete with the South, however, this mill had to employ child labor. The kids' Judge heard that they were importing large families and setting the little children to work. Colorado had a child-labor law, and the Judge went to the mill to see if the law was being violated. It was, and the conditions were pitiful. "These imported people were practically slaves," he says. "They had come out under contracts, and the children, unschooled, toiled at the machines first to liberate their parents, then to support them." The Judge warned the milling company, but that did no good, so he had criminal proceedings instituted, and not only against the superintendent, but against the higher officers also.

This is not the custom in the United States, and the president of the mill, who was also then one of the big men in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, called on the Judge to explain that he was a respectable citizen. The Judge suggested that it wasn't proper to try to influence a judge in a pending case, but the president "didn't want to do anything improper"; all he wanted was to remind the Judge that a conviction in the case would make him (the president) a criminal. "And I am no criminal," he said. The Judge replied that he was if he broke the law. But the president didn't break the law. If the law was broken, it was by his superintendent, and it was all right to fine his superintendent. But the president was a gentleman and a "big man."

"I'd rather fine you than your superintendent," said the Judge. "He is only your agent, and, as you intimate, you wouldn't mind if he were punished. So I'll punish you as I warned you; I told you that if he persisted in violating the law for you, I'd hold you responsible."

"But, Judge," he said, "if you are going to keep up this fight, we will close the mill!" And he proceeded to tell what a great industry it was; how many people it gave employment; how much good it was doing to the city (he meant the business) of Denver; and how much money had been invested in it by himself and other capitalists.

"His point of view," the Judge says, "was perfectly plain. Money was sacred, men were of no account. If business went well, children could go to — well, let us say, to work. And he blamed me, not the law, not the State; he had no fear of these. I, personally, with my queer regard for men and women and children — I was a menace to Business."

"I warn you right now," he said to the Judge, "that if this thing keeps up, we will shut down the mill, and you will have to share the consequences."

And Judge Lindsey replied: "We are here to protect the children and to enforce the law, and all I regret is that the penalty isn't imprisonment instead of a fine, so that I could be sure of preventing you from employing young children."

And the Judge persisted, and the mill was closed down. Other causes contributed, but Lindsey never shirked his "share of the responsibility."

What is more, Judge Lindsey had the child-labor law made stricter. He can put "money" in prison now if it hurts children. He had to fight business and politics and the police to do it, but he did it; he and the kids and the men and women of Denver.

We have seen that the Judge set out to correct the evils of child life under the laws as they stood. He had been making notes, however, of legislation he wanted, all the while he was walking and talking and trying cases. For example, the Juvenile Court existed by the courtesy of the District Attorney, who was a machine man; Lindsey gave himself the legal right to demand all children's cases. He had exercised discretion; he gave himself explicit authority to exercise discretion. He had found adults at fault for the criminality of children; he drew a paragraph making parents, employers, business men, and all other grown-ups amenable to the criminal law for neglect, abuse, or temptation of children. This is his now famous "contributory delinquency law against adults." Needing probation officers, he authorized the appointment of them, and since the police and the Sheriff and the District Attorney were all tied up with the liquor and other business interests, he gave his probation officers certain police powers. The child-labor law was only one item in the legislation Judge Lindsey went after.

The Judge's bills were most important legislation, and to put them through he had to proceed most carefully. He began in the convention, by taking a hand in the nomination of legislators. His enemies fought him there, and they beat his man, but he came up on good terms with the others. They introduced his bills and started them through the mill, very quietly. Hardly any notice was taken of them.

Apparently the lobbyists didn't do their work well, for the interests were amazed after it was all over to see in the new laws "what Lindsey had been up to." An officer in one of the telegraph companies said the "interests" would never have let either the child labor or the adult delinquency bill pass if they had known of them. The Judge had learned that the message service was a degrading influence for boys; they were sent to all sorts of vile places, saw all sorts of vile things, and caught respectable citizens in predicaments the knowledge of which made the boys cynical and vicious. So he advised, and he still advises, both boys and parents against the messenger service. But he wished also to have a club to hold over the companies; wherefore he had drawn into one of his bills a clause including officers of telegraph companies under the "adult delinquency law." The companies, suspecting the Judge, twice sent a lawyer to the capital to see "Lindsey's bill," and he saw one bill, an inoffensive one, never the other. He didn't know there was another. It was the other that "hurt our business," they said. Thus beaten, the companies never dared to move for a repeal; they surrendered, and, calling on the Judge, came to an understanding with him about what they might and might not do with boys.

There was a fight on these bills, however. It is known among the good citizens and bad kids of Denver as "the fight against the Jail." After moving along regularly through the Senate, the Judge noticed that his bills suddenly stuck in the House. "What was the matter?" the Judge inquired. The clerk couldn't explain. One evening a reporter called at the Judge's house. "Judge," he said, "Frank Adams is fighting your bills. His brother Billy, you know, is in power in the legislature. They don't dare come out in the open and fight you, but they are telling it around that you are crazy on the children subject, and that the boys fill you up with lies."

"What had I better do?" the Judge asked.

"Stir 'em up," said the reporter. "Give me an interview and tell all about the Jail."

"That's grand-stand playing," the Judge said, smiling.

"It's appealing to public opinion," said the reporter, "and that's against the rule of graft, but what do you care? You aren't a grafter."

The Judge made out a statement, but it was too mild. The reporter rejected it, and with the facts the Judge told him and what he and all police reporters knew, Harry Wilber (for that was the reporter's name) did what newspaper men love to do when they get the chance, — he wrote the truth, and he wrote it to kill. United States Senator Patterson's paper, the *Rocky Mountain News*, printed the interview in red, and it was sensational. The Judge says it gave him a sensation himself. But it was true, so he "stood for it." Frank Adams answered it with a denial. The boys were liars, he said, and as for Judge Lindsey, he was crazy.

"I knew then," says the Judge, "that I was up against it. I must make good. So I wrote to the Police Board offering to hold an inquiry. They were willing, they answered, but not then. I wanted it then, and I ordered it for two o'clock the next day in my court-room. And lest the Board, recalling the last time they met the boys, might not come, I invited also the Governor, the Mayor, the District Attorney, other officials, fifteen ministers and rabbis, and others. I didn't expect many to come, but they all accepted, even Governor Peabody, — all but Frank Adams and the police commissioners. The Board sent a dummy to represent it."

It was Saturday morning when the Judge got his acceptances, and he had to hurry. Calling in a friendly deputy sheriff, he asked him to get ten witnesses named on a list he had made of boys who had been in the jails. "I must have them by two o'clock," the Judge said. The officer declared it impossible. He should have had two days' notice. The Judge was in despair, but he ran over his list till he came to the name "Mickey."

Mickey was a street boy. He had been in jail often, and the last time was only a month or so before. After he got out, he and the boys in with him had called on the Judge to complain. They stated their case. They were running through the street when one of them knocked over a sign to which some shoes were attached. The man in the store rushed out and sent the policeman after the boys. They had stolen his shoes, he said, and the policeman arrested them. The boys hadn't taken a shoe, and absolutely the only evidence against them was the fact that one of the boys needed shoes! His feet had come through his old ones. They were thrown into cells among criminals, bums, and drunks, then put all together in one cell next to drunken women of the street. During the evening one of them broke a window, and when the jailor came and cursed and kicked them about, they wouldn't tell who had done it. In a rage, the man knocked down one of them and, when the rest scattered and ran, pursued and bowled them over with his great keys. They were detained a week and then released without a hearing.

The Judge had the boys examined by a physician, who found evidences enough that they had been beaten. But the Judge went down to the Jail, and he learned the truth there from his regular sources of information. Satisfied of the justice of their complaint, the Judge went with the boys to lodge a protest with the Police Board. The commissioner refused to believe the boys' stories. It was this case, and many, many cases like it that had convinced Judge Lindsey that the jails were not only schools where older criminals, male and female, taught boys crime and vice, but places where the police practised brutal injustices which made the boys hate the police, dread the law, and despise everything that we mean by "civilized society." It was the experiences of boys like Mickey and his gang which had prompted the Judge to write the bill which had been held up, the bill providing a detention school and forbidding juvenile offenders to be held in jail at all.

"This was Mickey's fight that I was making," the Judge says, as he tells the story, "and I knew I could count on the little chap. I asked the officer if he could get me Mickey. He said he could, and I begged him to go and tell the boy I needed help."

In a few moments Mickey burst breathlessly into the Judge's chamber.

"What's the matter, Judge?" he asked.

"Mickey," the Judge said, "I'm in trouble, and you've got to help me. I helped you. I went down and I made a fight for you fellows. Didn't I?"

"That's what you did," said Mickey. "Betcher life you did."

"Well, now you've got to stay with me." And he told Mickey what he wanted — all the kids he could find that had been in jail. "The officer can't get them; says there isn't time enough. Can you?"

"Can I! Well, you watch me. Don't you worry about the kids, Judge. Gimme a wheel, and I'll get kids, kids to burn."

The Judge went out, and he and Mickey borrowed a wheel. It didn't fit, but Mickey hopped on and went spinning down the street.

"It was a relief to me to see him go," the Judge says, "but my worry wasn't over. The invited officials began to arrive before Mickey returned. At ten minutes before two, when the Governor appeared, there was not a kid in sight. The entire company had assembled in my chambers before I saw sign of any witnesses, and I was troubled. It was painful. I knew I could count on Mickey, and the kids generally, but suppose he couldn't find them?"

But Mickey found them. Just at two there was a murmur outside. It grew into a hubbub which, as it came down the hall, developed into an alarm. The Judge's guests were startled, and even the Judge wasn't sure. It sounded like a mob, and up the stairs it rattled, then down the upper hall toward his chamber. As it approached, the Judge knew. He flung open the door, and there were thirty or forty boys, with Mickey radiant at their head.

"Here's the kids, Judge. Got more'n I thought I would."

"Bully for you, Mickey," said the Judge. "You've saved the day."

"I told ye I'd stay wit' ye, Judge."

The Judge took the "mob" into a side room. There he told them what was up. They were to tell the truth about the jails. "The police say you have lied to me," he said. "If you have, I ask you now to tell the truth. But tell it. Tell it as you tell one another. Tell it in your own words. They may be bad words, but these gentlemen want to know the truth. So tell them all. Tell them what you see — the dirty things; tell them what the older prisoners say, and what they do to you."

He put Mickey in charge. "Pick out your best witnesses, Mickey," he instructed him, "and send them in one by one." And Mickey began to sort his witnesses. As the Judge left the room, he heard Mickey say, with a shove, "You get back there, Skinny, you've only been in five or six times. Fatty Felix has been in twenty-three times and ——"

Mickey led in his witnesses, one by one, Fatty Felix, Teddy Healy, Teddy Mack, and the rest, till the Governor and the ministers cried enough. Those boys told what was what. They told of lessons in crime by older criminals; stories they had heard there of injustices by judges and of cruelties by the police. They showed up the world as the criminals see it and as those criminals showed it to the boys. And they also related scenes of vice and foulness too revolting to repeat. And those boys made that company of grown-ups believe them, too. Once or twice the police representative interrupted, but, as the Judge says, "Teddy Healy's answer, direct, awful, and yet innocently delivered, made the matter ten times worse." The officials dropped all thought of cross-examination. Once a minister asked Mickey about the visits of the clergy to the Jail.

"Never saw one," said Mickey. Then he remembered. "Oh, yes, seen the Salvation Army there onct, but they sang 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow,' and we'd heard that before, and besides there didn't seem to be no blessings flowing our way."

It was the officials' turn to smile, and the ministers, they also ceased to cross-examine. The boys were left to talk, watched by Mickey and frankly guided by the Judge. It went on for an hour or two, then a preacher rose.

"My God," he said, "this has gone far enough. It is too, too horrible." And, as he left, Governor Peabody got up:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I never in my life heard or knew of so much rot, corruption, and vileness as I have learned this day from these babes,— almost,— and I want to say that nothing in my administration will be so important to me as signing Judge Lindsey's bills. I don't care to read those bills. If he says they are designed to correct these conditions, I am satisfied. And," turning to the representative of Frank Adams, he added, "if Judge Lindsey is crazy, I want my name written right under his as one of the crazy people. And as to those boys lying, anyone who says they have been lying to-day, must be himself a liar."

With that the meeting broke up. The Judge went back to the boys, and he thanked them and Mickey. He was careful to explain again what it was all about. "'Skill in handling marble is as nothing to skill in handling men,'" he quotes, and he wished to be sure that no false impressions were left in these boys' minds. "I am fighting for a decent place to keep kids that are too weak to be on the level," he said. "The jails are not decent; and Mickey, you boys have beaten the Jail to-day, you and all the good kids in Denver. Go out and tell them so, for it is their victory."

That was true. It was a victory. The pulpits rang with the story the next day. The men and women of Denver heard, and so did the grafters, and the grafters felt the effect in public opinion. Lindsey's bills came up from the bottom and were passed and signed and made part of the laws of Colorado within a week. And now other states are copying them.

Reformers, whose notion of reform consists in "getting a law passed," are often amazed to find that their good law does no good. The reason is that neither public opinion nor public officials enforce the new laws. Lindsey had waited for his legislation till he had the support of public opinion, and then he enforced his new laws; he, and the boys and girls, and public opinion.

They were effective laws. They gave the Judge control of the whole children's case. He proceeded gently to the enforcement of his power. He had written into the laws full authority to exercise his discretion, with adults as with children, and he did this because he meant to be human and charitable to men as he had been to children. It had worked with the children, he would try it on these elders. So he was firm but not unkind.

When the police brought in a boy for getting drunk, the Judge asked for the man who sold the boy the liquor, and the police had to fetch the man. Sometimes the Judge fined him; sometimes he imprisoned him; sometimes he suspended sentence. For he talked to them as he did to the boys, and if he found that they hadn't thought of the evil they did by carelessly serving boys and girls with tobacco and liquor, the Judge explained it to these saloon-keepers. And if he thought they were impressed, he put them also "on probation." That gave him a hold on them, which prevented crime and vice. For the Judge knew what was going on. He had thousands of eyes. The boys and girls watched for him. When the Judge had got his legislation, he told the children that the new laws were their laws,— enacted for them and by them; for Mickey and h' "gang of jailbirds" who carried the day represented the children of Denver. The children, therefore, must obey these laws and help enforce them. He broadened the doctrine of "snitching on the square." It was mean to spy; it was wrong under the law to "get a man to break the law and then peach on him." No child was to be "smart" and hunt for evil. But when a man sold cigarettes and liquor to children, that man was "making kids bad," and for a pitifully small profit, too. Wherefore, the thing for a kid to do was, first, to warn the man, then, if he didn't "cut it out," to tell the Judge.

This was a very delicate part of the Judge's policy, and many a man will shake his head over it. We all despise spying. But boys despise it more than men, and I know no better way to prove that the Judge made it clear and right than by stating that the boys of Denver, the "big fellers," approved the doctrine and practised it. Take the "Battle-Ax gang" of Globeville, for example. Globeville is a suburb of Denver, and the Battle-Axes were the toughest "fellers" over there. Their leaders were three brothers, known as the Cahoots — "Big Cahoot," "Middle Cahoot," and "Little Cahoot." The whole gang frequented dives, drank, smoked, chewed (they were named after their favorite brand of plug tobacco); they did everything that men did, and other things besides. The Judge got hold of this gang in the usual way: one or two were arrested, won over, and persuaded to bring in the rest. They all came, and were interested in the game of correction. The good they could do, the Judge told them, was to help enforce the laws of the kids' Court. They did it, too. They had trouble at first. One day Big Cahoot went to a saloon where some of the little fellers in his gang had bought tobacco. He told the man about the law and asked him not to sell to any Battle-Axes. The saloon-keeper, taken aback, became angry, and started for the boy. Big Cahoot wasn't afraid. He stood his ground; there was a fight, and the young tough was kicked out into the street. But he told the Judge, and the Judge sent the man to jail for fifteen days. After that it was easier for the boys, who are still reporting to the Judge that the law is respected "over in Globeville" and that "the Battle-Axes are doin' all right."

One curious development of this policy was that many of the liquor dealers, having been made to understand what all this meant to the children, came to like the Judge and to help him to carry out his policy. The Baker case will illustrate.

One day a girl was brought in. She told her story; it was a wine-room story, and the Judge had the wine-room keeper, Baker, arrested, tried him in the Juvenile Court, and sent him up for sixty days. "The girl I kept on probation," he says, "and I was talking to her one day, — the day before Christmas, — when I was told that a boy, Paul Baker, wanted to see me. Putting the girl in a side room, I had the boy in. He was a handsome, wholesome little fellow, and he came up to my table, halting, but with a frank look on his face.

" 'Judge,' he said, 'you put my papa in jail, but everybody says that you like boys and do all you can to help a boy. So I came to ask you to let my father come home for Christmas.' "

He began to cry, and the Judge spoke. "Yes, I like boys," he said, "and I like men, too. Do you think I dislike your f ther? Not a bit. I was sorry to put him in jail And did it never occur to you that it wasn't I that put him in jail? It was the law. And the law is right. Do you know what your father did?"

The boy knew. "Well, I like little girls as well as I like boys, and you know that wine-rooms are bad places for little girls. This little girl and her mother, they are suffering just as you and your father are suffering; all because he broke the law."

The Judge sent for the girl, and he introduced the two children. He drew the girl on to tell what "trouble" the violation of the law had caused her and her mother. The Judge explained why she should not hate, but be sorry for the man, since he was only thoughtless, as she was, and was in trouble, too.

"Here is his son, Paul, who has come to ask that his father may be allowed to come home for Christmas to see his family. His mother suffers as yours does, his sister has wept as you have wept. It is all, all trouble, and no one is worse than another. Now what shall I do about letting Mr. Baker go home for Christmas?"

"Let him go," the girl said, and she and the boy joined in the plea. The Judge consented.

When Paul brought in his father to see the Judge, on the day after Christmas, the Judge sent the boy out of the room, then he praised the son to the father. It was a pity, he said, to bring up that boy in such a business.

"Judge," the man said, "you are right. I've been thinking it all over in jail, and I've made up my mind to get rid of this business and go back to the mountains where I came from."

The Judge did not send Baker back to jail; he suspended sentence, as his law authorized him to do, and the man did sell out and go back to the mountains. Now, when they come to town, he and his boy always call on the Judge, their "best friend."

"You see," the Judge says, "Baker wasn't a bad man. He did a bad thing, and that bad thing made a little girl bad. But what made him do the bad thing? To make his business good; to increase his profits. But there was the law and the power of the State to compel him to restrict his enterprise within limits where it wouldn't hurt anybody else. That's where the System broke down; that's where it breaks down all the time. Why?"

Baker told him why. He said that he broke the law because the bosses told him he might. He contributed to their campaign funds, paid blackmail, and furnished "stuffers" to vote, so they told him he was "protected." "Then you came along, Judge, and you sent me up. I didn't blame you. I blamed them, and I went to them for their protection. They said they couldn't handle you. They said they didn't mean I could break juvenile laws, but they didn't tell me that. I paid them, and they couldn't deliver the goods. That's why I blame them."

Baker blamed the bosses, and so did the other saloon-keepers. So did the people of Denver; most of us blame the political bosses. The Judge himself blamed them for a long while, and he ought to have known better. One of his first political services was to help Governor Thomas destroy the power of Boss Thomas J. Mahoney, famous in Denver politics. And they did destroy Mahoney's power. But that made no difference. The Boss lived. Who was the boss of the political boss? For whom was blackmail collected from the saloon-keepers in return for which they were permitted to break the law, sell liquor to boys, and keep wine-rooms where girls might be ruined? The parties? For whom did the parties work? The parties worked for the big business interests of Denver and Colorado, as the Judge found out.

You hear in Denver that "the trouble with Ben Lindsey is that he 'butts into' everything." He does and he must. His critics mean that Judge Lindsey might solve the problem of the children, if, for their sake, he would not interfere with other evils. Many good men and women adopt that policy. Temperance reformers, to get their prohibition laws through, trade votes with the railroads; and charities and churches, colleges and all sorts of benevolent and reform groups, to say nothing of businesses, professions, and interests generally,—we, all of us, are standing in with Evil, in the hope of destroying the particular little evils against which we are fighting. Lindsey won't. This is the Institutional idea; this is the fallacy which makes men sacrifice civilization — for no less is at stake — for their church, their party, or their grocery store. If Lindsey should make this common, almost universal mistake, he might build up his Juvenile Court, they tell him, into a national, yes, an international institution, and send his name reverberating down through the ages. But Ben Lindsey won't do it, and he won't because he sees that he can't.

He can't for two reasons. One, as he soon learned, is that the problem of the children isn't a separate problem. Ben Lindsey discovered that bad children are made bad by the conditions which men create. And he went after some of those conditions, and when it was found that his legislation gave him power over adults that hurt children, as well as over the children, the leading citizens of Denver were incensed. Why? His authority over saloon and other vice interests loosened the hold the machines had over the vicious elements of society, and menaced the election frauds on which the business and political system of the State was built. And Lindsey saw, and he was told (though not in these words) that the big men of his State would prefer to see children hurt than business. So they fought him, and when he beat them, as we have seen, with the help of the men, women, and children of the City, they declared that he "had too much work to do," and that therefore they would take away from his Court jurisdiction over adults who contributed to the delinquency of children. In other words, they are indeed willing to let him do what he can for the kids after the harm is done, but he must not undermine the vice of the city, which, however much it may injure youth, is the foundation of "prosperity."

Thus the first reason why he can't let all the other evils go to correct the one he is after, was his discovery that our apparently separate evils are all tied up together; they are all one evil; they are a System, as he calls it, of Evil.

The second reason is that Lindsey is so constituted that he must attack any wrong with which he comes in personal contact. We have seen how, accidentally, the County Judge drifted into the case of the children. That was characteristic. When he was a young lawyer he was beaten in a damage suit against the street railway by a "fixed" jury. Inquiring into the matter, he learned that jury-fixing was a common practice, and he attacked that practice. He drew a bill to enable a majority of jurors to render a verdict. The company offered his firm an annual retainer, but Lindsey declared that it was a bribe and refused it. "This was my first sight of the grand System," he says, "but I didn't recognize it as such. I've learned since that this is the way the interests get their first hold on promising or troublesome young lawyers." Lindsey put his bill through. Challenged as unconstitutional, it was first upheld, then thrown out by the Supreme Court of Colorado; "which gave me my first sight of the Supreme Court as a part of the System," he says.

His practice developed along probate lines, and he found the laws obscure and unfair. He revised them, and his revision, enacted, has been highly praised by the law journals. Indeed, his knowledge of probate law was one of the justifications for putting so young a man on the County bench. Lindsey is the author of the present election laws of his State. Everybody was complaining of the old laws, but nothing was done about them till Lindsey went to work and got them changed. I could go on for a page with practical reforms taken up by this man, all of them suggested by his accidental, personal contact with evils, and all having nothing to do with children. If Judge Lindsey had never heard of the problem of the children he would have been known as a man doing a man's work for men.

But the incident in his career which will show this best is his exposure of the County commissioners. That also was begun by accident.

At the close of the Juvenile Court one Saturday afternoon, the Judge picked up idly from the clerk's desk a paper, which, as he talked, he glanced at. "To 1,000 sheets paper, $280." It was a bill, and the price interested the Judge. He asked the clerk about it. The clerk hadn't seen the bill. He "guessed" it was there by mistake; bills didn't come to him; "must have been meant for the clerk of the County Board." Lindsey sent the clerk to "see Mr. Smith, of the Smith-Brooks Publishing Company (which furnished the paper) and ask if the bill was correct." The clerk brought back the answer that his (Smith's) "damned boy had taken the bill to the wrong place, and the price was none of our business." The Judge sent to the County clerk for other bills charged to the County Court, and "I was amazed at the charges," he says. "Six letter-files at $6 apiece; these cost me personally twenty-eight and thirty cents apiece. Paper which was charged for at the rate of $48 a thousand I could get for $6. I spent the night on those bills, and the next (Sunday) morning I took expert advice. I found that the County was paying several hundred per cent too much for all supplies to my Court."

As with the children and as with the Police Board, the Judge wished to give the County commissioners a hearing, so he wrote them a letter containing the facts. "I thought probably they didn't know about these overcharges. I didn't want to misjudge them, and I wanted to examine into the situation with them privately and personally. I believe if they had come up with the truth, I'd have been satisfied if they had promised to cut it out."

The Judge received no reply to his letter. He sent another, and still no response; that is to say, none that was direct. There was an indirect response, however, which interested the Judge profoundly. Both the Police and the County Boards of Denver were bi-partizan, but the fighting line in the politics of the city was a machine, not a party line, and the Police and the County Boards were at odds. The County Board had appointed Lindsey a Judge. When he went after the Police Board, Frank Adams, the president, unable to believe in honesty and sincerity, had looked around for an explanation of "Lindsey's enmity" to him; and the theory he fixed upon was that Lindsey, out of gratitude to the County Board for his job, was "hurting the party" to help Frank Bishop, the president of the County Board, who was a candidate for the nomination for Governor of Colorado. So now, when Ben "got after Frank Bishop's board," he puzzled Frank Adams and all the other men in Denver who, to account for the conduct of others, read their own souls.

"What does Ben mean? Is he an ingrate? You go ask him what the — he means." This was said by Commissioner Watts to the Judge's clerk, whom the Board had also "given his job." Cass Harrington called; the attorney to the County Board, this man had resigned to be "of counsel" to the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Others called, many prominent men. "This stealing," the Judge says, "had friends, political and business friends, and they were powerful men, all of them." He saw that he would need friends, also, so the Judge paid some visits. He called on some other judges; he told them the facts, and he asked them to move with him for an investigation. They wouldn't.

"Why, Judge," said one of them, "you have your hands full now. You are doing more than two or three men can do. You oughtn't to want to know about this. I don't. That would make me responsible, and I don't want to have anything to do with it. Go to the District Attorney. . . . Well then, that means that you know what politics is in this town. My advice to you is, let the whole thing alone."

This from a judge! And other officials took the same or a similar view: "You can't do anything"; or "The County Board appointed you; I believe in sticking by your friends"; or "It will ruin you, Judge"; or "It will spoil your work for the children."

The Judge went on investigating, and the evidence he discovered and the things his "friends" told him to stop him, showed him that this County graft was well known and that it was but a small part of a system of graft. For example, business men were in on the deals; each commissioner had merchants for graft partners. And besides, the County Board was a board of tax revision; it had remitted the taxes of public-service corporations, and it could "hurt" or "help" property-holders generally. But the Judge got help. Some of the early commissioners "snitched" to the Judge; they didn't snitch like the boys, "on the square"; they "squealed" to save themselves, and the others squealed on the squealers to get even. Oh, he got the facts. He appointed a committee to investigate, and the committee reported the facts — to the Judge.

A concerted effort was made to have the Judge suppress his report. Many respectable friends of the grafters went to the front for graft. They pretended to represent "business," "the party," "the fair fame of Denver," etc. They used the names of United States Senators Patterson and Teller. They were panic-stricken. As for the Judge, he was awed at the show of influence. "And," he says, "I was really in doubt lest I might be doing a great harm to accomplish a little good." But he was reassured. He sounded the United States Senators, and both Mr. Patterson and Mr. Teller sent back word to "go ahead and show up the grafters regardless of party." That was the first encouragement the Judge got. Finally, three of the County commissioners called, and their pleadings decided him. They also prayed in the names of "the party," the "credit of business"; Denver; gratitude; their families; but — there was no word about stopping the stealing! The Judge published the report in the Democratic newspaper, the *News*.

The County Board had to act; and it began with an investigation of its own; a farce, of course. "One thing I learned from it however," the Judge says, "and that was that many men of business are cowards. The same experts who had told me that the commissioners were thieves, went on the stand and perjured themselves." And their perjury was all in vain. District Attorney Lindsley had to act. Lindsley is the man who got his office when Lindsey wanted it, and the Judge urged him now to do what he, himself, had thought of doing: use the power of the public prosecutor to prosecute public criminals and clean up the City. Lindsley wouldn't; he was in the gang, and other gangsters said he didn't dare. He proposed that the Judge meet with a committee of the party leaders and discuss what should be done. The

Judge refused. And the newspapers made demands. So Lindsley had to make a show of action. He called on the Judge and talked about doing his duty. He has a peculiar whine, Lindsley has, and in that whining way he protested to the Judge that while he didn't believe the commissioners could be convicted, he would do his duty. Judge Lindsey happened to go down to the Democratic Club right after this talk, and he found Lindsley there, drinking with one of the accused commissioners. And the information that this District Attorney drew was under a statute which limited the penalty to $300 fine and removal from office.

The newspapers, principally Senator Patterson's, forced this case to trial. District Attorney Lindsley refused to appear in it himself; he appointed a deputy, George Allan Smith, who, the Judge says, was faithful. (And evidently he was, for he was forced to resign after the trial.) No local judge cared to sit on the case, so a judge of the Pueblo district (controlled by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company), was called in. For the grafters appeared Charles J. Hughes, a leading attorney for the corrupt corporations of Colorado. The story of the trial is a story of "jury work," stolen papers, conspiracies, and plots, and an attempt by a United States senator-to-be to brand Judge Lindsey as "an ingrate" (to the System); a "reformer"; and a "grand-stand player." (How they do hate to have a man serve and appeal to the people!) Nobody expected anything but a verdict of acquittal, and then Judge Lindsey was to have been put on trial.

But the jury convicted those grafters. How it happened, I couldn't learn. Somebody blundered, I heard. The jurors apologized; the District Attorney apologized; the very Judge apologized. Judge Voosheis delivered from the bench to those prisoners at the bar a speech which was eulogistic of them. He spoke of their standing and usefulness as Christian gentlemen and good citizens. He said they were victims of an evil System. He regretted that he had to impose any punishment, but he must; so he gave the smallest penalty provided by the law: "ten dollars and costs!"

The learned Judge was right: There is a System, and the penalties that System imposed upon Judge Lindsey were not light. His sentence was destruction. Knowing that money couldn't prostitute him, women were tried. The janitor of the County Court-House wouldn't clean Lindsey's court-room and so neglected his closet that the Board of Health had to interfere. He was cut on the street by other officials and, to avoid hearing himself called insulting names, had to stay away from his club. His party council allowed the convicted County commissioners to name their successors and to reject from the platform a plank declaring for honesty in office.

This continued for a year or two, and, it must be confessed, the Judge was aggravating. He not only refused to surrender, he went right on fearlessly supporting in public every good reform measure and movement that anybody proposed. For example, a convention called for by the so-called Rush Amendment to the State constitution drew for Denver a good, new, home-rule charter. The big business interests "had to" beat it, however, because it gave the people a vote on all franchise grants and permitted municipal ownership. The only way to beat it was to have the ballot-boxes stuffed. Yet, when some inexperienced young men organized a League for Honest Elections, this County Judge came down off the bench to help the League. And, as usual, his speech was no mere perfunctory address on the sacredness of the ballot-box; he named names; and he named not merely the despised agents who did the dirty work; Judge Lindsey called the roll of the officials who employed and protected the ballot-box stuffers! The people, already aroused, became so inflamed that finally their rulers had to elect a pretty good charter themselves.

Do you see the situation? Do you see Ben Lindsey doing his duty, all of it, not only as a judge of children, but as County Judge, and not only as a judge on the bench, but as a man on the bench and off of it? and fighting all the while for his life; cheerfully, without malice, but without fear? Paul Thieman in the Denver *Post* once called Ben Lindsey "the first citizen of Colorado," and declared that, not the mines and the mills, not the railroads, the farms, and the banks, but Ben Lindsey's work was "the greatest thing the State has produced." And from the point of view of the history of man, this is true. It looks absurd from a shop window, but Paul Thieman was seeing things through the eyes of a little boy he mentions, who, sitting silent one day watching the Judge deal out justice, suddenly rushed up and kissed him on the cheek: "I love you," the child said.

The test came at the elections of 1904. The Judge had to run then, and he sought the office. "I had to," he says apologetically; "my work was only just begun." His enemies meant to defeat him. Who were his enemies? There was Frank Adams and his Police Board, whose co-partnership with vice and crime he had exposed and disturbed; they were still in office and powerful in his party. Then there were the County commissioners whom he had driven to trial for grafting; they controlled the County Board and the party machinery. These two groups with all their followers hated the just Judge, of course, and they proposed to beat him openly for the nomination. But wiser councils prevailed. Other, cooler enemies, passed the word to beat him quietly. Lindsey was "popular" with the women and children, the leaders said, and — women vote in Colorado. The leaders advised caution, and the scheme was to make him decline the nomination himself. They proposed to nominate as his associate on the County bench a man who was "going to knock out all this kid business." They expected the Judge to revolt, and he did; he said he would "denounce his fellow-candidate from the stump." This was the excuse the Democrats wanted, and they decided to drop the Judge.

But a hitch occurred. There was a row in the Republican party, and the dominant State leader, to affront the Denver boss, William G. Evans, nominated Judge Lindsey on the Republican ticket. This put the Democrats in an awkward attitude. They demanded that Lindsey be loyal to his own party and decline the Republican nomination. He refused. They offered him a better associate judge, if he would run only on the Democratic ticket. But the Judge knew that they meant to knife him, so he accepted their associate, but declared he would accept any and all nominations from all parties. And he did. And his party decided again not to nominate him. This was three days before the convention, but that was time enough for the Judge.

He went to the people. He published an open letter in the Denver *Post*. The newsboys, all friends of the Judge, cried it as news, and not only that, they sent kids as couriers to raise the gangs. Men took the letter home, and mothers turned out. But the children were before them. They poured out into the streets and, collected and organized by the newsboys, marched up and down the main streets, yelling for Lindsey. By the time the procession had reached the Democratic Club, the cries of the children had developed into a song which they sang as they marched and countermarched and halted before the club:

"Who, which, when?
Wish we was men,
So we could vote for our little Ben."

And they kept it up for all that night and all the next day. It was most embarrassing to the politicians. "Little sons of —," exclaimed a leader in the club, "they are doing more than anybody else to beat us." But the answer was that cry from the street, "Who, which, when?" All day long, everywhere, the boys kept at it. And then the mothers of the City held a mass-meeting at the Woman's Club. And then there was a mass-meeting of men, women, and children in the Opera House.

Ben Lindsey was nominated, "amid howls and curses"— and on his own terms, on his own party ticket, and all other tickets, excepting only that of the Socialists. Nominated by the people, he was elected by their unanimous vote; but that didn't settle it.

The Judge believed that the election of two County judges was unconstitutional; if it were, the Mayor of the City would have to choose between him and his colleague. The Mayor, Robert Speer, was a Democrat and the leader of Lindsey's party. The Judge asked him whom he would choose. This Democratic Mayor said he would have to consult with William G. Evans, the Republican boss before he could answer, and he did see Mr. Evans and the answer was that there would be no such choice. The spring election was legal and would stand. But if it should not be held legal, then, the Mayor made plain, Judge Lindsey would not be the Judge.

"That's enough for me," said Lindsey. "I fight." And he went forth to fight. He went to the editors of Senator Patterson's two papers, the *News* and the *Times*, and to the Denver *Post*. They sounded the alarm, and they kept it up, too. Paul

Thieman rehearsed the whole story of the kid's Judge as a serial. The people began to be interested, but they were too late; the conventions of both parties met and adjourned without nominating the Judge, and "Bill" Evans left for New York.

Mayor Speer, the Democrat, was in charge of this business for both parties, but he could not control the younger Republicans. They made such a fuss that the older leaders consented to recall the convention. It was to nominate Lindsey, of course, but this "matter of course" was so insisted upon by the System's organ, the *Republican*, that Lindsey became suspicious. He inquired, and he heard the night before the convention that all this talk was part of the game to keep the young Republicans away from the convention; another man was to be nominated in the Judge's place.

Lindsey called up his friends among the delegates, and the young men wanted to give up. The caucus had been held; the slate was fixed; it was too late to make a fight. The Judge wouldn't hear of quitting, however, so, in their desperation, one of them suggested seeing David H. Moffatt. Mr. Moffatt is the leading banker and financier of Colorado, and to go to him was to appeal over the heads of all the political bosses and the apparent business bosses to the very head of the System. Moffatt was the man to go to, but Lindsey didn't know Moffatt.

"Well, you know Walter Cheesman, go to him."

Walter Cheesman is a religious man, very rich and benevolent. He is an active supporter of the Humane Society and of Lindsey's Juvenile Improvement Society. So the Judge knew Mr. Cheesman, but it was not because of his benevolence that those young men suggested seeing him. Walter Cheesman is president of the Denver Water Company, and therefore "has to" be part of the System which causes the corruption and the evils that, as a philanthropist, he "has to" contribute money to ameliorate.

The Judge went to see the philanthropist. He told Mr. Cheesman about the plot and the caucus.

"You, Mr. Cheesman, you know," he said, "what I have done in that office. You know I have slaved and worked and fought, that it has been often a hell on earth. You know, too, that I have saved the County very much money, in many ways; that I have tried to walk straight and do right; and that I have begun for the children a work that must not stop now."

"Judge," said Mr. Cheesman, "I am sorry, and I have just been talking to Mr. Field about your case."

Mr. Field? Mr. Field is the president of the Telephone Company, another privileged business. The Judge was seeing the System plainly.

"Mr. Field and I discussed the case, Judge," said Mr. Cheesman, "and we are very sorry, but we can do nothing. With us, politics is business and — business comes first. You might as well understand it. My advice to you is to let go the judgeship, and the children's Court. Mr. Shattock will be nominated by the Republican convention; Mr. Johnson will be nominated by the Democratic convention. That's certain. And I want to give you one bit of advice. Don't you run independent. I know what I'm talking about. You can't be elected."

So that was the situation; that was the System. The Judge rose:

"I'm going to fight," he said, "and I'm going to fight till I'm licked good and hard."

He went back and he told his young men. There was no time to appeal to the voters, but it wasn't necessary. Those young men scoured the town; they filled the streets and the convention hall. The excitement was intense. Speer, the Democrat, wired to Evans, the Republican, that the Republicans were pulling away and that if they did, the Democrats would have to quit, too. Evans wired his orders back, but Lindsey was nominated by the Republicans, and the Democrats had to nominate him. They had to nominate and run their whole County ticket over again, and (this is the funniest thing that I know of in politics), the Democratic gang that had hatched this scheme to "lose Lindsey somehow in the mix-up"; — these grafters, elected in the spring and settled at their graft, were defeated in the fall! Lindsey alone was reëlected. And the Supreme Court did declare the election void. The gang had beaten themselves. And the people, — the women, the children, the honest men of Denver, — they had saved Ben Lindsey.

ON THE RIDGE

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "A SYMPHONY IN COAL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THERE was a disruption between the neighboring houses of Laurence and Ranney — in February, that month of slush and body-and-soul-fatiguing dampness, when even tried friendship may lapse and become unenlivening. Bobby Laurence had suffered the suburban stigma of being "complained of," a process which, however deserved by the child, is unpleasing to parents. The two men no longer sat together in the train, socially monosyllabic over their newspapers, but passed with punctiliously polite greeting on the station platform, and their wives pointedly avoided each other in the village street, Mrs. Laurence's handsome head going up with instinctive hauteur as little Mrs. Ranney, her flower-blue eyes grown suddenly tearful, hurried by with a child held fast by either hand.

The split had come, as such cataclysmic changes are apt to, after particular manifestations of intimacy. The Ranneys were people who, as a rule, kept more to themselves than was always considered quite neighborly on the Ridge; but only three nights before Mr. Ranney had spent a long evening in the Laurence library, deep in converse on his own affairs, as Anna Laurence couldn't help hearing, from her tiresome exclusion on the other side of the portières; though he had stopped short, with that pointed, impersonally gallant deference which she detested, patently awaiting her departure from the room when she at last entered charmingly, bearing light refreshment for three, and prepared to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

The very next morning she had herself spent with Mrs. Ranney in response to an apologetic but urgent appeal for direction as to which was the back and which was the front of a minute pair of knickerbockers a-making for the five-year-old Herbert. Mrs. Laurence, besides her experience as the mother of a boy of ten, owned an intelligence and a warmth of heart that joyed in imparting knowledge to anyone; her husband said that Nan would rather give advice than eat.

The two women had talked in very friendly fashion, veering wide of clothing to the problem of bringing up children, and ending by the consumption of chocolate cake together, at the impossible hour of eleven-thirty, laughing over it like children themselves. And on top of all this a letter had come from no less a person than Mr. Ranney, swelling with rounded periods of indignation, and suggesting that Master Robert Laurence be kept in future from invading the Ranney premises. Mr. Ranney was obliged to particularize the request, as Mrs. Ranney had been seriously indisposed from the fright and anxiety attendant on young Robert's brutality to her little son, which had resulted in a severe attack of croup to the latter, brought on by the deluge of icy water that he had been subjected to in a temperature of 32° Farenheit. Mr. Ranney had been a boy himself and could therefore make allowance for the natural light-heartedness of youth, but he thanked God that at no time could he have considered it an innocent diversion to hound and persecute a child of tender years, whom every lad of true manliness would consider it a sacred duty to protect and succor. Mr. Ranney delivered the missive, addressed to Mr. Laurence, in person at the front door, walking down the street afterwards with his most dominant, quarter-deck manner.

Bobby Laurence had, in fact, pumped on that little bruiser, Herbert Ranney, back of the barn, when the latter in full gala attire was waiting to go to town with his mother. Investigation for the defense triumphantly established the fact that Herbert had himself suggested the deed, placing himself beneath the spout and capering gleefully under the descending stream until the chill struck through and sent him roaring into the house.

"But that, of course, makes no difference as far as Robert is concerned; he is five years older, and should have known better," Mrs. Laurence high-mindedly conceded when the affair was intimately talked over with Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer at a tea convened by the latter for that purpose.

"It does seem so *small* to make a fuss over such a little thing; I'm sure if *we* were to complain every time anything happened to Robert — ! Will thinks Mrs. Ranney put him up to it, but I say he should have known better; the letter was really *too* offensive; he almost *swore*. I've tried my best to like that man — you know how sorry we all felt for him last summer when his wife was away — but it's impossible to like a person who doesn't care whether you exist or not. You were right in what you once said, Mrs. Stone, that there was no real warmth in either of them. And when it comes to calling a child names — poor little Robert who never does a thing I do not know — " Mrs. Laurence paused dramatically, blissfully unconscious of the fact that her son had left his own premises the moment she was out of sight to join a band of happy young demons in the next street, engaged at this moment in deliriously stoning the windows of a barn as they rushed past it. "We simply feel that we have done with the Ranneys. They are of no importance, whatever."

"I wouldn't be as nice about it as you are; I'd give them both a piece of my mind," said Mrs. Stone truculently, with a red-faced irritation caused by the exigencies of a new gown donned for a reception further on, which in spite of the unwonted magnificence of royal purple it displayed upon her large figure, skewered her in the armholes, and garroted her in the neck.

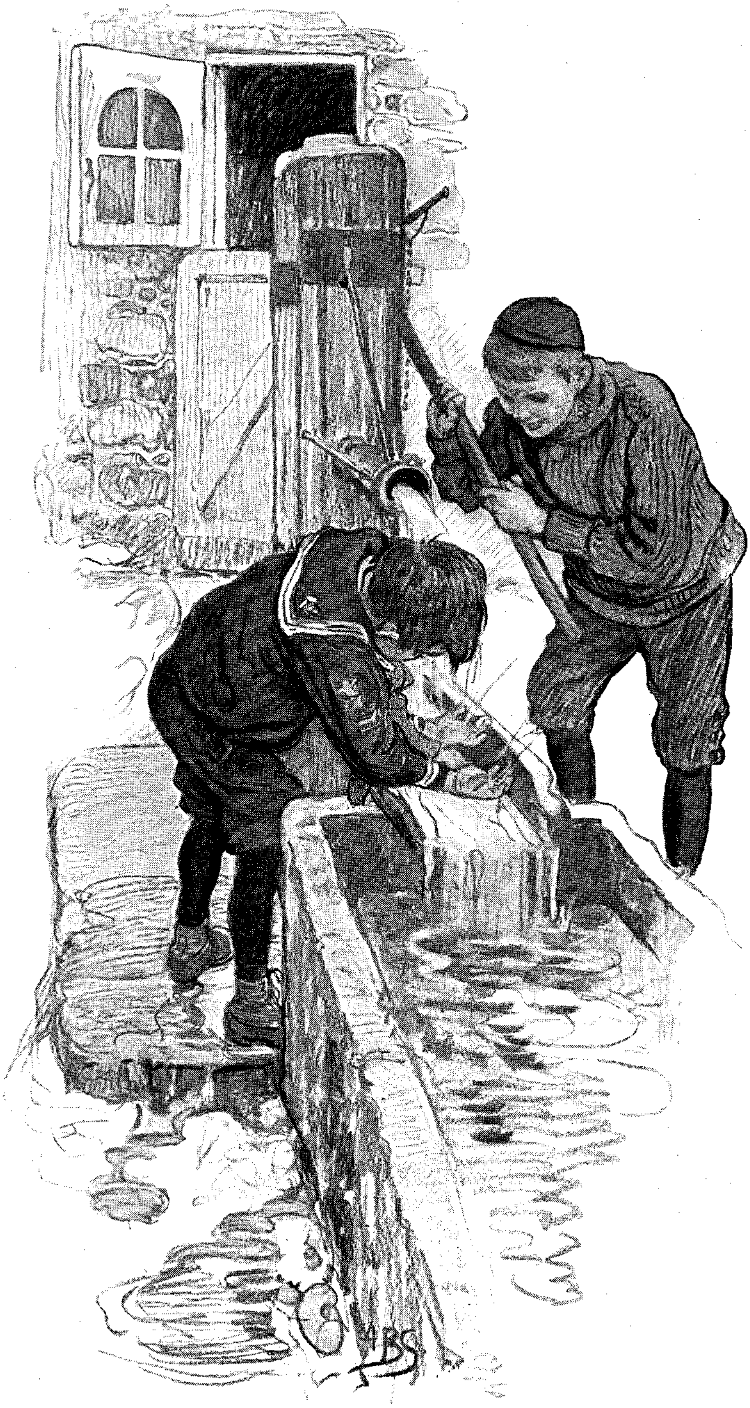
"I think so, too," chimed in little Mrs. Spicer, who in a charmingly soft white wool gown, with a pot of blue hyacinths beside her, presided at a tray filled with such a gigantic silver service that she couldn't see over the top of it. Tea in Mrs. Spicer's pretty drawing-room wasn't a cozy, every-day happening, but a sporadic, anxious function at which boiling water and hard sweet biscuits were interminably waited for at the hands of a new and unsympathetic butler.

She went on with her accustomed swiftness. "After the way they have acted! They *say* Herbert Ranney is only five, but he's perfectly monstrous for his age — I've seen him rush at those bigger boys and positively pound them on the legs with his fists. I said to Ernest Spicer only the other day that if those Ranney children were allowed to run all over the neighborhood the way they do, we should have to move — but I hear that the Ranneys are going to. The minute Herbert sees Gladys Spicer when she goes out with her nurse" — Gladys was a black-eyed, bronze-curled fairy of three — "he dashes at her and pulls the ribbon off her hair, in spite of all that Ellen can do. She lost three hair-ribbons last week. He has the most dreadful fascination for Gladys, you can't keep her away from him. And the other day when Ellen went in the house, he made Gladys sit down in a puddle, and there was that sly little Judith Ranney looking on and never said a word! Now what do you think of that? — Would you please touch that bell, Mrs. Stone, I can't think what keeps Augustus so long; I *know* your tea is too strong."

"Oh, I don't care much for tea anyway," said Mrs. Stone, with slighting indifference. "I thought Judith Ranney was the same age as your Gladys?"

Mrs. Spicer flushed. "The same age! My dear, Judith is eight months and six days — nearly a *year* — older than Gladys. Judith may be small for her age, but what that child doesn't know — ! And she's the most dreadful telltale. If you knew the stories she's told about your Robert, Mrs. Laurence — Mrs. Ranney spoke to me some weeks ago; she said her husband thought they would have to move on account of Robert. Of course, I wouldn't say anything to you at the time — I *know* your tea isn't right."

"Oh, yes, indeed, it's delicious," said Mrs. Laurence, with a heightened color, swallowing her remnant of black, lukewarm fluid hastily. "Well, I'm glad I made up my mind the other day, after Herbert fell off the gate when Robert was swinging him, that I wouldn't have Robert taking care of those children any more. Mrs. Ranney gets so worked up if the least thing happens to them. As for that man, I think he's the rudest, the most disagreeable person I have ever met, in



"HERBERT HAD HIMSELF SUGGESTED THE DEED, PLACING HIMSELF BENEATH THE SPOUT AND CAPERING GLEEFULLY UNDER THE DESCENDING STREAM" spite of that exaggerated politeness of his; I simply detest him!" She paused to recover herself; the tea-hour had not been replete with the pleasant refreshment she had anticipated. "If you're going, Mrs. Stone, I'll walk along with you."

"That will only be as far as the corner. I turn up Herkimer Street," said Mrs. Stone ungraciously. "If you'll help me on with this cloak — Thank you."

"Oh, I'd no *idea* you were both going so soon — I thought you'd stay for the rest of the afternoon," said Mrs. Spicer, in a tone that somehow implied that she wouldn't have gone to the trouble of having tea if she were only to get this much for it. "Well, if you *must* — I thought we'd have a good long talk together; I've seen so little of you lately, I've been off so much in the new automobile." She seemed to be aware of a slight, unsympathetic coolness as she went on hurriedly, "I've been wanting so much to have you both go with me, but every time I've planned for it there's been something the matter with the car. You must go with me soon, though."

"Really, she says that every time I lay eyes on her," said Mrs. Stone impatiently, as they left the house for the thick, pasty, outer air. "I don't see what's to prevent her taking us if she wants to; I'm tired of hearing her talk about it. She hates to take the least bit of trouble about *anything*. I could hardly hold my tongue when she was talking about Gladys; goodness knows what that child is coming to, when she makes eyes now at every boy she meets; affected little piece! Thank Heaven, whatever else my children are, they are at least natural."

"Yes," said Mrs. Laurence, with mental reservation; to many, the behavior of the Stone children was entirely too "natural."

Mrs. Stone went lifelessly on:

"Don't you get sick of looking at this street? I do. I think February's the worst month, you get so tired of everything and everybody, you seem to have done everything before. Mr. Stone and I were talking last night of moving; there isn't a soul I care for here, but you. And the place is so overrun with children! Sometimes I think I'd like to live on a hilltop where I'd never see a soul I'd known before. I'm going up to town to-morrow, for a change — Why, there comes Mr. Ranney — Oh, my dear, what *have* you done! Didn't you see that puddle? I suppose it's gone all *over* my dress!"

"I really don't think the water touched it. I must hurry in, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Laurence stiffly. Hurry as she might, she could not go fast enough to escape Mr. Ranney's punctiliously polite bow, which she had to return perforce, with her cheeks tingling. She felt inexpressibly tired of the neighborhood, herself; there seemed to be nothing uplifting in it — even her husband presented no diversion, coming home as tired as a man may be, with heavy, muddied feet, and a sore throat which he refused to acknowledge to his wife's officious questioning.

He listened, indeed, consentingly to her account of the latest thing about the Ranneys, but only to say wearily:

"Don't let's talk any more about it. I hope you haven't been spreading reports over the place, Nan."

"Spreading reports! As if I ever did such a thing!" she replied indignantly, — she who was celebrated for the wisdom, the closeness of her speech! Why, people had made her confidences which she never even revealed to him — except by insinuation, or when he was particularly curious and entertained by her information.

"I hope you won't be so tired to-morrow night," she said magnanimously, and turned yearningly in thought to a trip to town herself, that safety-valve of the suburbanite, where in the rush and sparkle and kaleidoscopic glitter one can forget the limitations of home.

She was hurrying over her morning avocations the next day and watching the clock toward that end, when the bell rang, and the maid brought her up word that a young lady wanted to see her — a Miss Filbur.

"I don't know anyone by that name. Is she selling anything?"

"No, ma'am. She said if you were very busy not to disturb you, she only wanted your help about something."

"Oh, then I'll go down," said Mrs. Laurence resignedly, with a look of relief, however, as she saw the pretty girl with the anxious eyes, who rose from the chair by the drawing-room window as she went in.

"Why, Miss Wilmer! I didn't catch the name. Of *course* I remember you when you were in the Exchange, and afterwards at the meeting of the Daughters — you were taking notes, there."

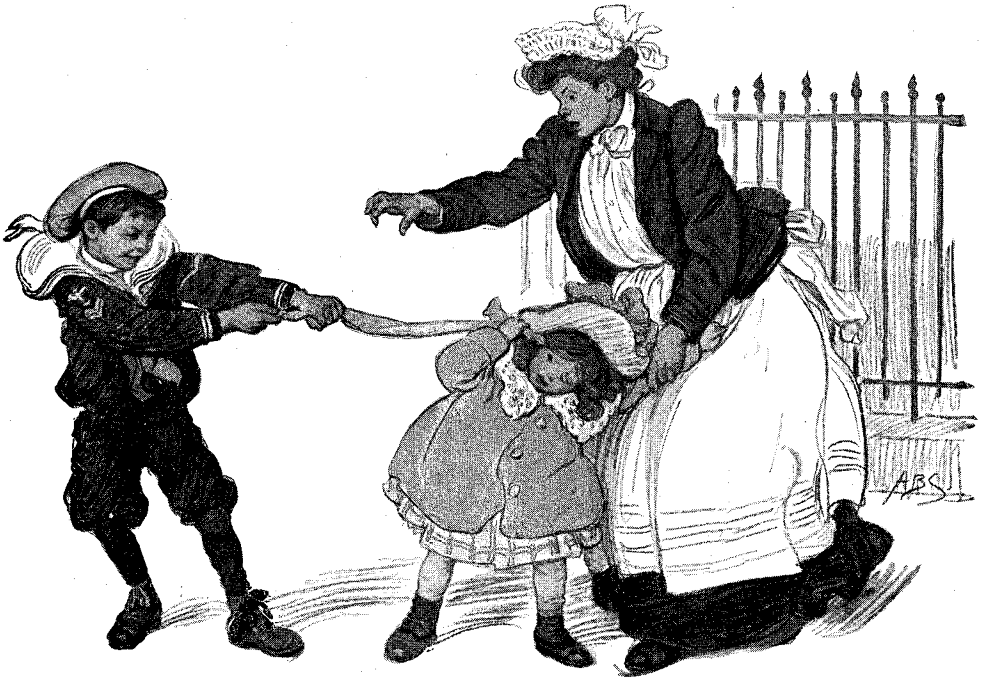
"Yes," said the girl. She hesitated, and then went n with a frankness that evidently cost an effort. "That was when I was on the *Delver*; I'm on the *Flambeau* now, the new paper that is making such a specialty of suburban society notes. I came to see if there were any social happenings you could tell me of."

"Why, I'm afraid I'm the last person to come to," said Mrs. Laurence regretfully. "I go out so little, except just here on the Ridge — most of my friends are in town. I really haven't heard of anything going on lately."

"That's what everyone tells me," said Miss Wilmer, with a disappointment which evidently had so sharp a personal edge that good breeding bravely sought to hide it. "You've had the last Club meeting?"

"Oh, yes, that was in Monday's issue." The girl paused, and went on with delicate insistence: "If you could think of *anything* that would do for an item of interest; it's too bad to take up your time, but I have a whole column to fill for to-morrow, and I cannot seem to get a start."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Laurence sympathetically. "I ought to be able to help you out in some way. There have been some very unpleasant things happening in the neighborhood lately — but don't put that in. There's Dorothy Lee's engagement — she's Mrs. Spicer's sister — yes, of course, you had that some time ago. I heard that it was to be broken off, but I wouldn't put that in, it may not be true — There are the Budds, they gave a party last spring, but they won't give any this year on account of her father's death."

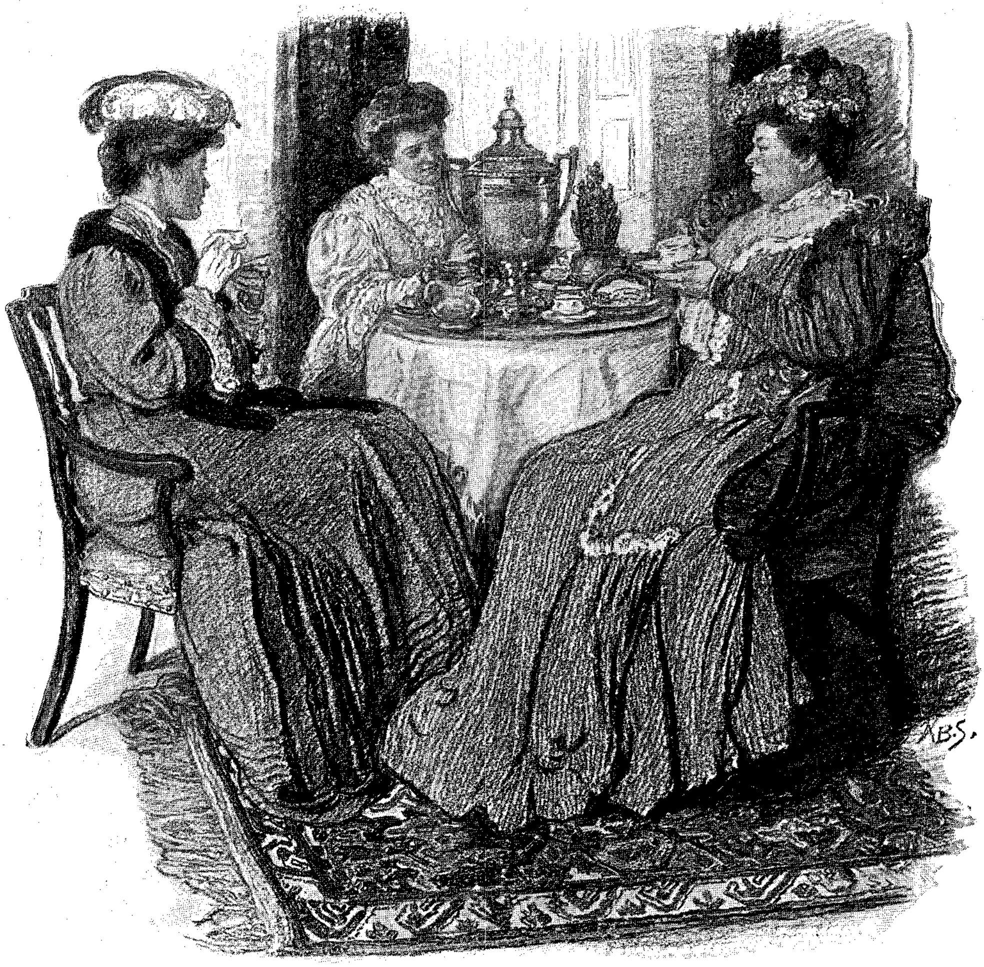


"'he dashes at her and pulls the ribbon off her hair, in spite of all that Ellen can do'"

"Please wait a moment," said Miss Wilmer hastily, making notes in a small book. "That might be worked up. Those who participated in the charming entertainment given last spring by — name, please — Mr. and Mrs. Orlando P. Budd at their residence on the Ridge will regret to hear — that's all right." Miss Wilmer took heart of grace. "You don't know of any people about to move out of the neighborhood — or *into* it?"

"I believe the Ranneys are going to move," said Mrs. Laurence with suddenly heightened color. "I'm sure I wish they would — but I don't know how true it is."

"Are they people of any prominence?" asked Miss Wilmer.



"“the affair was intimately talked over with Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer”

“Not socially — but I think Mr. Ranney is rather prominent in a business way,” said Mrs. Laurence helpfully. “He has something to do with buying those Salt Meadows by the Bridge on the way out from town — he's connected in some way with the Electrographic Company.”

“Oh, the *Electrographic* Company!” repeated Miss Wilmer in an eager tone of satisfaction. The Electrographic Company was very great indeed, and stood especially in the limelight of publicity at the moment; anyone connected with its dealings was undoubtedly entitled to a paragraph.

She rose to go, holding out both hands. “Thank you so *much*, Mrs. Laurence, for your kindness. I won't keep you a moment longer. You *have* given me a start!”

“Oh, my dear, I only wish I could have done more to help you,” replied her hostess warmly. How little it took sometimes to be of service to those who needed it!

It was a couple of nights after this interview that Mrs. Laurence detected something unusual in her husband's footfall as he ran up the steps. He had been as tired as ever, lately, but to-night he was tense, alert, though not, as she thought, with any pleasurable interest. He ate more heartily than usual, but it did not escape her vigilant eye that he did not seem to know what he was eating. After dinner when she sat down by him and laid her hand in his, he indeed returned the pressure with a mechanical tenderness, but only to break out the moment after.

“I *cannot* see how it happened!”

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Matter! Didn't you see the paper this morning?"

"No, you took it with you."

"Well, there's nearly a page in it about Ranney's negotiations for the Electrographic Company; the evening edition has actually a map of the meadows."

"Well — ?"

"Why, don't you *see?* The one important thing about the whole transaction was that it should be kept absolutely secret."

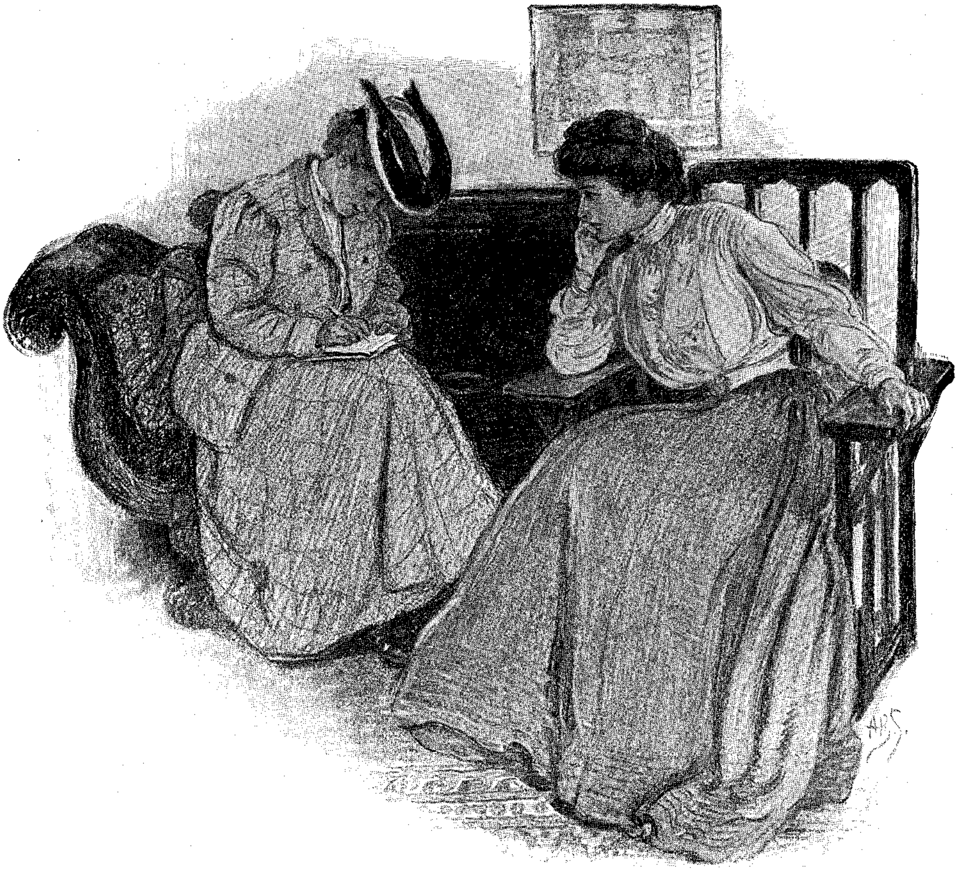
"Wasn't it — honest?" asked Mrs. Laurence timidly, with a foregone conviction that whatever question she asked would be the wrong one.

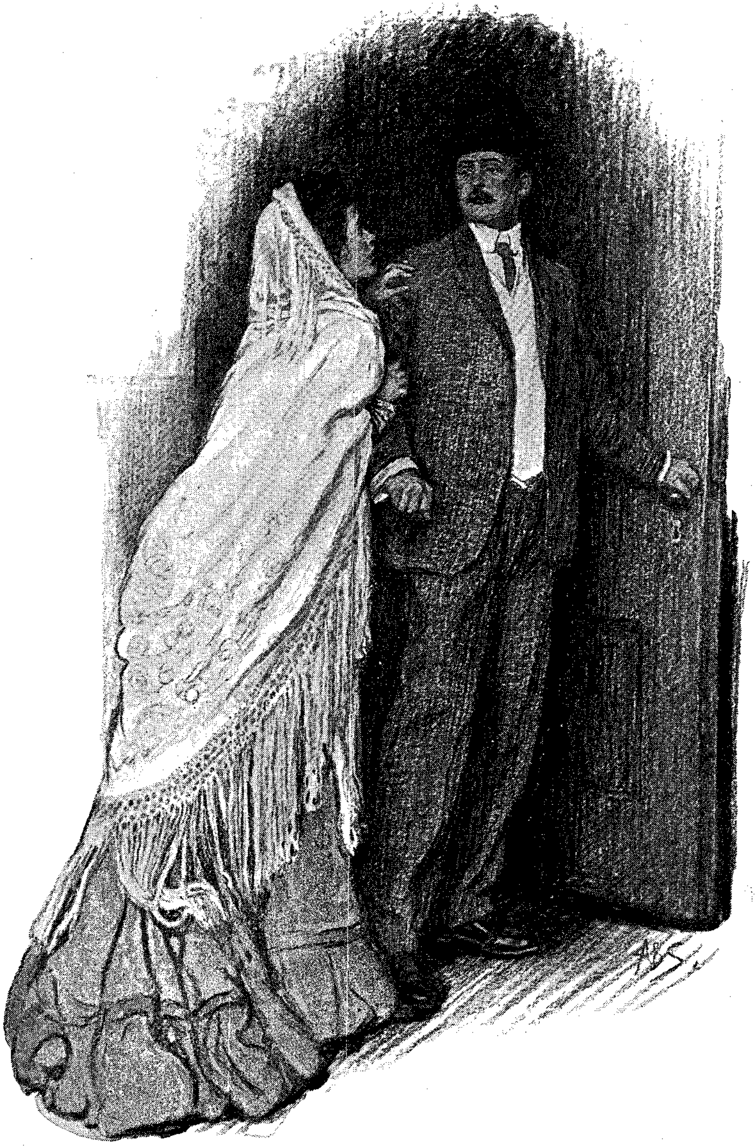
"Honest! Well, I should say so." Mr. Laurence almost snorted with scorn. He sat up straight, his fine, thin face alight. "*Honest!* There's no cleaner man than Ranney. He was entrusted with the commission to buy those meadows at good market value — he had special facilities; the company at the back of the real estate deal would have put up the price sky-high if they had once got wind that the Electrographic wanted it — and now they *have* got wind of it — the devil knows how! and Ranney and his chance have gone up the flue. Of course, you've only got to *say* Electrographic in these days, and all the papers get up a hue and cry. Every purchase, questionable and otherwise, that the Company's made since 1880 is aired in to-night's issue. Ranney's out his commission, and all connection with the Electrographic in the future, perhaps."

"I don't see why we should feel so badly about it," said Mrs. Laurence, with spirit.

"You don't! Well then, I'll tell you why. He talked with me over the 'phone to-day — not very pleasantly, either. I was the only person — beside the heads of the Electrographic — who knew of his position in regard to them. It puts me in an awful hole

"'Please wait a moment,' said Miss Wilmer hastily, making notes in a small book"





"'It was my fault, and you've got to let me go with you!'"

He came over the other night — with their consent — to consult me privately on a legal point. I gave him my word to-day that I hadn't opened my lips about it to a soul — I hope he believed me! He may think I got ugly over this row about the children — but he *must* know better than that!"

"But Will — " Mrs. Laurence's color came and went, her voice sounded queer in her own ears; she had been experiencing an awful, sickening feeling in the last few minutes. "Other people certainly knew about it, besides you — I'm *sure* they did. When Mr. Ranney was talking to you that night — he has such a loud, deep voice sometimes you can't help overhearing what he says — But I'm sure it couldn't have been then that I heard it. When I spoke about those meadows to Miss Wilmer — you know I told you of her visit — I thought it was something that *everybody* knew. Of course I wouldn't have said a word if I hadn't thought — " She stopped in her interminable floundering, transfixed by her husband's gaze.

"Anna, will you kindly tell me just *what* you did? Do you mean to say that you repeated what you overheard — *what you overheard* — to the Wilmer girl?"

"Oh, I'm afraid — I — did," said Mrs. Laurence gaspingly. "I never realized that I overhead it, Will — I *couldn't* have overheard it! And Elise Wilmer didn't know that it was anything *at all*."

"And so it was my wife who blabbed. Great Heavens!" said her husband, in a tone of awe. He drew a long breath between set teeth, and then made a dive toward the hall.

"Oh, Will, *Will!* Don't look like that! Where are you going?"

"Over to Ranney's — I've got to tell him. Of course, I'll take all the blame on myself; I should have cautioned you. Don't try to stop me, Anna." He put his arms around her as she clung to him, and gazed down at her with mournful severity, in which she discerned a strange, hurt gentleness.

"Yes, I know you're sorry, but being sorry won't take back spoken words, or give Ranney his money — It's best to think sometimes before you tell *all* you know, Anna. Let me go now."

"No, I'm going too," said his wife breathlessly. She caught up a white shawl hanging on a chair and twisted it half around the crimson silk of her shoulders and over her dark hair. "You've got to let me, Will, you've got to!" Her voice rose hysterically. "It was my fault, and you've got to let me go with you!"

He tried to push her gently back from following, but she clung to his arm, half stumbling out of the door and down the steps. She hardly knew how they got across the lawns in the muddy dampness of the February night. But they were ushered in at the neighboring house all too soon, and into the room where Mr. and Mrs. Ranney sat, the latter gowned in old-rose color, her gentle, heart-shaped face bent over her sewing, while Mr. Ranney, his large, imposing figure stretched out at ease, was reading before the wood fire. A shaded lamp made a soft circle of light over the simple, used furnishings of a room dignified and enriched by the photographs of famous pictures hanging on the walls. Both inmates rose to receive the guests, Mr. Ranney, whose face looked unusually black-browed and drawn, with chill, unsmiling courtesy, as one who in his own house must suffer intrusion, while Mrs. Ranney's hand, in which she held a small garment for Judith, trembled a little, as she gave one wild look up the stairs — noticed with a fleeting, wretched contempt by Mrs. Laurence — as if she suspected some attack on her sleeping darlings. But she obediently echoed her husband's invitation: "Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you, I think not," said Mr. Laurence, his hat in one hand, while the finger-tips of the other unconsciously rested on the back of a chair; Mrs. Laurence stood a little apart from him, her head drooping.

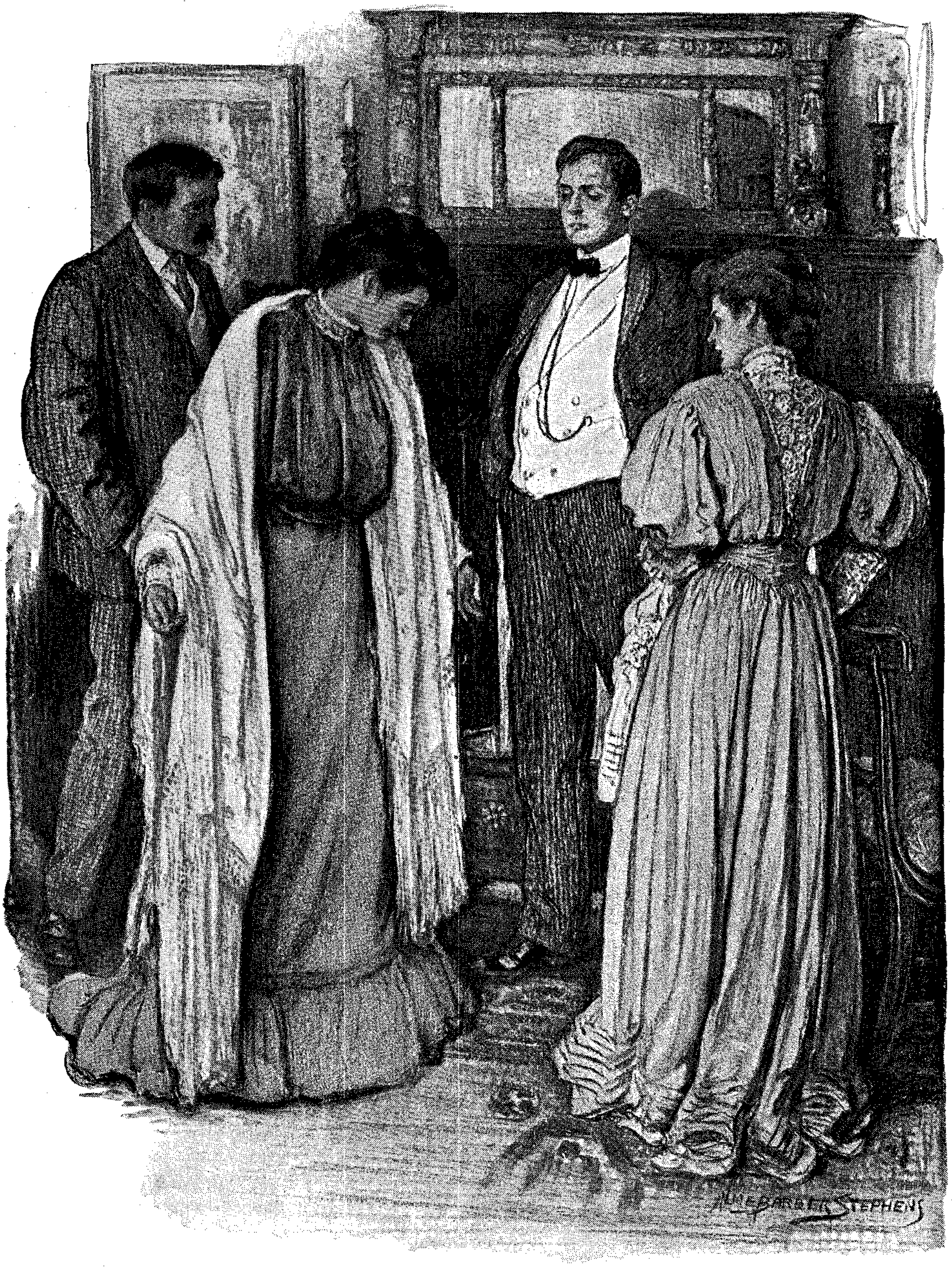
"We have only stepped over for a moment to make a confession, and tender whatever reparation is possible. I find that my wife was party involuntarily to our conversation last week, and with no thought of breach of confidence — " Mr. Laurence swallowed hard — "told a portion of it to a young reporter who asked her aid. I need hardly say that the responsibility rests on me, in spite of my denial this morning, in not seeing that we had a securer place for the interview, and secondly in not warning her that —— "

"Oh, let *me* tell," implored poor Mrs. Laurence. "It wasn't his fault *at all!* It was mine." Two large tears could not be withheld from rolling down her cheeks, which had turned very white. "I didn't know — I didn't remember I'd overheard — " She stopped, her mouth trembling. A quick glance passed between her host and hostess; Mr. Ranney's face changed.

"Pardon me if I interrupt you for a moment," he said, making a little bustle of moving a large arm-chair over to the fire. "If you would do me the pleasure of taking this seat, Mrs. Laurence — it is one of my favorites; you will find it comfortable, I think. Mrs. Ranney has only left the room on an errand, she will be back directly. Laurence, make yourself at home. In these days of the late winter," continued Mr. Ranney, genially poking up the fire with a great rattling of the logs that sent them falling into showers of sparks, "we are all subjected to more or less of a strain — more or less of a strain — and it behooves us to take all the ease we can get. Ha! Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Laurence? We men lead rather a strenuous life."

"But you don't understand," began Mrs. Laurence piteously.

"My wife is always lamenting my lack of comprehension," said Mr. Ranney with


ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"'OH, LET *ME* TELL,' IMPLORED POOR MRS. LAURENCE. 'IT WASN'T HIS FAULT *AT ALL!* IT WAS MINE'" jovial assent. "Ah, here she comes now. Well, Jean, what have you for us?"

"I thought perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Laurence would like to taste a little of this cordial that came to-day from home," said Mrs. Ranney, who bore a small tray containing tiny glasses filled with an amber fluid. "My husband and I think so much of mother's cordial. We like it especially at this time, just after dinner. *Try* a little of it," her gentle voice coaxed tenderly, as she pressed one of the glasses into Mrs. Laurence's nerveless hand.

"Yes, you'd better drink it, Nan," urged Mr. Laurence seriously. If she were going to faint, that would be a pretty finish indeed. But a faint color came back to her cheeks with the draught, taken almost unconsciously. She sat up straight and strove to commence once more.

"Mr. Ranney, you must let me speak. Is it true that you have lost money because I — told?"

"My dear lady!" said Mr. Ranney, with a quick, warning glance at the other man. His voice was so inexpressibly kind that the tears came into her eyes again; he leaned forward from the chair he had drawn up beside hers, and took her hand with a gesture that was knightly in its chivalrousness. "My good friend Laurence here will approve when I say that I make it a rule never to discuss business matters with any member of your sex — except my wife." The gaze that her eyes encountered showed her a soul so tender to the hurt of a woman or a child that no encompassing, defensive guise of dominance or superiority could ever hide it from her again. "Loss and gain, gain and loss, that is the fortune of trade, dear lady, and only what we men expect. I hope you'll not let your mind be burdened by my affairs for a moment. By the way, to change the subject, I was endeavoring to solace myself with Wordsworth this evening. You are familiar with Wordsworth?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Laurence.

"It is pleasant," said Mr. Ranney, "in this disagreeable weather to see such lines as these": He reached for the volume.

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

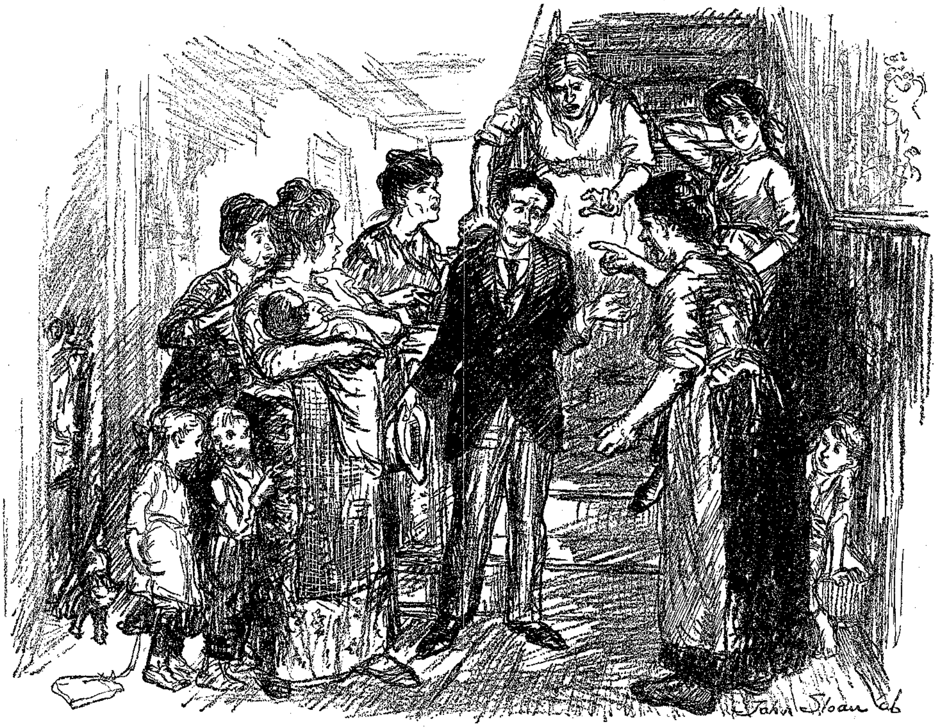
"Ha! Perhaps you would like me to read it from the beginning?"

"— You must let your little lad come over as often as he cares to be bothered by my troublesome youngster; it's a great thing for a boy to have an older one to whom he can look up," said Mr. Ranney with heartiness, as they parted half an hour later, after a mute embrace between the two women, that said a great deal.

"Oh, he's beautiful, he's *beautiful!*" moaned Mrs. Laurence, as she and Will ran lightly back over the lawn to their own domain. The night had changed, there seemed to be a hint of growing flowers in the air. "I don't wonder she adores him!"

"Yes, he's a pretty good sort," said Mr. Laurence, with a break in his voice. "Hallo, whom have we here?"

Mrs. Stone stood in their front hall, a small child's cape over her shoulders, holding a large glass jar imperfectly swathed in wrappings of crumpled paper. She offered it at once to Anna Laurence. "I brought this for you, dear, it's the last of my cherries," she explained beamingly. "Perhaps you don't know I've been at the Spicers' all the afternoon — Gladys got a chicken bone stuck in her throat, and that darling child wouldn't let anybody touch her but me, until the doctor came. And I just want to tell you that if you care to borrow my long cloak to-morrow you can have it — if it's pleasant we're to go over to Mossfield with Mrs. Spicer in the car — and I think it will be pleasant; I think there's quite a refreshing feeling of spring in the air, don't you?"



THE DEBTS OF ANTOINE

BY

W. B. MACHARG

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

THERE was trouble on the stairway, where one word was repeated in many dialects — "kees"; "kees"; "kiss"; — Antoine, the Frenchman, had been seen to kiss Mrs. Regan's daughter Katy. A wolf among sheep-dogs, one man among many mothers, with his "good" coat buttoned tightly at the waist, his hat held with both hands against his stomach, he turned to each successive speaker an unhappy and conciliatory face.

"The hand, the hand! . . . Ladies, ladies!" he exclaimed, "beleaf me, I kees the hand only. To kees the hand" (with a grandly disdainful gesture), "eet is nossing.— Oh, pardon, pardon, Mees Katy, eet is everything. Everything, and at the same time — nossing" (with his head thrown back and a smile of propitiatory sweetness).

"What did he say to you, me dear?" demanded Mrs. Burke, judicially, of Katy — sixteen years old — who from the second step looked on with wide gray eyes serenely.

"He told me . . . to be good," said Katy, after a dubious pause, smiling.

"To be good! And kissed ye?"— a scornful chorus. Sentiment was against Antoine by prejudice racial and otherwise.

"Katy, th' divil would do no dif'er'nt."

"Mees Burke, Mees Burke!" cried Antoine, lifting his hat to his breast, then spreading his arms in tragic gesticulation, "allow that I should explain. Attend!" He struck a posture, clasped his hands, immediately unclasped them again to wave them. "I come from my room. Mees Katy is on the stair. I think: So young, so beautiful, but in a year — what? She marries. Will eet be that he beats her? Babies will come, for that is the fortune of women. Will eet be that they lif'? — die? Enough of such thoughts, I say to myself, because that, thinking them, my throat becomes dry and my eyes wet — which is the opposite of how they should be."

He gestured these thoughts away, palms outward, as though he were swimming.

"I approach. Something in me makes eet that I take her hand. A thought comes to me. How many men will look upon that face to weesh for eet. My throat is close' up again, God knows for what reason ——"

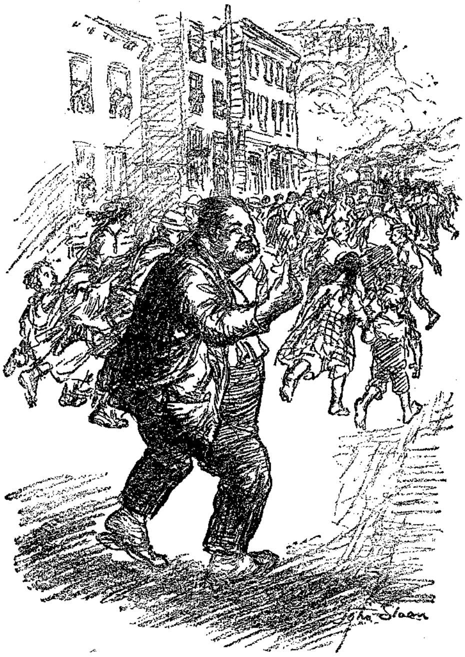
"Ye kissed her!"

"The hand only."

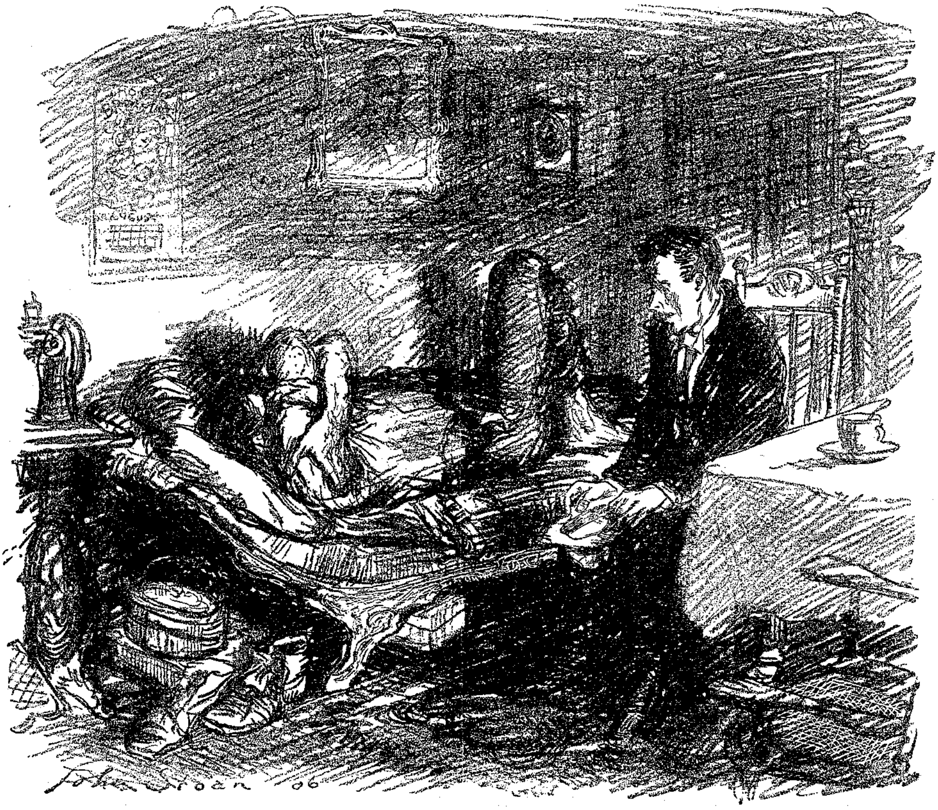
"Ye kissed her!"

Antoine, shrugging his shoulders sadly, looked from one face to another, finding all hostile: the neighborhood was hostile to him chronically. He moved in this society of mingled races, to which one might think nothing could be alien, as an alien — not understood, not understanding himself completely; so lonely that sometimes his heart was near to break with it; in uncontrolled sympathy laughing and weeping with the joys and sorrows of people who never gave a thought to him. Antoine worked in a lithographing establishment; in his room was a shelf of books which he read continually; he cooked his meals over a stove no larger than a silk hat, and smoked innumerable cigarettes while he was cooking. It would have surprised these people who regarded him with suspicion and had never seen the inside of his little room, to know that sometimes it seemed to him that they flowed into it and filled it, so that he was no longer lonely, feeling them about him,— the hard-working fathers, the worn mothers, the wild sons who hung about the street corners, the girls whose lives were darkened or made bright by the absence or presence of a knot of ribbon. . . .

He sighed, and with the caustic voices of the women following him, went sorrowfully out at the doorway. It was not possible to explain to them. Yet, in the street, he took off his hat and paused, looking up at the windows. "Certainly. I should have spoke'. I kees the hand of Mees Katy, yes; but what? — eet is to me her hand, but not her hand only. She ceases now to be the thing most won'erful in the world, a child; and is becoming what is yet more won'erful, a woman. Eet was for thees I keesed; for all women. And what I said to her — so silly, since eet was not possible to make clear the meaning!" His face had not been that of one who kisses an abstraction, nor was it now, as he shrugged his shoulders again, repeating what he had said to her: "Now power comes to you, Mees Katy, for you shall make in men who perhaps shall not even speak to you, but shall only see you passing, goodness, if you yourself be good; but in those same men evil, if you yourself be wicked . . . What words! Eencomprehensible!" He smiled . . . Nevertheless, it was not possible for him now to take pleasure in the summer evening, in the good clothes which he found opportunity to wear so seldom, in the kaleidoscopic street, with its little frame houses (since in Chicago there is no region of solid tenements), interspersed with larger buildings of brick



"Herr Hirsch, the stout musician, panting in the wake of the others" holding a half-hundred families. Coolness had followed humid heat, and people covered the door-steps, crowded the fire-escape landings among flower-boxes, rested on the edge of the sidewalks. The view was bright with the colored dresses of children; one might hear babies crying. Fat women in rocking-chairs sat before stores which held provisions, second-hand furniture, second-hand clothing, second-hand tools. There were pawnshops. Men lolling against the store-fronts talked with the women. The sign-boards were an indescribable hodgepodge of languages. At all these people Antoine looked with an eager and expectant expression, inviting their affection and confidence; but almost none spoke or gave a smile to him — only Papageorge, the Greek, sitting beside his fruit under a half-lifted awning, raised his face momentarily, and Antoine, to whom no one ever offered even the slight invitation of a look but he paused to speak, stopped on the instant.



"Antoine sat down, holding his hat between his knees. What was the matter? a headache?"

"Madame" Papageorge, it appeared, had gone to the theater this evening — imagine! "Weeth Kallos," said Papageorge, gritting his teeth to make Antoine believe he was jealous. (But Antoine preferred not to believe it.) "And weeth Mrs. Kallos," Papageorge admitted, showing the white teeth in sudden delight. But it was not all merriment, for Papageorge's son had been misbehaving. "Better they die — better they go dead while little," he was commencing dejectedly, until looking up he saw Antoine's eyes fill with tears, when even to him it occurred that he did not want Antoine's sympathy.

Antoine, the freshness of his evening destroyed by the grief of Papageorge and the accusations of Mrs. Burke, stood debating within himself whither to go next. To O'Rourke's "corner"? To the speaking at the Social Settlement? (This last were well, provided Antoine did not allow himself to be carried away by his feelings, for invariably when men spoke he was moved to answer them, rose, eager, gesticulating, the words crowding in unintelligible confusion from his lips, a ridiculous figure which set all laughing.) Then, suddenly, a commotion arose. People were running in the street, while others craned their necks out at the windows. Papageorge, forgetting his grief, jumped up and ran out to the gutter. Gongs sounded, and the scurrying children shouted, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" It seemed that the fire was just around the corner. Herr Hirsch, the stout musician, panting in the wake of the others, the exertion shaking his cheeks (on which a ten-days' growth of beard stuck out in all directions, so that he looked like a tramp in a comic picture), with one fat finger motioned Antoine to go with him; and when they reached the corner, almost in front of them was the house which was burning. A dense crowd was before it, surrounding the firemen busy in their rubber coats, and ladders led up to several windows from which smoke was pouring. Up one of these ladders someone was going — not a fireman, but a man in shirt-sleeves, with broad and rather rounded shoulders, his head covered with short curls which he shook vigorously as often as the smoke was blown his way, choking him.

"Look!" cried Herr Hirsch, "it is Klupke!"

"Klupke is going up the ladder! Klupke is going up the ladder!"

In Antoine's ear Herr Hirsch murmured, "I hope noddings happens him. It vould make me sat. To-morrow he should be married, unt I am to be de moosic."

At the third floor Klupke swung himself round to the ladder's inner side and stepped from it to the window.

"Who lives in there?"

"Radowski." "No, no, not at all; his is the next window — Anton Linnerman lives there."

Presently Klupke reappeared at the window, with smoke all about him, carrying something in his arms.

"What is that he has?"

"Look, it is a person! It is Anton Linnerman's grandmother. See, Klupke is saving Anton's old grandmother!"

A fireman had run up the ladder to help him, but Klupke, holding the old woman with one arm, preferred to bring her down alone. His feet had hardly touched the ground when Anton Linnerman's wife threw herself upon him hysterically and took the woman from him; the fire chief patted him upon the back; three or four people avoided the police and ran out to shake hands with him, and someone who knew that Klupke was to be married, shouted, "I guess you'll get a kiss from Irene for that!" Klupke, who had seemed alert and serious now that everybody was looking at him, grew self-conscious and important, pushed out his chest, crossed his arms upon it, and looked around condescendingly. He was conspicuous, standing inside the fire-lines, and twice, gazing up at the burning building, he consequentially shouted: "Is there anybody else up there to be saved? — because Klupke is here to do it." At last the fire, which had been confined to the upper stories, was out, and Klupke moved away with a swagger. Several people were anxious to buy drinks for him, and a crowd attended him as they went toward the saloon. After he had had two drinks, Klupke, red and excited, began to walk up and down in front of the bar, repeating to one after another what he had done: "Were you at the fire? Did you see me? It was lak' this — I went up the ladda'. Everybody was saying,'Klupke goes up the ladda'!' Smoke! — the room is full of it! Lies something in the corner. Is it a bundle? What? It is an old woman! I take her to the window. Shouts everybody. Some clap hands. Who ever saw an old woman carried down in that way before? It was Anton Linnerman's grandmotha'. Well, well! everybody want' to buy drinks for a brave man. What a pity you did not see me!"

Before long he came to where Antoine and Herr Hirsch, who had come in with the others, sat; and putting his hands upon the table in front of them, he commenced again:

"Did you see me? I went up the ladda' . . ."

Since Klupke had been acting in this manner two red spots had glowed on Antoine's cheeks. Now he turned up his palms with a gesture of indifference, and said: "Eet was nossing."

Klupke's face became blank.

"But wait!" he went on presently. "I go in the room. It is full of smoke . . ."

"All that is nossing."

"I lak' to see you do as much!"

"I was distant when thees happen'," said Antoine calmly. "Otherwise it might be that you would have see' it. Eet happen' to Klupke that he was nearest — good! let him do it; since it is necessary it be done by someone, eet is his place to do, because he is near. But to brag afterward! . . . Herr Hirsch, eef he had been nearest, he also would have done it."

"Gott!" exclaimed Herr Hirsch, hiding his face in his glass hastily, "I am so fat! A ladder — Gott!"

Klupke did not walk up and down after this, but stood by the bar looking at Antoine angrily. Others cast unpleasant glances at him.

"Now they do not like me," he said to Herr Hirsch unhappily. "Nossing is more plain than thees: each man to all other men owes something — a debt. Well, then, let him pay when it is needed, and not make questions, saying, 'How good of me to do thees.' I declare that, and they deeslike me. How is that? I do not say anything — no, never — but at once I am deeslike' for eet."

"Ead a little, drink a little, sleeb a little," said Herr Hirsch, sententiously — "dot makes life. But do not breach anyt'ings. You breach at Klupke, unt he gets unhappy. You make unhappiness in him, when he has choost done a prave t'ing, unt when to-morrow he is to be married."

Antoine's face changed instantly, filled with commiseration for the unhappiness he had caused in Klupke.

"It is true," he said sadly — "I preach always, and they make laugh or are unhappy. Accursed habit! since that is dead in me which might cause it to be useful. Behol', Herr Hirsch! I am no good — since nineteen years I am no good — since youth. Leesten: In boyhood I was . . . a Jeanne d'Arc, I heard voices — thees worl' so dark it was to be reform' . . . by me, the preacher. But now I am no good. In my village in France lived one time I, and a girl, and Alcide, the miller. Since so much of height I had had love for thees girl, Herr Hirsch — when I was a child merely. They urged that she should take Alcide, but she put her hand upon my arm and said, 'I prefer Antoine.' Imagine the singing of my heart, and what strength I had! The voices calling me to preach were so loud — so loud! . . . Eet was all most unhappy; she care' not for mee, but weesh to make Alcide jealous. I learn thees. Despair! The voices grow silent. I see then that they have been within myself only — those voices — and I am not a Jéanne d'Arc any longer — no, no, only Antoine Ducroix, and I work at lithography."

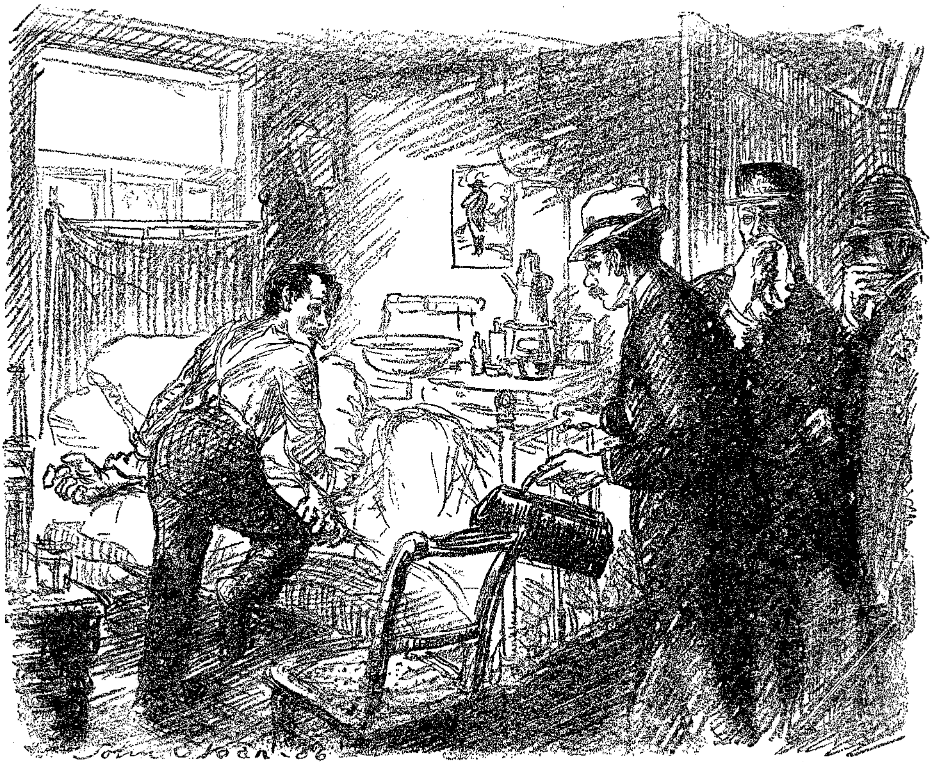
His dark, abstracted face cleared suddenly. "Very well; all thees is dead — of the past," he said smiling. "I have now, Herr Hirsch, thirty-seven years. It have decease', that love, finally. There is not in me love of that same kind any longer. I want now — what? A young one, let her be a child even. Is eet possible that merely the passing of years can make of a man who has never been a husband, a father? Yes, it is so; for eet has become thus with me, that if I marry, eet must be, not one who will be a wife to me only, but one who will be a wife and child at the same instant. I want not one to assist, but one for whom I may work to make the worl' easy — to protec' her."

Herr Hirsch, not seeing fit to encourage this conversation, leaned back, and a song could be heard rumbling somewhere within him, until he said suddenly:

"You haf heard that all are to be vaccinated?"

Antoine nodded, knowing this, as he knew all other concerns of these people who paid so little heed to him. Smallpox had appeared at the end of the street — three cases — and officials of the Health Department had come, carried away the "cases" in a closed wagon, fumigated, vaccinated many, and given orders for general vaccination. He had wondered whether the disease would spread, but not through fear for himself, though he admitted to Herr Hirsch: "I have not been vaccinate' ever. It must be done — yes, surely."

When he went home, Mrs. Burke, who was sitting on the steps with other women, would have allowed him to pass her without speaking, but there was no peace for Antoine while anger lingered against him. He smiled, with sweet conciliation. How did it happen that Mr. Burke, that so estimable man, was not resting himself upon the doorstep this evening after his labors, as was customary? Mr. Burke had a headache. Sympathy overspread Antoine's face. Might it not be that he would like to see Antoine? Sure, the man did not want to



“a man in the delirium of smallpox, disturbed by the noise, struggled under the hands of a muscular little Frenchman”

be bothered; however (she was yielding to the sweet smile in spite of herself), if Antoine would like——

Antoine went in.

A lamp burned dimly in the stuffy room, and on a cotton-rep lounge lay Mr. Burke, barefooted, his shirt open at the neck, his face hidden by his strong, freckled arms. Antoine sat down, holding his hat between his knees. What was the matter? a headache? Yes, a headache, Mr. Burke admitted without looking up — fever, sickness, a disinclination to move.

Since when had this unpleasantness come upon him?

“Since Wedn'sday,” answered Mr. Burke, not lifting his head. (It was now Saturday night.)

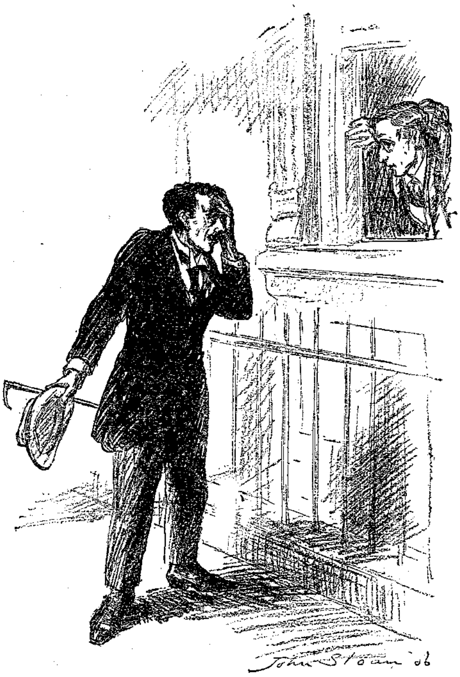
On Wednesday Burke, who, standing at the head of his profession, was able to lay in an eight-hour day twenty-five hundred bricks (and was paid, accordingly, considerably more than if he had been unsuccessfully practising law), had failed to lay more than three hundred. Since then he had laid no brick at all, though he had journeyed dutifully to the work each morning, coming home — at noon — with difficulty. Presently he moved his arms, displaying to Antoine a red and swollen face covered with clusters of angry pimples, and Antoine turned up the lamp to look at him.

Mrs. Burke, when Antoine spoke to her from the hallway, rose from the step and came in, to find his eyes dim with pity. “Your man is seek, Mees Burke — so seek. I have look' at him. What it is — how do I know? But since the smallpox is to be expect', it is right we should let know the Department.”

His words were interrupted by a shriek, wrung from Mrs. Burke less by the name of the disease than by that of the Department — a shriek at which doors opened down the hall, and the group upon the door-step was disturbed; it is a gathering which can be summoned on short notice, that tenement-house conference of mothers. To them Antoine displayed his palms deprecatingly: “Mees Burke — ladies — attend! it will demand difficulties of no one. I myself will see those people of the Department——”

"Indade you'll not!" cried Mrs. Burke, restored one moment to self-possession and the next subsiding on to the bottom step. Suspicious murmurs rose against Antoine — he, the trouble-maker,— twice that day causing disturbance in the hall. Would he take her man from her? — "the more av he's sick."

"Ladies, leesten! it is of law — a requirement. See, Mees Burke, right by the front stairs is your door. How many people pass always in the hall, on the stairs! how many children! They die enough anyway in thees place,— children,— and if now the little-pox be here ——"



"'Sir, I require the wagon. The little-pox—behol'! I have it'"

Mrs. Burke put her head into her apron.

"Mees Burke, sooch lofely place as I haf heard they put seek ones — trees around, and grasses. It happens sometimes that those who grow better do not wish to leave, but would be seek longer that they may sit and play dominoes. But here — how small a room! how dark! how much noises in the street, in the building! For me" (shrugging his shoulders), "I would rather, if I be seek, the Department know it, and take me to that nice place."

He argued even in favor of the Department itself, clutching his hair in desperation — of that Department which decrees and condemns without respect to persons, which removes one's relatives with no by-your-leave and does not always bring them back again: "Ladies, the Department, what is it? Eet is all people making help for each one. That debt which, it is known to us, each owes to all, why exists eet, except for good which all are making to each continually?"

His words were incomprehensible to them.

"Ye may as well do as he says, Maggie Burke," advised Mrs. Regan. "Antwine is that kind he'll lave the Department know annyway."

"No, no, no, eet is not so! It is right that the Department should be let know, but I"— he grew profuse, suddenly kissing his hand to them — "I have not the strength to let know it in opposition to so many ladies." He deliberated. "Another way is yet. By this room all people pass daily — on these stairs how many children! But by my room comes nobody. It shall be that Meester Burke dwells with me, until it be know' to us what is the sickness."

They only half understood him — hesitating, though wiser second-thought was telling them that it would be bad for everybody if Burke had the sickness.

"Doors must be shut now a little; in the hall shall be no one," commanded Antoine, dominant for that one instant through having come to a decision while they still vacillated; and weak with victory, since she had conquered in respect to the Department, Mrs. Burke followed him to her husband.

But when the sick man, with Antoine's arm around him, had passed through the vacant hall — whose emptiness, nevertheless, gave forth a rustling as of hidden onlookers; when the door of Antoine's room had closed upon the two, and the rasp of bolts made plain to her what had happened, suddenly, in an agony, she threw herself against it.

"My man! — give me back my man!"

The hall was filled more quickly than it had been emptied, comforting hands were stretched out to her, but she remained with her forehead pressed against the door, heeding nothing.

For long days and nights no one saw the door open. Occasionally, a voice from behind it demanded this thing or that, hoarsely, and when, after bringing what was wanted, Mrs. Burke's footsteps had died away and the hall was silent, a hand was put out which stealthily took that thing in. Beyond this was known nothing — nothing of the weary hours that Antoine sat heavy-lidded beside the sick man; of the struggles when, with the fever upon him, the giant Burke would have risen from his bed; of the meals cooked over the infinitesimal stove by an unkempt, haggard, dim-eyed creature, who smoked cigarettes to keep himself awake; of the books read and the songs of France sung for the same purpose. But since a tenement cannot hide anything forever (though it hides hunger sometimes until death points it out to the coroner — "We, the jury, find that the deceased," having two million neighbors, still "came to his death from starvation"— and may God have mercy on your souls), the Health Department learned of something wrong at last. A young doctor came, demanding admittance, while the crowded hall adjured Antoine not to open.

"Inexpressible is my sorrow," Antoine's weary voice replied to him, "but I cannot open when it is forbidden by so many ladies."

The doctor went away, attended by hooting children, and returned with assistance. The blue uniforms of the police caused respectful silence; a crowd had gathered in the street.

"For the last time," commanded the police lieutenant — "Open!"

"Inexpressible is my sorrow——"

"Break it down."

The door, crashing inward, revealed a tiny room: therein a narrow bed stood with its head against the single window, and on it a man in the delirium of smallpox, disturbed by the noise, struggled under the hands of a muscular little Frenchman, who with a half-smoked cigarette between his lips looked up at them inquiringly. The wagon took Mrs. Burke's man away from her. They fumigated and vaccinated, attending both with objurgations. The doctor, a lancet between his lips, rubbing the virus into Antoine's arm, could not withhold his meed of admiration.

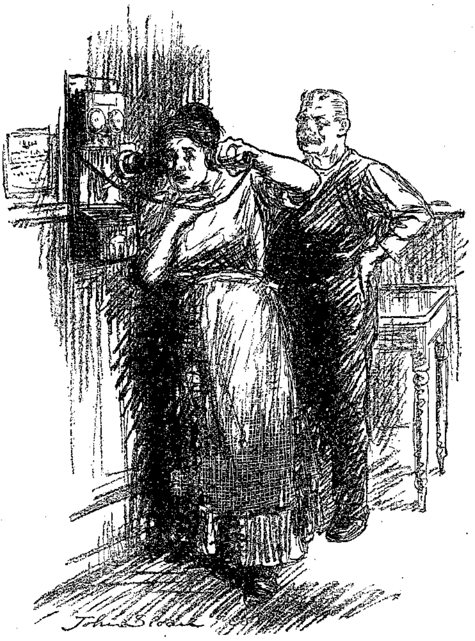
"This'll do mighty little good now. You have never been vaccinated before?"

"Eet is so — never. What folly. But it could not be foresee'd that thees duty would come to me."

"Why on earth did you do it?"

Antoine shrugged his shoulders. "It was necessary that eet be done by someone, and who so near at hand as I?" he replied quietly. His face was untroubled.

But three days later Katy Regan, descending the stairs in the late morning, saw upon that face another expression. He was passing below her through the hallway, in his good clothes — a thing unheard of at that hour — dressed never so carefully. His eyes, his lips, his very body seemed frozen with such despondent terror as men fall prey to only in the absence of all witnesses. His gaze flickered when he saw her, the fright died slowly, he smiled, looking upward, and even waved a hand.



"then on a day it was no longer the voice of a stranger to which Mrs. Burke listened, but the voice of her own man"

"Forget not, Mees Katy," he said with a sad sprightliness — "forget not Antoine. He goes now. Forget not, also, what he said to you: Be good that you may make goodness in others. See! I preach still. But no matter, for — adieu! Come not nearer!" he cried in shrill warning, as she continued to descend, and he waved a good-by, disappearing through the outer doorway.

Down the middle of the narrow street, newly paved with brick, avoiding those upon the sidewalks, he moved, fever burning in his brain. Yet his eyes, though dull, were steady; for the mad terror of that moment when his thoughts had been only for himself had left him. Knowing that he was leaving them — he believed, forever — love for them surged up in him, and as he walked along, swaying slightly, he stretched out his hands to them on one side and the other, whispering:

"My people! Oh, my people!"

Halsted Street, as always, roared with traffic; Madison roared likewise. Walking between the car-tracks, cursed by teamsters, attended by a wild chorus of street-car gongs, from his home to the City Hall he came within two yards of no one. There, leaning across the iron railing, he knocked with his cane upon the window and, hat in hand to the young man who opened it, said painfully:

"Is it here — the Department? Sir, I require the wagon. The little-pox — behol'! I have it. So seek,"— he put his head upon his hand to show his sickness,— "I stand with difficulty."

The young man, after one quick look at him, with orders to wait, shut the window hastily.

. . . It did not dawn upon the street for a time that anything worthy of admiration had been done. Oddly, it was no deed of Antoine's, but subsequent conduct of Burke that awoke them to recognition. In the first-floor room where Mrs. Burke remained in loneliness, were grief, anxiety, weary waiting. Not to those neighbors who dropped in with words of comfort did she talk most freely of her husband, but to Katy Regan — (strangely) — to that uncomprehending child, who could know nothing of the feelings of a woman. It was as though she felt that Katy too was in danger of losing something. Hopeful messages came over O'Rourke's telephone; then on a day it was no longer the voice of a stranger to which Mrs. Burke listened, but the voice of her own man speaking words which healed her, while she leaned against the wall, the receiver at her ear, tears flowing down her cheeks. Was he well? Sure, very near it; did she think she was going to get rid of six-foot-two in his stockings with no greater trouble? Then he was coming home? Well, not yet, exactly. He was comfortable (as for the place, it was just as Antoine had declared, a man could sit in the corridor and play dominoes all *day* — not a blessed thing else!) . . . and Antoine was that *sick*, with never a one on God's earth to care whether he lived or died, apparently . . . So it was "both or none," Burke had said to the doctor; if they threw him out he'd go home, to be sure . . . but the woman could wait a while longer . . . and if they'd let him, he'd stay to see how it went with Antoine.

"Faith, thot's good of Burke," said O'Rourke, at Mrs. Burke's shoulder. "'Tis not manny would do that on account of a Frenchy."

"Would I have married Martin Burke av he'd been otherwise?" she answered, happy and philosophical. "Turn about is fair play."

Amazement! Martin Burke staying in the pest-house for the sake of the Frenchman Antoine! The man must be out of his head. Yet that matter, it was a two-sided question: was it anything other than a debt Burke was paying? Who took care of *him*, shut up in his room for five days, but Antoine? "Himmel!" cried Herr Hirsch, considering the affair with increasing and contagious astonishment, "not I vould haf done what was done by Antoine — I feel it!" And all at once it was not Burke whom people were admiring, but Antoine. Herr Hirsch became a center from which ripples of hero-worship spread in all directions. O'Rourke spoke of Antoine — Papageorge, Mrs. Muller, who kept the delicatessen, everyone.

From the hospital came good reports continually. Before long, Antoine was sitting up; he was able to play dominoes. Well for Mrs. Burke, said the telephone facetiously, that she had not married her man for his beauty, for, faith, his face looked like the fields where they dug peat in the old country; but Antoine, they thought, would not be marked greatly (to this he appeared indifferent). Regarding the dominoes, Burke had beaten Antoine one hundred and thirty-seven times, and Antoine had beaten him one hundred and forty-four . . . Then they were coming home. Be ready for it. Perhaps on Saturday.

The evening sun with slanting rays lighted the poor dwellings and the littered pavement. They were coming! First a herald rush of shouting children. They were coming — had got off the car at Halsted Street — were walking side by side, the big man and the little one! O'Rourke's would have detained them to celebrate the recovery, but could not. From the door of the delicatessen Mrs. Muller waved at them. Herr Hirsch, shaking his fat sides, came hurrying. Papageorge left his fruit to grasp their hands. Antoine did not know what to make of it, so often had he passed down this street in loneliness, where now everybody was a friend to him. His eyes filled with tears; happy, with a smiling face, he gestured to all who looked in his direction. On the street, in the group upon the steps, everyone was anxious to shake hands with him; he held all eyes except those of Mrs. Burke. Presently, with her arm around her husband, Mrs. Burke moved aside, revealing Katy Regan, who looked on with eyes quietly curious, yet shining also on the great man of the evening. He was so good! And he did not know what all this was about — anyone could see that. Perplexed, though happy, he was standing on the step below her. No one was watching, none saw that her face had changed from the face of a child to that of a woman, that the light dawning in her eyes was such as once in his life must shine upon every man, else he will not have lived completely. Merrily, warm with happiness, he was saying to her mother:

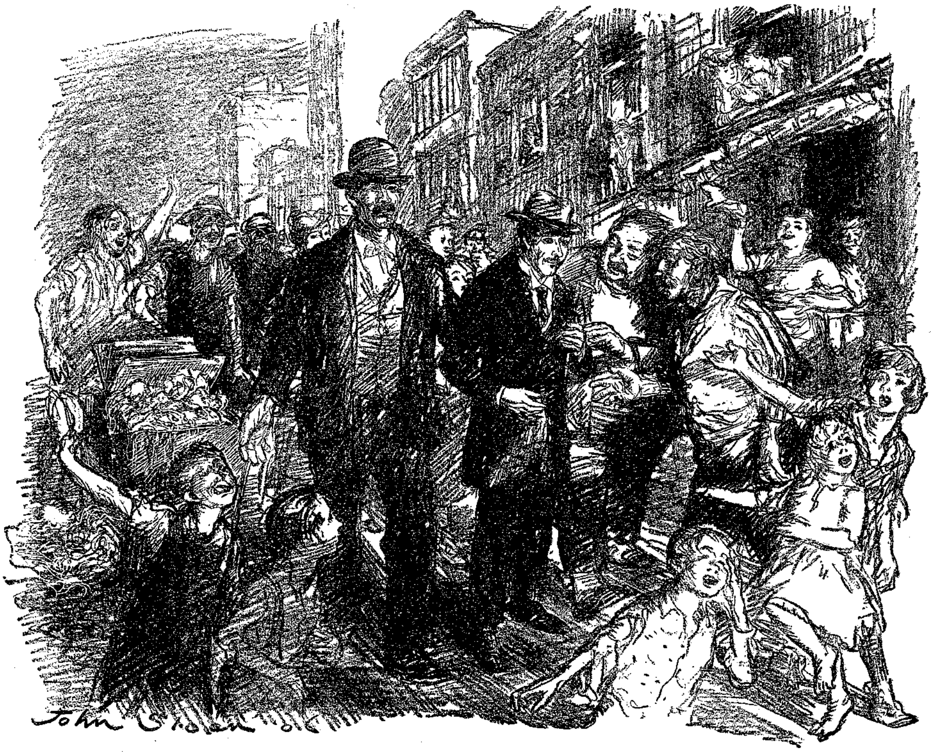
"Mees Regan, the hand of Mees Katy, may I kees it?"

She blushed, but the rest were laughing.

"Indade yes, kiss it."

He bent his head to kiss the warm little hand, which at the touch of his lips trembled.

"Antoine did not know what to make of it, so often had he passed down this street in loneliness"



THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

V

ATTEMPT TO BRIBE THE SUPREME COURT OF MONTANA, AND THE INVESTIGATION OF CLARK'S ELECTION, AT WASHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

WHILE Clark declared that the $30,000 produced before the Legislature at the Whiteside exposure was Daly's money, Clark's newspaper, the Butte *Miner*, was busy accusing Fred Whiteside of conspiracy and fraud. In view of these accusations, Whiteside determined to prove beyond all doubt the truth of his charges against Wellcome. While there was any question as to Wellcome's guilt, Whiteside himself stood under a shadow, was open to charges of fraud and perjury. Even before the adjournment of the Legislature he had probably resolved to appeal to the Supreme Court, for he closed his speech, made on the day he gave up his seat in the Senate, by declaring: "I will stake my life at this time upon two propositions: first, that John B. Wellcome will be convicted of bribery; and second, that William A. Clark will never hold a seat in the United States Senate."

On the fifth day of May, 1899, two months after the adjournment of the Legislature, Fred Whiteside presented to the Supreme Court of the State of Montana a written accusation against John B. Wellcome, charging him with many instances of bribery during the legislative session, and praying the Court for his disbarment. This petition was received by the Court, and Attorney-General C. B. Nolan, one of the ablest trial lawyers in the Northwest, was appointed to act as friend of the Court in the prosecution of the case.*

Judges of the Supreme Court Approached

The Supreme Court having decided to assume jurisdiction in the case, the only possible way to affect its decision was directly to corrupt one or more of the three judges — Chief Justice Theodore Brantley, William T. Pigott, and William H. Hunt. Neither the judges themselves nor the members of the State Bar believed that even the most unabashed of the bribe-givers would go so far as to approach the Supreme Court. But Clark had determined to risk even this in defending his chief legal adviser. If he could prevent Wellcome's disbarment, Clark himself was practically vindicated of the charges now made against him throughout the State, and self-interest as well as his obligations to Wellcome made it imperative that the Supreme Court should be influenced.

The first man whom Wellcome's adherents tried to reach was Judge Hunt — Chief Justice Brantley was out of the State at the time. Judge William H. Hunt* has since been Governor of Porto Rico, and is now Judge of the United States Court of Montana. His father, William H. Hunt, Sr., was Secretary of the Navy under President Garfield, and inaugurated the first movement toward the rehabilitation of the American Navy. He was afterwards Minister to Russia under Arthur, dying at his post in St. Petersburg. Judge Hunt was at this time a poor man. He was in ill-health, suffering from too close application to his duties. It was through his physician, therefore, that the Clark men approached him.

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* The Supreme Court refused on the first hearing to entertain Whiteside's petition, because of the fact that in it were set out charges of a grossly criminal nature, and there was no showing why Wellcome might not be prosecuted and convicted of these felonies by trial at law. The Supreme Court ruled that in the absence of such showing, its appellate tribunal might be turned into a criminal court and kept busy with the trials of such offenders against the law as happened to have certificates to practise. Then Attorney-General Nolan filed an affidavit setting forth that, against his (Nolan's) protest, John B. Wellcome had been summoned and examined before the grand jury, and therefore, under the laws of Montana, he could not be prosecuted; that after the grand jury had returned its findings refusing to bring in an indictment (notwithstanding the fact that there was in the State Treasury $30,000 which belonged to either Clark, Wellcome, or Whiteside, but which nobody was willing to claim), he, Nolan, had demanded of Judge Sidney H. McIntyre the summoning of another grand jury, which request the court had refused.

Whiteside also filed an affidavit in which he alleged that the City of Helena and the County of Lewis and Clarke were overwhelmingly favorable to the candidacy of William A. Clark, and that the reason for this sentiment was that the people of Helena felt that they were discharging an obligation to William A. Clark, incurred through his assistance in selecting Helena as State capital. Nolan himself had taken a stenographic report of the testimony adduced before the grand jury, and appended a copy of this to his affidavit. On this showing, the Supreme Court, on August 1st, decided to assume original jurisdiction of the disbarment proceedings and overruled Wellcome's demurrer.

On the fifth day of August, four days after the Supreme Court had decided to assume jurisdiction of the Wellcome disbarment case, Charlie Clark, Frank Corbett, and E. L. Whitmore went from Butte to Helena by special train. They arrived in Helena at about ten o'clock, got into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Montana Club, where they were in consultation with John S. M. Neill until nearly two in the afternoon.

Persistent Attempts to Bribe Judge Hunt

At about noon that day, Judges Pigott and Hunt together left their offices at the Capitol, and walked downtown toward the post-office. At the entrance of the post-office Judge Hunt met his wife, who told him that Dr. William Treacy, their family physician, was very anxious to see him. Judge Hunt, who had been examined for life-insurance in the spring by Dr. Treacy and had been rejected, at once surmised that the insurance company might have reconsidered its decision.

He accordingly went up to Dr. Treacy's office. The doctor invited him into a back room and shut the door. They sat down on a sofa together, and Dr. Treacy said, half laughing: "There is a funny kind of proposition come up. I don't want you to think I'm talking about something I ought not to mention to you, but I take some interest in this Wellcome case."

Judge Hunt stopped him, saying: "Well, Doctor, that case is in court, to be proceeded with like any other case."

"But," said Dr. Treacy, "they tell me it is not like an ordinary case; that it is not like deciding for or against a man in most lawsuits, but is a matter of discretion with the court."

"It is a matter of legal discretion, and the judges can do only what is within the bounds of legal discretion," said Judge Hunt.

"Well, I think it's all a political fight between Clark and Daly, and Wellcome is a decent fellow, though I don't know him."

"Wellcome is a decent fellow," said Judge Hunt. "We all know him personally, we all like him, and this is an extremely painful sort of lawsuit."

"I don't think there is any use in laying the proposition before you, but I wish you to understand my position. There is a party over here, and they have got a hundred thousand dollars. They want to put it up if that case can be thrown out of court."

"Why, Doctor," said Judge Hunt, "I would not for all the money there is in the United Verde mine and the Butte mines put together, with every dollar that Daly and Clark have got, sacrifice my conscience to the extent of granting a man five minutes' continuance in a lawsuit, if I did not believe it was right. That case must go ahead. They don't know me, Doctor."

"Well, I didn't think there was any use in speaking to you, and I want you to understand my position."

"I think I understand your proposition, Doctor," and Judge Hunt looked at his watch and left the Doctor's office. Dr. Treacy was a man of high professional standing, widely respected and esteemed.

Further Influence Brought to Bear by Judge Hunt's Family Physician

When the Judge stepped off the car in front of his house that evening at about half-past five, he saw Dr. Treacy's carriage standing at his door. His first thought was that one of his children must be sick. But as he hurried toward the house he found Dr. Treacy and his wife sitting on the lawn, while the children were playing in the back yard.

Dr. Treacy advanced toward Judge Hunt as he approached the gate and at once reopened their former conversation.

"Those people say," said the Doctor, "that they have got one judge of the Supreme Court."

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* It is a peculiar coincidence that after the bribery charges so widely circulated during the session of the Legislature of 1893, Judge Hunt, as a member of the next legislative session, framed and introduced the rigorous Montana anti-bribery election law, modeled on that of Massachusetts and other Eastern states, the provisions of which became prominent in the expulsion of Senator Clark from the Senate in 1900. On Clark's own admission of expenses in connection with his candidacy, contrary to the provisions of this act, he was liable to expulsion without any other evidence.

"I don't believe it. Judge Brantley is over on the Pacific Coast. Moreover, he is an honorable man, and I don't believe that they could have got him. As for Judge Pigott, if ever I saw in my life a high-minded, honorable gentleman, it is he."

"Well, they said they had one."

Dr. Treacy then took a prescription pad from his pocket and looking at a memorandum on it, remarked:

"They say that Daly has assured you of reëlection."

"What nonsense! Mr. Daly has never assured me of anything. I have no right to expect his support if I should become a candidate. He opposed me when I ran before. I am a Republican, and it is natural that he should oppose me."

The Doctor looked at his memorandum.

"Well, will the grand jury be allowed to be called?" he asked.

"I don't understand your question, Doctor. There are certain instances, I believe, under the statutes, where grand jurors may be called, but I do not understand what you mean."

"Well, all that those people want is a fair show. I told them that as far as you are concerned, I had known you a long time, and that they could count on your being perfectly fair. I never saw a man to whom I would rather trust a lawsuit. But you know you ought not to be on that bench, Judge —" and the Doctor's voice dropped to a whisper: "I know that better than you. It will break you down. You can't stand it."

"It's a very laborious position, and if I could see my way clear, I'd get out of it. It is a tremendous tax on my health, and has been for some years."

"I know that better than you. I should like to see you get the money, if you could get it honorably. You could take a year's rest, and you need it. You could go abroad and visit the Paris Exposition, and you wouldn't have to feel worried all the time. It would build you up if you got away from the air of that court-house, which is so badly ventilated. It would make a strong man of you and prolong your life."

"It might, Doctor, but there is no way in the world by which it can be done. I have no heritage except an honorable name, and I propose to leave that to those children."

The Doctor was getting into his carriage. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't have you do anything that you did not think was right, but I would like to see you do well."

"I know you would, Doctor."

As the Doctor drove off, Judge Hunt turned and walked toward his children, who were just then running down the lawn to meet him. He kissed them and went into the house with a heavy heart. He knew that his refusal meant the sacrifice of personal ambitions and his political death in the State where he had lived for twenty years.

Frank Corbett's Attempt to Divert Suspicion

During Dr. Treacy's first talk with Judge Hunt, Charlie Clark, Corbett, Whitmore, and Neill sat across the street at the Montana Club, drinking and anxiously awaiting the result of the interview. About an hour and a half after they heard that it had been unsuccessful, Frank Corbett met Judge Pigott, Judge Hunt's associate, and begged for a private interview with him at once. Judge Pigott took Corbett into his private room in the Capitol building.

Corbett seemed greatly excited and apparently spoke with the exaggeration of strong feeling. He told Judge Pigott the following story:

"Last night, when I was in Butte, a telephone message came from Helena from John S. M. Neill. Neill said: 'We can do business with the Supreme Court.' This message was repeated to me, and I at once denounced Neill for entertaining such an idea, and made arrangements to get a special train to come to Helena for the purpose of putting a stop to any such outrageous proceeding."

Corbett went on to say that he could not get the special train until the next morning; that it had cost him $147; that on arriving he had gone immediately to the Montana Club, where he had met Neill and had been in conversation with him ever since. He said he had told him that he must stop any such talk; said he had called Neill hard names and declared that he would never speak to him again.

"Corbett, you must be mistaken. You don't mean to say that Mr. Neill told you that business could be done with the Supreme Court, meaning that the Court could be bribed in this Wellcome case?"

"He certainly did," said Frank Corbett. "He said, 'We can get the Supreme Court.

They will come high, and the scheme will have to be capitalized at over a million dollars.' I have come to you to let you understand that if Neill does make any offer to you or to Judge Hunt, it will be against our protest. If he does do it, and I find it out, I shall get up in the Supreme Court and disclose all Neill has said to me."

"Corbett, this seems almost incredible," said Judge Pigott.

That evening Judge Pigott had a consultation with Judge Hunt, and they reluctantly agreed that Corbett had heard the result of Dr. Treacy's interview with Judge Hunt, and had seen Judge Pigott merely to throw the entire blame of the plot upon Neill. There was certainly every reason why Corbett should wish to clear Charlie Clark and himself of the charge of attempting to bribe the Supreme Court of Montana.

They were sorry to find Corbett in such business, for both the Justices were interested in the young man. He was a brilliant, attractive fellow, and had come to Montana immediately after being graduated, with high honors, from the Washington and Lee University of Virginia. The older lawyers of the State liked his dash and energy and were attracted by his youth and winning personal qualities. He formed many strong friendships among them. Corbett's undoubted promise, his gradual demoralization under the feverish life of Butte, and his early death — brought on by sheer exhaustion and over-exertion in Clark's service — made him one of the most tragic figures in the story of Montana politics.

Dr. Treacy Attempts to Influence Attorney-General Nolan

Six or seven weeks later, Dr. Treacy was again working in Wellcome's behalf. He was Attorney-General Nolan's family physician, and the two men were intimate friends. One day in the latter part of September, the Attorney-General was going home at noon, when he met Dr. Treacy at the entrance to the Power Block. They both got into the Doctor's buggy. Dr. Treacy began to inquire about the Wellcome case, and said he wanted to know in just what condition it was. Nolan told him that the preliminary stages had been passed and that the case had been set for hearing on the 6th of November; he thought an attempt would be made by Wellcome to secure a continuance, but he did not think it would be successful. Dr. Treacy then said that if Wellcome were disbarred it would be a serious matter for him. Nolan agreed with him. Dr. Treacy asked his friend whether he thought Wellcome's disbarment probable. Nolan told him he hadn't a doubt of it; he was in possession of evidence which he thought Wellcome could not overcome. Dr. Treacy remarked that there ought to be some money in the case for Nolan. Nolan said he thought not.

"I think differently," said Dr. Treacy. "Undoubtedly Mr. Clark will be willing to put up money to save Mr. Wellcome from the disgrace of disbarment."

"I don't think," said Nolan, "that Mr. Clark or anyone connected with him would place enough reliance in me to offer me money."

"So far as I am concerned," replied Dr. Treacy, "I rely on you, and if you make any proposition, I will guarantee that it shall be observed in every particular."

"I think not," maintained Nolan. "They would suspect me for a second Whiteside, and if I took money they would be afraid I did it to expose them."

"I don't think so. How much do you think you would require?"

"If I were to lend myself to such an act, I think I should be entitled to $100,000. Don't you think so?"

"I think that is not at all too much," said Dr. Treacy.

"Well, now, Doctor, if we arrange it in this way, there is one thing that I should decidedly object to, and that is that the money be turned over to a third person."

"I think that can be arranged satisfactorily," said the Doctor.

"How now, in the matter of commission? It is barely possible if you make this arrangement, and you get this money for me to bungle this case in Wellcome's favor, that a big proportion would have to be paid to you as a commission."

"No, sir; I will get you the hundred thousand dollars without any reduction."

By this time they had arrived almost at the Attorney-General's house, and Nolan had become convinced that his friend was in earnest.

"Doctor," he said, as he got out of the carriage and turned to face Treacy, "I don't know whether you mean this or not; but if you do, I want you to take this message from me to Mr. Clark. Tell him from me that he is a contemptible dog. He has labored under the impression that every man has his price. He and his friends have proceeded upon that assumption thus far. You tell him for me that I am poor and I expect to be poor, in office or out of office. I think that I can make a living out of my profession in any country, and if his shriveled body were skeletoned and filled with gold, it wouldn't be any inducement to me. Tell him that if his United Verde mine were gold, instead of copper, and he made a title deed of the property to me, he couldn't reach me within sixty miles."

Doctor Treacy flicked the horse with his whip and drove off.

On the 5th or 6th of October, Dr. Treacy again tried to persuade Judge Nolan and again failed. About the middle of November, the Doctor interviewed Judge Hunt also a second time, saying that he wished to know whether the Judge had changed his mind.

"No, Doctor, no change of mind at all," replied the Judge. "It is ended, as far as I am concerned. I don't know how to tell you so more forcibly than to say that I would not do it to save my own life, or the lives of my children."

When testifying in Washington, Dr. Treacy explained his interviews with Mr. Nolan as mere "joshing," and said that his conversations with Judge Hunt were merely to test his friend's integrity. He said Judge Hunt was being "talked about," and he wished to assure himself as to whether he were corrupt or not.

"If I were called upon to name a man in the State of Montana whose character was preëminent in all respects," said Judge Hunt in telling his story, "I should not pick out anyone sooner than Dr. Treacy."

Chief Justice Brantley, though not actually approached with a bribe, was carefully sounded. Rev. Dr. A. B. Martin, principal of the College of Montana, a Presbyterian coeducational institution, was a close friend of W. A. Clark and Chief Justice Brantley, who were both trustees of this institution. A few days before the trial of the Wellcome disbarment case opened in the Supreme Court, Dr. Martin handed Judge Brantley a letter, with the remark:

"Read this, and then I will talk to you."

The letter was in W. A. Clark's handwriting, and read:

General Offices of William A. Clark,
Butte, Montana, Oct. 7, 1899.

Dear Mr. Martin:

If you could see our mutual friend, Judge B., and relate to him what John R. T. told you outlining the plan of their campaign, which manifestly showed that everything was prearranged,* I am sure he would have a better understanding of the whole proceedings, and not allow that splendid man to be disbarred. He has a lovely wife and children, and it would be a shame that they should suffer the disgrace on the evidence of two such disreputable men as Whiteside and my namesake from Madison Co.

Yours sincerely,
W. A. Clark.

Judge Brantley told Dr. Martin that he was only one member of the Court and could not control the action of the Court if he would. Furthermore, he would not, under the circumstances, if he could.

Disbarment of John B. Wellcome

Wellcome's attorneys filed for him a plea of not guilty, but he did not put in a personal plea to the charges against him. He did not take the stand as a witness to rebut the testimony of the prosecution, though present in court during the entire proceedings. The reason he afterwards gave was that the Court was prejudiced against him, and that his testimony would have served no purpose. The true reason probably was that the defense did not care to show its hand before the hearing at Washington, which was then impending. There were those, however, who said that W. A. Clark haggled over the compensation Wellcome should receive for the plight he had placed himself in, and that no satisfactory settlement had been agreed upon between the two. Wellcome's closest friends had always declared that he would draw the line at perjury — that he had done enough for Clark without that.

John B. Wellcome has never been reinstated as a practising attorney. He is now a prosperous Montana rancher.

United States Senate Petitioned to Investigate Clark's Election

On December 4, 1899, Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana presented in the

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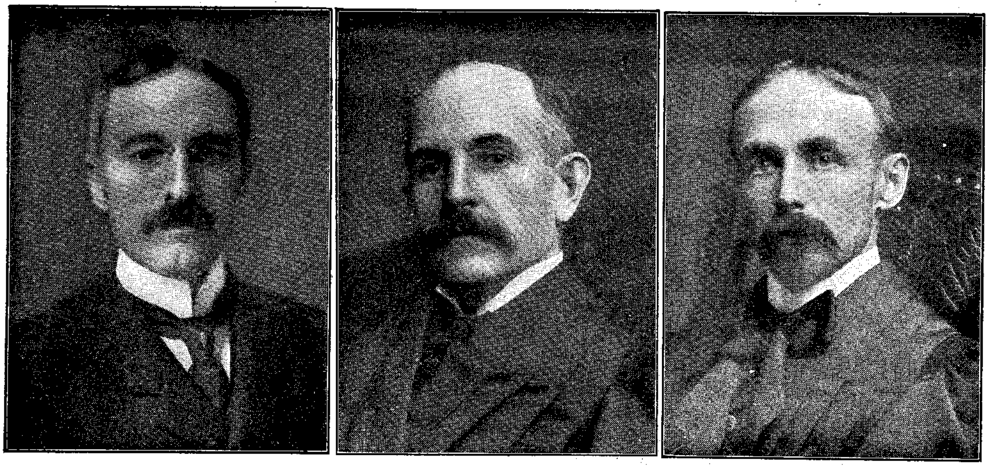
* For the finding of the Committee on Privileges and Elections *on the charge of conspiracy made against* Whiteside, Clark, and Myer, see Report of that Committee, 1900, Vol. I., page 7.



THE SUPREME COURT OF MONTANA

Judge Wm. H. Hunt   Chief Justice Theodore Brantley   Judge Wm. T. Pigott

United States Senate memorials against the holding of Clark's seat, petitioning the Senate to investigate his election and to declare it void.

When the charges against Clark were presented in the Senate, they were referred, in the usual course, to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. With the memorials that had been presented to the Senate, and accompanying them, was the testimony in the Wellcome disbarment case, as well as the depositions of several unwilling witnesses, including Senator Clark himself, taken in the libel suit brought by Fred Whiteside against the Butte *Miner*, Clark's newspaper, and a transcript of the stenographic notes of Attorney-General Nolan, taken before the Grand Jury at Helena, which had investigated the bribery of the Legislature. The Committee found these charges so specific that it decided formally to investigate them.

Subpoenas were issued by the Committee and placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for Montana. In some cases the subpoenas were served by telegraph. Witnesses were subpoenaed as they were required, but there was usually in Washington a plentiful quota from which to draw. As the investigation progressed, uncovering depths of bribery not even hinted at in the memorials, many of the witnesses were stricken with fear, and were unwilling to face the Committee. These were furnished by Clark's agents in Montana with funds to cross the border into Canada, where they remained until the investigation was completed.

The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate began its investigation on January 5, 1900, and ended April 6th of the same year. The Committee consisted of Senators William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, chairman; George F. Hoar of Massachusetts; Jeter C. Pritchard of North Carolina; Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan; Louis E. McComas of Maryland; Donelson Caffery of Louisiana; E. W. Pettus of Alabama; Thomas B. Turley of Tennessee; and William A. Harris of Kansas. Former United States Senator George F. Edmunds, Hon. Arthur Birney, a distinguished Washington lawyer, Congressman A. J. Campbell of Montana, and ex-Congressman Charles S. Hartman of Montana appeared as counsel for the memorialists. Former United States Senator Charles J. Faulkner of West Virginia and Roger Foster of New York appeared for Senator Clark.

Merciless Examination of Perjured Witnesses by Senators Hoar and Chandler

This august tribunal held its sessions in a small committee-room of the National Capitol. The cross-examination of the various witnesses by members of the Committee was often extremely dramatic. One of Marcus Daly's principal henchmen sat at breakfast in the Arlington Hotel on the morning after his arrival in Washington. Opposite him sat one of Clark's witnesses, whose testimony, given on the previous day, appeared in the morning papers.

"What's the matter?" he remarked to this witness. "I notice your testimony is very much against Clark. Have you come over to our side?"

"Come over, nothing," said the Clark witness in tones of disgust. "I tell you when a man faces that Committee, no matter what he has made up his mind to do before, he's going to tell the truth. There is no way out of it. The thumb-screw isn't in it with that rack. A liar is doomed. His scalp is gone before he can wink."

The members of this political inquisition were, many of them, lawyers of distinction. Senators Harris and Pritchard listened to the testimony day after day, almost without a word of comment or interrogation. Senator Caffery of Louisiana asked an occasional question, but usually maintained a stolid silence. When Senators Hoar, Chandler, or Turley took a witness in hand, the Western man who had so often gleefully watched the cow-boys shooting all around the toes of a tenderfoot to "see the cuss dance," now witnessed the perspiring agony of a tenderfoot on the gridiron in the East. The purchased legislators were handled suavely but remorselessly. They were trapped in the meshes of a cross-examination so skilful that they added contradiction to contradiction. Senator Hoar's benign expression would change to one of indignant contempt and disgust as the witness stripped himself of his dignity rag after rag, and tried to hide his shame behind one insufficient pretext after another.

When Ben Hill, one of Clark's witnesses, was unblushingly piling one contradiction upon another, Senator Hoar turned to his colleague, Senator Chandler, chairman of the Committee, and said, with impatience: "I can speak only for myself, of course, but you will see that this witness cannot be treated by any intelligent human being as a source of testimony. Nobody can believe that anything he would say has the slightest title to be believed because he says it."

WILLIAM A. CLARK

From a photograph made in the '80's

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the committee-room in which this testimony was heard was daily thronged with auditors. Even cynical and indifferent spectators were startled to hear men lie so brazenly and sullenly when there was nothing either to be gained or lost by it. Many of these witnesses had already lost their friends and their good name, and even the wages of their shameful servitude had melted away. Some of them were now just as poor in money as on the day they sold themselves.

However much long-continued political corruption had blunted the public conscience, the verdict of Washington meant something, even in Montana. These men came home under a peculiar ignominy: they had been disgraced and exposed — had perjured themselves in the capital of the nation. It was a singular fate by which so many poor fellows from ranches and frontier towns — some of them had never expected to get as far east as Washington, perhaps — were caught up and held for a moment to writhe in the glare of merciless publicity, most shamed in the spot they most venerated, and then dropped to crawl back into the obscurity which had failed to hide them.

Scarcely less pitiable were the witnesses who felt rather honored than otherwise by the sudden importance they had acquired, and who regarded the occasion merely as an opportunity to see Washington at the Government's expense. There were not a few of these whose skins were proof against the most scathing sarcasms of the Committee and who returned home considerably elevated in their own esteem. Several of the delegates from Flathead County were singularly unembarrassed in the face of self-contradiction, and their testimony is typical of the ludicrous absurdities by which some of the witnesses endeavored to explain how they went to the Legislature poor men and returned to their homes in comparative affluence.

The Making of Flathead Capitalists

The testimony of J. H. Geiger is a case in point. Geiger, it will be remembered, was the Republican candidate for State Senate, and ran against Fred Whiteside, the Democratic candidate. He afterward contested Whiteside's seat, and although his contest was not considered seriously until after the Whiteside exposure, it was decided in Geiger's favor, and he was seated two days before the final ballot, which elected Clark to the United States Senate. On the day after Geiger's contest was decided and he was seated in the Legislature, he voted for Charles R. Leonard, a Republican; but his party faith wobbled on the following day, and he voted for Clark on the final ballot.

When Geiger went to the Legislature, he had about seventy-five dollars in cash — and that was practically all the money he had in the world. He had been compelled to borrow twenty-five dollars to go to the County Convention which had nominated him. He had borrowed fifty dollars to pay his expenses at the Republican State Convention and later had to borrow $300 for campaign expenses. When he arrived at the capital to enter upon his legislative duties, he did not even possess a watch, but thinking a time-piece a necessary appendage of every legislator, he went to a Jake Yund, a Helena pawnbroker, and bought one on credit for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

When Geiger arrived home on the 17th of March, after the adjournment of the Legislature, he had $3,500 in cash — how much more nobody knew. He immediately launched out as a capitalist and began purchasing town lots and erecting houses on them, his alleged principal being his brother, George Geiger of Peoria, Illinois.

When Geiger appeared as a witness before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, he accounted for his sudden affluence in various ways. He had received $200 from his mother's estate in Ohio, he said. He had cleaned up a good deal at a horse race in Peoria. He had played poker some in Helena, and had won about $2,000 at faro. When asked by the examining attorney whether he didn't know it was against the law to gamble, he modestly said "he thought he was just about as conscientious in that respect as many other Montana legislators." He admitted that he had been all around lucky in picking up money. During the last week of the session, for example, he found in his room in a Helena hotel an envelop which contained $1,100 in bills. This envelop, which was addressed to him and was lying on the floor near the foot of his bed, had been thrown into his room through the transom. Geiger admitted to the Committee that he had an idea where the money came from, but insisted that it hadn't changed his convictions.

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WILLIAM A. CLARK

At the time of his resignation from the Senate

He put the money in his pocket, said nothing, and voted just as he would have voted if his transom had been closed. He was proud of every vote he cast as a Montana legislator, including the one cast for Clark.

Geiger's testimony as to where he kept his money while he was in Helena was especially amusing. He claimed that he had $3,500 on his person most of the time, and that he kept it in his vest pocket. As the examination proceeded he insisted that he put his trousers under his pillow every night, while he left his vest hanging on the foot of his bed. He explained this seeming inconsistency by saying that he put his trousers under his pillow from habit; that he always put them there when he went to bed, whether he had money in them or not.

A Member Who Kept $6,000 in His Trunk

Stephen Bywater, another Flathead County man, and a member of the lower House, had found a somewhat different path to fortune. He was a railroad conductor on the Great Northern, at a salary of $125 a month. With Geiger and his other Flathead colleagues, he voted for Clark on the last ballot. On the 3d of March, the day after the adjournment of the Legislature, Bywater deposited $15,000 in bills in the Montana National Bank at Helena.

Six thousand dollars of this, he said, he had brought from home with him and had kept in his wife's trunk in their room during the session. Part of it was savings and part of it was payment for a mining claim, and he wouldn't put it in a bank so long as he had his wife's trunk to put it in and he and his wife were in their room every day. The rest of the $15,000 he got from his brother, Ben Bywater, a mysterious individual who "lived all over the Coast," and who dropped into Helena the day after the Legislature adjourned, and paid him $9,000 in currency for some shares in the British Columbia mine. This brother had stayed in Helena only twenty-four hours. Bywater didn't know at what hotel he had stopped. The mining company in which "Ben" had invested proved to be an unlocated mine taken up on public lands. Since the Legislature adjourned it had never paid anything but "Irish" dividends.

Distrust of Banks Among Montana Legislators

H. H. Garr, the member from Flathead whom Whiteside had denounced on the last day of the session, had likewise received money from unpromising sources. His income from his business as United States Commissioner and notary was between fifty dollars and seventy-five dollars a month. After the adjournment of the Legislature, when he was on his way home, Garr had a one-thousand-dollar bill changed at Great Falls. Shortly afterward, he bought a ranch and paid $3,500 in currency for it. One of the bills was a one-thousand-dollar bill, and three of them were five-hundred-dollar bills. In his testimony at Washington, Garr assured the Committee that he bought this ranch for Jane Wickham, a milliner and an elderly maiden aunt of Mrs. Garr, who had lived with them for years. Miss Wickham had paid him the cash, he said, in the parlor of his little home, as they stood by the center table on which the family Bible lay. He had never known that Miss Wickham had any money laid by until she declared that she wanted this ranch. She had never bought any property or handled any money before that he knew of. She paid only two dollars and fifty cents a week for her board, although the Garrs were very poor and board was high in Montana. She kept her money in a strong box in her trunk. She, like so many Montana legislators who had testified before this Committee, "did not believe in banks." "She was from Vermont," said Garr, "and I don't believe she would deposit a dollar in the United States Treasury."

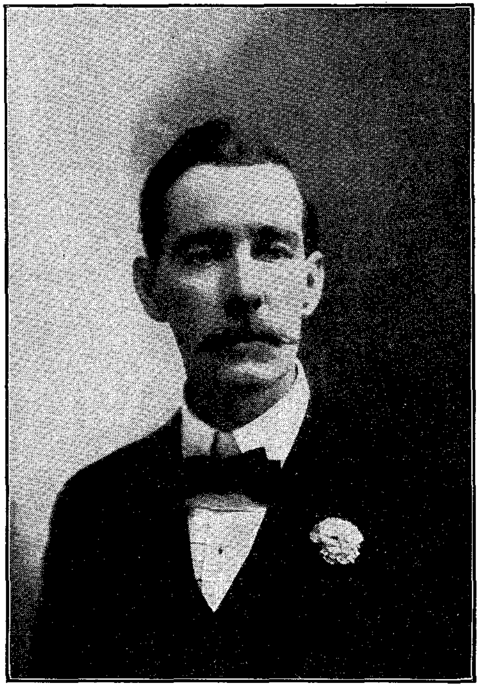
From the bulk of the testimony given before the Committee, indeed, the auditor could not fail to be impressed with two facts; that remarkable thrift and economy prevailed among workmen in Montana, and that in this State there was a universal distrust of banks, which was only equalled by a general confidence in the sufficiency of trunks as safety-deposit vaults.

Finding of the Committee on Clark's Case

On the 10th of April the Committee on Privileges and Elections decided by unanimous vote to recommend the adoption of a resolution declaring void William A.

Clark's title to his seat in the Senate. In this last session of the Committee, Senator Harris of Kansas was inclined to be lenient toward Clark. He expressed no doubt that Clark had made a lavish expenditure of money to bring about his election, but he strongly condemned the tactics employed by Congressman Campbell in the preparation of his evidence against Clark. Campbell had admitted to the opening of letters sent from one Clark supporter to another; to having entered W. M. Bickford's room at the Finland Hotel in Butte, having obtained the key from the proprietor of the hotel, a Daly partizan. These and other doubtful transactions which were traced to Campbell, Senator Harris felt, cast suspicion on the good faith of the memorialists. Senator Pettus also joined in these criticisms.

Marcus Daly, in his testimony, had frankly admitted that his prosecution of Clark at Washington was not actuated by any high public motive. He testified that while the evidence against Clark was being secured, he lay seriously ill in the Hotel Netherland, in New York, and he said that he knew neither what money was spent in ferreting out the evidence, nor the means by which results were achieved. He had given instructions to furnish such money as was needed. He denied that he knew anything of the employment of detectives on his side, however. As an evidence of his good faith, Daly offered the books of his mining companies, as well as his own private accounts and vouchers, covering a period of five years, for the inspection of the Committee — a shrewd move, intended to meet Clark's sworn declaration that he (Clark) had destroyed all vouchers covering the period of his campaign. Daly's expenses in the prosecution of the Clark case before the Senate, including lawyer's fees, amounted to $40,000



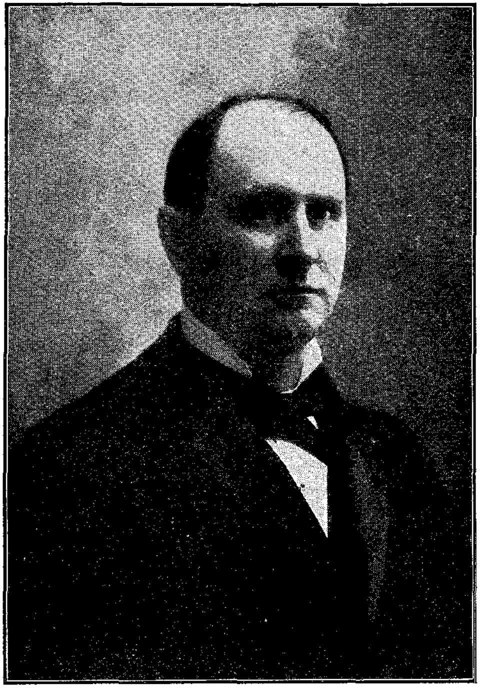
FRANK CORBETT

"Corbett's undoubted promise, his gradual demoralization under the feverish life of Butte, and his early death — brought on by sheer exhaustion and over-exertion in Clark's service — made him one of the most tragic figures in the story of Montana politics"

Clark's Resignation from the Senate

On Tuesday, May 15th, Clark, anticipating the vote of the Senate on the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, rose in his place in the Senate and read a long manuscript speech, in which he reviewed in detail the persecution he had suffered at Daly's hands. He told some sore truths about Daly and his methods, but the effect of the speech was lessened by a glowing misrepresentation of his own cause. He had decreed that this was to be the last recorded word in the war between himself and Daly which had begun back in the '80's and was now to be terminated by his voluntary resignation from the Senate. He defended his use of money against Daly and his clan. He declared that in the city of Anaconda, wholly dependent for its commercial life upon Daly's great smelting works, Daly had ruled a veritable despot, and that the entire State had been completely at his mercy.

Clark then read his letter of resignation, which he said he had mailed on the 11th of May, four days previous, addressed to "His Excellency, the Governor of Montana." In this document he said: "Conscious of the rectitude of my own conduct, and, after a critical examination of all the evidence taken by the Committee, convinced that



ROBERT B. SMITH
Ex-Governor of Montana
"The way in which the Governor was 'handled,' and unknowingly made to serve Clark's purposes, is one of the most remarkable episodes in this concatenation of plot and intrigue"

those friends who were so loyal to me during that bitter contest did not resort to dishonorable or corrupt means to influence the action of the members of the Legislature in their choice of a senator, I am yet unwilling to continue to occupy a seat in the Senate of the United States under credentials which its Committee has declared rest for their authority upon the action of a legislature which was not free and voluntary in its choice of a senator." As Clark declared that he proposed to leave to his children a legacy worth more than gold,— an unblemished name,— his voice trembled with emotion. After his speech he was warmly congratulated by senators on both sides of the chamber.

The Last Great Strategy of the Clark-Daly Feud

On the day that the Committee on Privileges and Elections reported, Senator Clark wired his son, Charles W. Clark, in Montana: "Report of Committee will be adverse. Don't let this worry you. I will be vindicated, either here or in Montana."

It was at this point that Clark showed himself to be a strategist of no mean order. The situation which he faced was this: If he allowed the report of the Committee to come to a vote and the vote should be adverse — as he saw it would be — then the law declared there had not been an election and so there could be no vacancy; — there would be no Senator from Montana until one was chosen at the next senatorial election. If he resigned, however, before an action by the Senate, a vacancy would exist, and the Governor of Montana could immediately appoint a successor to fill the vacancy. Therefore, if Clark resigned before he was unseated, and could compel the Governor of Montana to appoint him to succeed himself, he would avenge the humiliation brought upon him by Wellcome's disbarment and by the senatorial investigation, and crown a series of defeats by an insolent victory.

There was one obstacle in the way, however. The Governor of Montana, Robert B. Smith, was immovable in his hostility to Clark. He was thoroughly convinced of Clark's guilt, and the Senator knew that he could bring no pressure to bear which would make Governor Smith act against his conviction. The way in which the Governor was "handled," and unknowingly made to serve Clark's purposes, is one of the most remarkable episodes in this concatenation of plot and intrigue. The Daly faction has always maintained that, hidden beneath the surface of the events about to be recorded, lies one of the most sensational political conspiracies of modern times.

A. E. Spriggs, the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana at this time, though he was not an uncompromising partizan of either faction, might be said to have leaned toward Clark. A day or two before Clark's resignation, Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs left Montana to attend the Populists' National Convention at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to which he was a delegate. Public announcement of this fact was made, and when the Associated Press mentioned that he was at Sioux Falls, eight hundred miles away, in attendance upon an important convention which was not likely to conclude its labors inside of a week, Governor Robert B. Smith disappeared from Helena. He took an opposite direction from Spriggs and went to San Francisco, leaving State Senator Edwin Norris of Beaverhead County, an incorruptible public official, the acting-Governor in his absence.

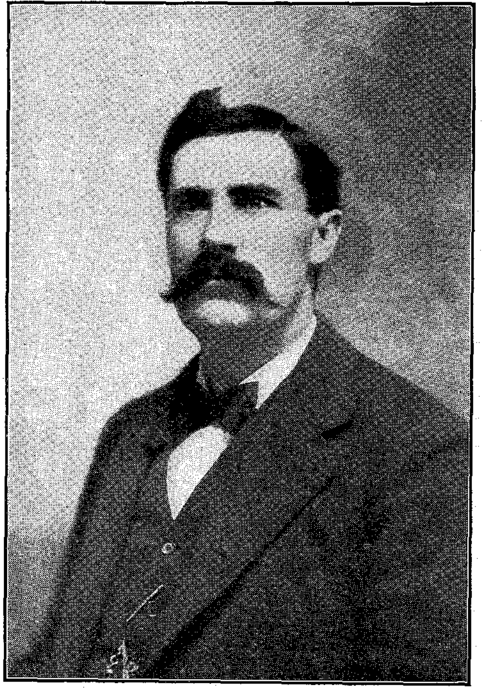
Ruse by Which Clark Was Appointed to Succeed Himself

It is important to remember that Clark's resignation was addressed to "His Excellency, the Governor of Montana."

Telegraphic communication reached Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs at Sioux Falls within an hour after Governor Smith's departure westward. Spriggs left Sioux Falls at once, and hurried to Helena as fast as steam could carry him. Clark waited at Washington for the click of the telegraph which announced Spriggs' presence in Helena, then rose in the Senate, delivered his speech, and retired. The letter of resignation had been in the hands of his son, Charles W. Clark, in Montana, apparently for many days, for the date-line of the letter had been erased and the date unquestionably changed. Almost at the hour that Clark resigned, considering the difference of two hours' time between Helena and Washington, Charlie Clark handed this letter of resignation to Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs in Helena, and on that same evening Spriggs appointed William A. Clark to succeed himself as senator, giving out a statement that "the people of Montana, through their representatives, chosen at the last general election, selected W. A. Clark to represent them in the United States Senate, and it is my judgment that the selection should stand until such time as the people have an opportunity at the coming election to affirm or revoke it."

Spriggs wired to Clark the announcement of his appointment, adding with unintentional irony: "I trust you will accept."

When Governor Smith awoke in San Francisco the next morning, this was the news that greeted him. Instantly the whole plot dawned on him. He had lived, time and again, through the strategies of this feud, and had seen other men caught in mesh and snare, without thought of his own undoing. In Helena his ears had been persistently stormed with reports that Clark would never resign, and the possibility of an appointment being made had never occurred to him. "Tom" Hinds, that adroit, smiling, good-natured political plotter, had induced him to go to California to look into the title to some mining claim — this was the story he told to the reporters as he rushed to the train and secured passage to Helena. Unpurchasable in the market, as he was, they had found a way, as they always found a way.



A. E. SPRIGGS

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Montana

Who, during the Governor's absence from the State, appointed W. A. Clark to succeed himself in the United States Senate

At Ogden, Utah, Governor Smith gave out the following interview:

"This man, Clark," he said, "has been convicted by the United States Senate of perjury, bribery, and fraud, and it is an insult to the Senate to send him back to that body. It is a disgrace, a shame and humiliation upon the people of Montana, and the Senate should adopt the resolution and show him that they do not want him there, as it seems he can take the hint in no other way. I wish to denounce in language as strong as I can command the contemptible proceedings taken to secure the resignation and appointment of W. A. Clark during my absence from the State. I went to examine the title of some mining property in California. Clark had repeatedly stated through the press that he would not resign under any circumstances, and believing this, and believing also that Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs was at Sioux Falls attending a national convention which had not yet convened when I left Montana, I had no hesitancy in going, and I notified Senator Norris to act if anything came up needing attention in my absence. I did not believe Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs, or any other sane man, would appoint Clark, who stands before the world convicted of bribery, and whose oath was not believed by the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate. This is only another one of the tricks, perjuries, and crimes resorted to by Clark and his minions to fasten him on the State as a senator."

Gradually, the full story of this stratagem became known in the inner councils of both the Clark and Daly forces, and with it came also the story of the cost to Clark. It was said by those who ought to know that $200,000 of Clark's money was divided among the principals in this intrigue; and while these figures cannot be verified, it is certain that the same sudden prosperity that had so often been seen during the legislative session, bloomed afresh around the little circle of conspirators in this last move upon the worn chess-board.

On May 18th, three days after the appointment by Spriggs, Governor Smith returned to his executive chamber in Helena and immediately telegraphed Clark that he had disregarded and revoked his appointment as United States senator, made by Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs on the 15th, "as being tainted with collusion and fraud," and announced that he had appointed Martin Maginnis United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by Clark's resignation. Smith also telegraphed Hon. William P. Frye, president of the Senate, and Senator Chandler, of the revocation of Clark's appointment and the appointment of Major Maginnis.

Clark returned to Butte June 10th, and announced that there was not a lawyer in the Senate of the United States who would not stake his reputation that his appointment was legal and that he was entitled to be sworn in on his credentials. "When this man Chandler," said Clark, "had bulldozed the Committee into reporting against me, after consultation with my friends I withdrew from the Senate." He further announced that he had tried not to take his seat under Spriggs' appointment, because he understood that some of the members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections had intended to adopt bulldozing tactics if the matter were pressed at that time, and that as Congress was anxious to adjourn, an agreement was reached to let the matter go over until the next session. "In spite of this agreement," Clark said, "this man Chandler rose in the Senate and asked for an appropriation from the contingent fund to investigate this appointment."

Before leaving Washington, Clark, exasperated at Senator Chandler's conduct of the investigation, which had been keen, incisive, and caustic, threatened to go into New Hampshire, Chandler's state, and wreak his vengeance by defeating him for reëlection. The story goes among Clark's intimate friends that he made this threat good by spending a large sum of money to defeat Chandler. In any event, Senator Chandler was defeated for reëlection after a long term in the Senate.

Clark resigned from the Senate on May 15, 1900. Some weeks before this event, Marcus Daly left New York, and sailed for Europe, bound for the German spas. He was not himself during that entire winter after he left Montana. He was to return to New York on June 9th, and to be in Butte by June 15th, to fight, as he said, for his possessions on the Butte Hill, which F. Augustus Heinze was then threatening to wrest from him and his new associates, Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller. Daly returned to New York on June 9th, but went immediately to his hotel and to the bed from which he never rose. Helpless, chafing like a caged lion, struggling against the swift inroads of that insidious disease which had attacked him in his first hour of repose after years of grinding labor, with his old enemy and his own young protégé, Heinze, plotting against him in Montana, he was unable even to counsel from his bedside, and the most bitter, pregnant, and truculent campaign ever waged in Montana saw its climax and culmination without Daly's leadership.

(This instalment concludes the first series of Mr. Connolly's articles on Montana. The second series, dealing with the great treasure of Butte Hill and the strife between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company, will begin in the March number of this magazine)

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

MARY BAKER G. EDDY: THE STORY OF HER LIFE, AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

IN 1875 ten or twelve disciples of one Mary Baker Glover, teacher of a system of healing disease by the mind, met at Lynn, Massachusetts, organized by resolution the first Christian Science Association, and pledged ten dollars a week for the support of Mary Glover as their teacher. In June, 1906, the Christian Scientists of the world met in Boston to dedicate the most costly church building in New England and one of the most pretentious in the United States; for in thirty-one years the Association had grown into a Church, and the Church into six hundred churches. In 1875 no one living outside of two or three back streets of Lynn had heard of Christian Science. Now, the very name is a catch phrase. In those early days the leader and teacher paid out half of her ten dollars a week to hire a hall, patching out the rest of her living with precarious fees as an instructor in mental healing; now, she is one of the richest women in the United States. She is more than that — she is the most powerful American woman.

The public began to hear of this new movement out of Boston about twenty years ago. The serious-minded, the orthodox, reading in the newspapers how this invalid or that child-bearing woman had died under Christian Science treatment, regarded it as a menace. The frivolous, hearing how its healers professed to treat present bodies with absent minds, snatched at the phrase "absent treatment," and took it as a joke. Although the Church has been gaining converts all this time, this attitude of the public has begun to change only of late years. If there is no regular movement toward mysticism in this country, there is at least a reaction from the materialism of the Nineteenth Century; and Christian Science, no matter how materialistic its applications, is mystic in its essence. Then the cult has grown enormously, and its success has inspired respect. A church which has doubled its membership in five years, which draws its believers mostly from the rich and respectable, which has prospered exceedingly in wealth, and which has just paid for the most costly church building in New England— to the worldly, this is no longer a joke. More and more Americans are taking seriously this faith which professes to cure sickness and poverty as well as sin.

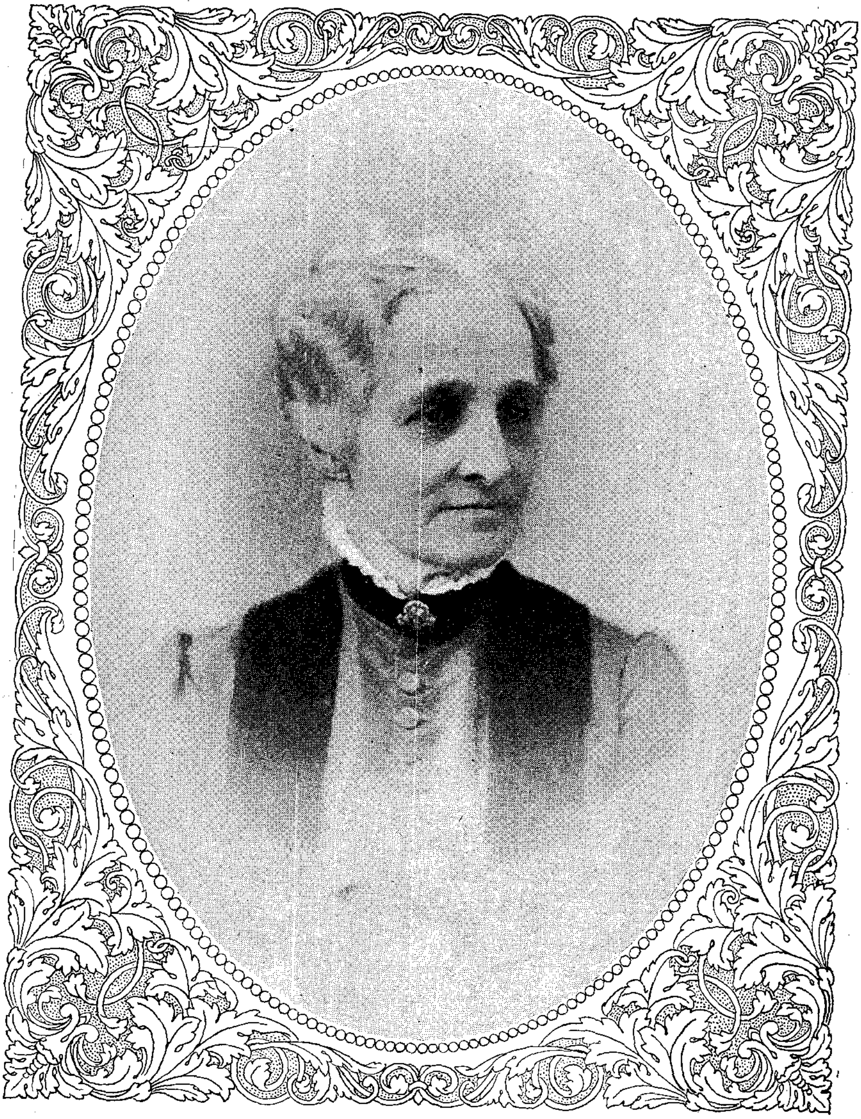
What is the theory of life, religion, and medicine which Mrs. Eddy put forth in her book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and which thousands of zealous apostles are spreading all over the world? Even the faithful have trouble in answering that question, while the intelligent outside public is very much at sea. That it has to do with curing disease by divine aid, everyone knows. Further, the average man knows that it is supposed to give great calm and peace of mind; and perhaps he can bear witness to the case of a neighbor who declares himself "healed by Science," or to some miracle of character wrought "through Science." Beyond that, in the public mind, there are only the stock phrases — "Sin, disease, death"; "Health and Harmony"; "Denial of error"; and the like.

Christian Science Doctrine

In fifteen minutes a clear-minded orthodox Christian could explain to a clear-minded pagan the essentials of his religion. It is different with Christian Science. Here understanding follows belief. To the normal, average mind, "Science and Health," written as it is in a cheaply symbolic style, seems hazy and obscure. Even the encyclopedias have given up all attempts to define the doctrine, and they dodge the issue by quoting from Mrs. Eddy.

"What is Christian Science?" the writer asked a Reader in the Church — one of its hierarchy.

"Haven't you read 'Science and Health'?"



Mary Baker Eddy

THIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY WAS TAKEN IN BOSTON IN 1882, SOON AFTER SHE MOVED IN FROM LYNN AND BEGAN THE WORK OF FOUNDING HER CHURCH. AT THAT TIME SHE WAS ABOUT SIXTY-ONE YEARS OLD. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN LATER YEARS HAVE BEEN GREATLY RETOUCHED

"Yes, but I don't understand it. Can't you explain it to me so that I can explain it to the world?"

"No; I cannot explain it to you. Read 'Science and Health.' Heal and be healed. Until you have done that, you cannot understand. This comes as near as any explanation I can give: Christ, the apostles, and the early priests and bishops of the church healed the sick. Healing, in fact, was for three hundred years a regular practice of Christianity. Then the church departed from Truth — lost its power. Mrs. Eddy rediscovered Truth — exhumed it. Let me put this in another way. There is in the Universe a great body of good, which is God. Christian Science, as taught in 'Science and Health,' is the method of laying hold of that good.

"Even reading the book has healed many," he added.

Perhaps, however, it may be possible for an outsider to tell approximately what it is which Mrs. Eddy revealed and which Christian Science teaches. To the unbeliever, its essential theory differs very little from the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley. There is no reality in matter. All is mind. Mind is substance, but it is not matter. What our senses hold to be matter is only belief of the mind. It has no substance. This table, this pencil, do not really exist — they are creations of mind, the all-powerful. Everything that exists is composed of a vital principle called God, or absolute good. What is called evil, sin, disease, poverty, and death has no existence, since, all being good, there is room for nothing but good. A full realization of this will eliminate the belief in evil, sin, sickness, poverty, and death, and produce the original state of goodness, or God. The application of this principle is healing, prosperity, eternal life. When men have sufficiently "grown in Science" they will conquer even death.

"That is the final demonstration," said the Reader, "and it is one of the hardest things in Science to understand. We, of the new generation, have not grown enough in Science to conquer death; yet Christ in His Resurrection did it. It has been accomplishd once, you see; and I believe that it will be again."

As a matter of fact, many Christian Scientists believe that Mrs. Eddy, first champion and rediscoverer of Truth, ablest of all to demonstrate over error, will not die. Officially, the Church does not recognize death. No funeral is ever held from a Christian Science church, just as no marriage will ever be held in one. Both death and marriage are of the flesh — "suffer it to be so now."

When men are strong enough in thought, all trials of the flesh, such as poverty, will go the way of disease and death. One has only to lay hold on the good, and all things will be given unto him; and riches, as the world goes now, are a good. The Christian Science writers boast that they have the best-dressed, most prosperous congregations in New York, Boston, and Chicago; and that "Science" has brought this prosperity. "I have not yet made my financial demonstration," said a member at the Mother Church convention, excusing her poverty. "Those Boston people must have demonstrated powerfully to bring such fine weather," said another. "The two preeminently successful plays produced on Broadway in the last two years were the fruits of Christian Science," boasts the author of those plays. All good things are theirs if they are strong enough to take them.

Christian Science was a school of healing before it was a religion, and Mrs. Eddy a teacher before she became a priestess. Part of the closely knit church organization is a system of teaching in which adepts train the "healers"— missionaries of a religion whose sacrament is the cure of the body. There are no priests in their Church except Mrs. Eddy, alone,— only "teachers," "healers," and "readers." "Science and Health" is their only text-book, and especially the chapter "Recapitulation." These healers are taught how to apply this art of universal good which, according to the orthodox Christian Science view, Mrs. Eddy discovered.

This is a slight and imperfect statement, but it conveys an idea of that faith which is making so much noise in America of late. So well has it been advertised that most people rather overestimate its strength in membership. The Mother Church in Boston had 41,000 members last June, and the branch churches about the same number; but these two lists overlap, since most really ardent Christian Scientists belong not only to their home branch churches, but to the Mother Church. Friends and enemies have worked together to keep it before the public. The age-long controversy over healing blackens tons of white paper every week. Whenever a patient dies under Christian Science treatment, there is "copy" for some newspaper. The personality of the leader, her queenly isolation, her strange edicts, the pilgrimages to her home, all make picturesque matter.

There is also a great body of half-believers on the fringe of the regular membership — people who have been helped by Christian Science practice, and who hold to its tenets in a general way, but who are not ready to make open profession. For example, these Christian Science opinions are rather strong among stage people; yet few actors and actresses are actual members. The leaders of the Church say that they have a million followers and sympathizers in the United States.

Mary Eddy, the Leader

In religion, first the need, then the leader, and then the doctrine. Political ideas are mainly growths of a composite mind. The leaders only crystallize them. No one man originated the idea of republican government, of monarchy, of socialism. But religions, which are so intimately connected with the personal emotions, must have their Messiahs; most of them, true or false, dignified or bizarre, have sprung full-grown from the head of a man or a woman — a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Joseph Smith, a Mother Ann Lee. Above this new phenomenon in American life rises the figure of Mary Baker G. Eddy, "discoverer and founder" of Christian Science, author of its text-book, absolute ruler of its church government. If she is genuine in her professions, as her followers ardently believe, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, as the enemies of Christian Science maintain, she is the queen of charlatanry. The devotees of Christian Science have printed whole libraries in her praise; the enemies of Christian Science have written even more in ridicule of her contentions and in detraction of her career. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is shot, illumined, with romance. The very fact that she, the daughter of a poor farmer, and an unknown dependent at fifty-five, has become rich and great in the nation at eighty-five — that alone is a romance. Yet there exists no impartial story of this life and of the cult into which it has flowered.

That story, carefully gathered from its original sources, McClure's Magazine is about to tell. It begins with the birth of this daughter of the soil in a New Hampshire farmhouse, and carries her through her strange, hysterical childhood and her equally strange youth. It tells of her marriages, and her wanderings; it goes into the peculiar phenomena of mind and emotion which mark her character as special psychological phenomena have marked in varying ways the personalities of so many other leaders in minor religions. It follows her through phases of clairvoyance and vague mysticism to the time when she appears as a patient of Dr. Quimby, a mental healer of Maine. Then comes the episode of the Quimby Manuscripts, by which the opponents of Christian Science have tried to discredit Mrs. Eddy, as a plagiarist.

The story goes on with her appearance at Lynn, Massachusetts, as a teacher of mental healing, the publication of the book which has made so much noise in the world, and the collection of the extraordinary group of people who founded the Church. It tells of their heroic sacrifices, violent quarrels, hysterical outbursts, queer legal processes. Once, the husband of Mrs. Eddy was arrested, charged with plotting to murder one of her rebellious students in Christian Science. This case was dropped after the court had taken a mass of strange evidence. Once, this same student was sued for attempting to do injury by mental processes. With Mrs. Eddy's removal from Lynn to Boston, about 1880, there comes another element into the story — the building, through two defections and many schisms, of that solid hierarchy by which she holds over her Church a control more nearly absolute than that of any other leader in the western world.

Animating these events and back of them all is the extraordinary character of this woman, Mary Eddy. Wilful, ungoverned, and dominant in her youth, she became all-dominating in her age. Her associates in the early years of the Church have told how nothing could stand against her when her blood was up; how she overmastered everyone. They have testified, further, to her persuasive sweetness and to the inspiration of her presence when things were going well between them. "After I left her I seemed to be walking on air," wrote an unbeliever who met her in the time when she was founding her Church. Others talk of her extraordinary physical beauty, "which seemed illuminated from within." She has not only blazing will, but persistence — will to beat down the temporary obstacle, persistence to clear away the wreckage of a cause and begin rebuilding. Three times she has been beaten to the earth; each time she has arisen and triumphed.

These are only the main facets in a character which shines with all the angles of genius. She has other traits, more subtle. There is the mystic quality which shows in her obscure writings and still more in the genuine fears of "mental influence," which haunted her nights during the period when she and her leading student had their historic quarrel. There are feminine hesitations and inconsistencies at variance with her real strength, unaccountable attachments, strong aversions. Above all this, there seems to reign a kind of megalomania — a thirst for great achievements and for great glory.

Perhaps these are only surface qualities in the character of a woman whose deepest motives must always remain a mystery. Those who are nearest her and most competent to know, are silent or silenced; those in the next stratum of her acquaintance believe in her as holy, and cannot see her truly for the glamour with which they have surrounded her. For although the Church, and most of all its head, denies that she is claiming divinity, the more enthusiastic and less orthodox members are in the process of making her, if not a prophetess, at least a saint.

In the Mother Room

Nothing, perhaps, will better illustrate the attitude of mind which the rank and file in her Church holds toward her than the visits to the so-called Mother Room, when the new temple was dedicated last June. This Mother Room, which opens from the vestibule of the old church, was furnished years ago by the children of the congregation (the Little Busy Bees) for their Pastor Emeritus (Mrs. Eddy), to be used by her whenever she chose to visit Boston. On the afternoon of that Communion Sunday, when 30,000 people attended six services in the new Temple, a crowd which stretched a half a block down the street waited in line to make this visit.

It was an hour from the door of the church to the head of the line, which ran through the church vestibule, down a side aisle, and up the main aisle. The well-dressed crowd — mostly calm, elderly women — shuffled forward in a perfect silence. In the end, one came out into the vestibule before a small alcove flooded with soft light from the ceiling. The one word, "Love," in gilt, shone above a little white door. An usher stepped forward.

"Arrange yourselves twelve at a time — four abreast," he whispered. The twelve fell silently into place and stood with folded hands, waiting. The door opened; the preceding twelve tiptoed out. The silence was profound, religious.

"You may stay only two minutes," whispered the usher. The twelve advanced, like people about to receive a sacrament.

The way led into a small room, expensively over-decorated. The wainscot was of stucco, picked out with gilt. A white onyx table in the center of the room bore a white onyx lamp with gilt trimmings. Of white onyx, too, was the mantelpiece. A gilt book-case in the corner was filled with white volumes, titled in gold — the complete works of Mrs. Eddy. Above the mantelpiece and opposite it were passages from "Science and Health," signed "Mary Baker G. Eddy," and verses from the Gospels signed "Christ Jesus." On the back wall, — the most prominent thing in the room — was a painting of a chair and a table: at furniture like this, so a legend beneath it told, "Science and Health" was written. An alcove room with a white maple "bedroom set" opened on one side of the door, and on the other a toilet room, complete, except for a bath-tub, in every particular. There were many more details; as heavily upholstered white chairs railed off with a ribbon so that no visitor might sit in them; an eider-down rug; and stained-glass windows of mystic symbolism. Before the central window, which showed a woman writing, hung a Grecian lamp. The whole effect was ornate; everything was heavy with decoration; even the plumbing in the toilet room was gold-plated.

The pilgrims looked about in utter silence; no one spoke a word until the door opened to show that the two minutes were up. Then a woman approached the guardian of the doorway.

"I have been here three times," she whispered, "and each time it has seemed more wonderful to me."

"Ah," said the guard, on an indrawn breath, "it reflects purity."

Twelve others, their hands folded, their eyes upon the word "Love," were waiting their turn outside, and down the church aisle stretched a file of quiet, intent people, waiting.

The Process of Saint-Making

Now whether this homage is paid to Mrs. Eddy direct, as the outsider would suppose, or whether it is paid to the exhumation of truth, as the church leaders maintain, this is the wonder of Mary Baker G. Eddy: that in America, the material, and while she is still alive, people are venerating the spots where she deigned set her foot. When she permitted the yearly pilgrimages to her country seat at Concord, she used to step out on the balcony and give the faithful a few words of benediction. They would listen with uncovered heads; when she withdrew, they would break out together into audible prayer. She permits pilgrimages to her home no longer; her isolation is now like that of the Grand Lama; and there remains for the outward and visible homage of the pilgrims only this room, in which she has slept but three times. It is sixteen years now since she went into retirement to direct the affairs of her Church and take thought for the salvation of the world; seven years since she has spoken from a pulpit.

From any worldly standpoint, this old queen of a new dispensation is the most successful woman in the United States. No other American woman has made a greater fortune by her own efforts — and Mrs. Eddy had known nothing but poverty until she was nearly sixty. None other is so famous; none other has half the power. For the great and growing membership of the Christian Science Church, she is the absolute arbiter of conscience, the cure of souls. The only sermon permitted in Christian Science churches is the reading of her book, together with verses from the Bible. Except for the Lord's Prayer, there are no prayers said but those of her composition. When she cares to exercise it, she has control of her followers even to the intimate details of their private lives. In her Mother Church there is a by-law regarding obedience. By its terms, any member may be summoned at any time to the home of the Pastor Emeritus (Mrs. Eddy), there to serve the cause for not more than a year. When she permitted pilgrimages to Concord, her followers came by thousands for one sight of her from a balcony or a carriage window; when, "seeking quiet," she ordered them to keep away from her home and refrain from "haunting her daily drive," they obeyed and made no complaint.

Christian Science as a Curative Agent

In this history, which will begin in the January number, McClure's will take no stand upon the assertion of Christian Science that it cures disease. This is to be a history, not a treatise. Until Christian Science submits its cures to the examination of men of science, working with the exact knowledge of the laboratory, this assertion cannot be proved or disproved with the scientific accuracy which will satisfy the unbeliever. We shall not deny its cures, any more than we deny the cures of the Faith Healers, of the Anabaptists, of the early Mormons, and of the hypnotic practitioners. There is a chamber in the house of consciousness which psychologists are calling, for want of a better name, the subliminal mind. It is a region on whose borderland lie the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, and suggestion, and in which psychology is making only a beginning of exploration. Whether the explanation of Christian Science phenomena lies in the activities of the subliminal mind, whether the cures are imaginary, or whether Christian Science has grasped Truth — with these questions we have nothing to do. This is to be only a history — the story of a romantic life and of a great human movement.

Of the facts, we have made a thorough investigation. No series of articles presented to the American people ever followed more careful preliminary work. Georgine Milmine, the author, spent more than two years of close research. At various times five other members of the McClure staff have confirmed facts or helped correlate the data. Many minds, each looking on things from a different angle, have been turned upon these events; and the result is probably as near absolute accuracy as history ever gets.

Difficulties of the Investigation

Certain difficulties face all investigators who seek the truth concerning Christian Science. Practically no assistance can be obtained from Christian Scientists themselves. Official documents on this subject are frequently incorrect. Mrs. Eddy has herself published an autobiography which, in many points, does not agree with the statements of unprejudiced outsiders. She refuses to be consulted personally on the main facts of her own life. The Christian Science mind is unfriendly to independent investigation. It presupposes that anything even slightly unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy or to Christian Science is deliberate falsehood. The Church organization has already branded as "forgeries" and "counterfeits" documents which it has not seen. This mental attitude results from the Christian Science philosophy. It assumes that it has the truth — the mental illumination that sees things as they are; and that the rest of the world lives in error. Fundamentally, it denies the evidence of the senses. It believes that such evidence is illusion; and never to be accepted as trustworthy testimony against Mrs. Eddy or the Christian Science Church; Mrs. Eddy herself is the source of truth; and her word, in the minds of the faithful, counts against that of all others.

"Suppose Mrs. Eddy should commit a crime — rob a bank, for example," the present writer asked a Christian Scientist closely in touch with his leader. "Suppose certain reputable persons — for example, the Mayor of Concord, the Governor of New Hampshire, President Roosevelt, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Pope of Rome — saw her rob the bank. Suppose they all went upon the witness-stand and swore that they saw her do this — would you believe their testimony?" "No," came the prompt response. "Why not?" The Christian Scientist murmured the word "hypnotism." That is, the forces of evil, working through hypnotism, might easily lead astray the senses of all these high-minded witnesses and force them to bear false testimony. "I should believe Mrs. Eddy against the statements of all the world," Christian Scientists frequently declare. "But if Mrs. Eddy herself told you that she committed this crime, would you then believe it?" "No." Indeed, Mrs. Eddy has explained away certain letters written by herself which tend to disprove her claim to the discovery of Christian Science, by saying that she wrote them while in a mesmeric state.

Necessarily, McClure's Magazine does not accept these rules of evidence. It brings to bear upon the facts merely "mortal mind." It has the utmost confidence in the evidence of the senses. It will use these senses, and not a certain esoteric philosophy, in determining the value of certain facts. It holds no argument for or against Christian Science; and will simply tell the truth, as that truth is ascertained by the use of ordinary human faculties.

WINTER SUNRISE

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THERE'S a shadow on the starlight far
away, far away;
There's a pearl hid in the mist so cold and gray,
Where young Morning, silver-eyed,
Steals along the steep hillside
For to seek another little new-born day,
For to find and love a little new-born day.

There's a glory on the granite, far away, far away;
There's a rainbow on the mist so cold and gray.
Soft and rosy in her breast,
From the mountain's golden crest,
Happy Dawn doth bear another new-born day;
Happy Dawn doth bring a little new-born day.

LILY-ANN

BY

FLORENCE TINSLEY COX

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD MAJOR," "A SOCIAL EVENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES

"THIS is Lily-Ann, Rhoda," my mother said in an introductory tone. "She is to be your little nurse, and play with you. Do you know many nice games, Lily-Ann?"

From the shelter of my mother's chair I stared at the new-comer. I almost thought at first that it might be a little girl, until I noticed the shining folds of white apron. Lily-Ann was all white apron down to the tops of her large, patched shoes. She was fourteen years old, perhaps, with the dignity of forty. She had a wide, smiling face, and appeared to be very agreeable in manner, so when she put out her hand I slipped mine cordially into it.

"I can play at wild beasts, and puss-in-the-corner, and 'ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,'" she told my mother over my head. "I am experienced. I have helped to raise three children, ma'am."

She looked so small as she ended in this impressive fashion that my mother laughed, and my grandmother gleamed responsively through her glasses.

"It must be only quiet games, mind," my mother said. "You mustn't teach Miss Rhoda to be noisy."

Lily-Ann promised to observe this caution faithfully, and I suppose she thought that they were only quiet games which we played that morning. We had all three, first Banbury Cross, then puss-in-the-corner, and finally wild beasts. Lily-Ann crawled under the bed and roared at me, now like a tiger, now plaintively like a big pussy cat, and again with a deeper note that carried menace in its tone.

"That's a lion," she explained, in between great volumes of sound. "Lions eat people all up. So do wolves. Now I'm a wolf. Hear me crunch their bones!"

There was a horrible snarl under the bed, and something white and shining made a snatch at my foot and then retreated, to return the next moment in a panting rush, much too real to be pleasant.

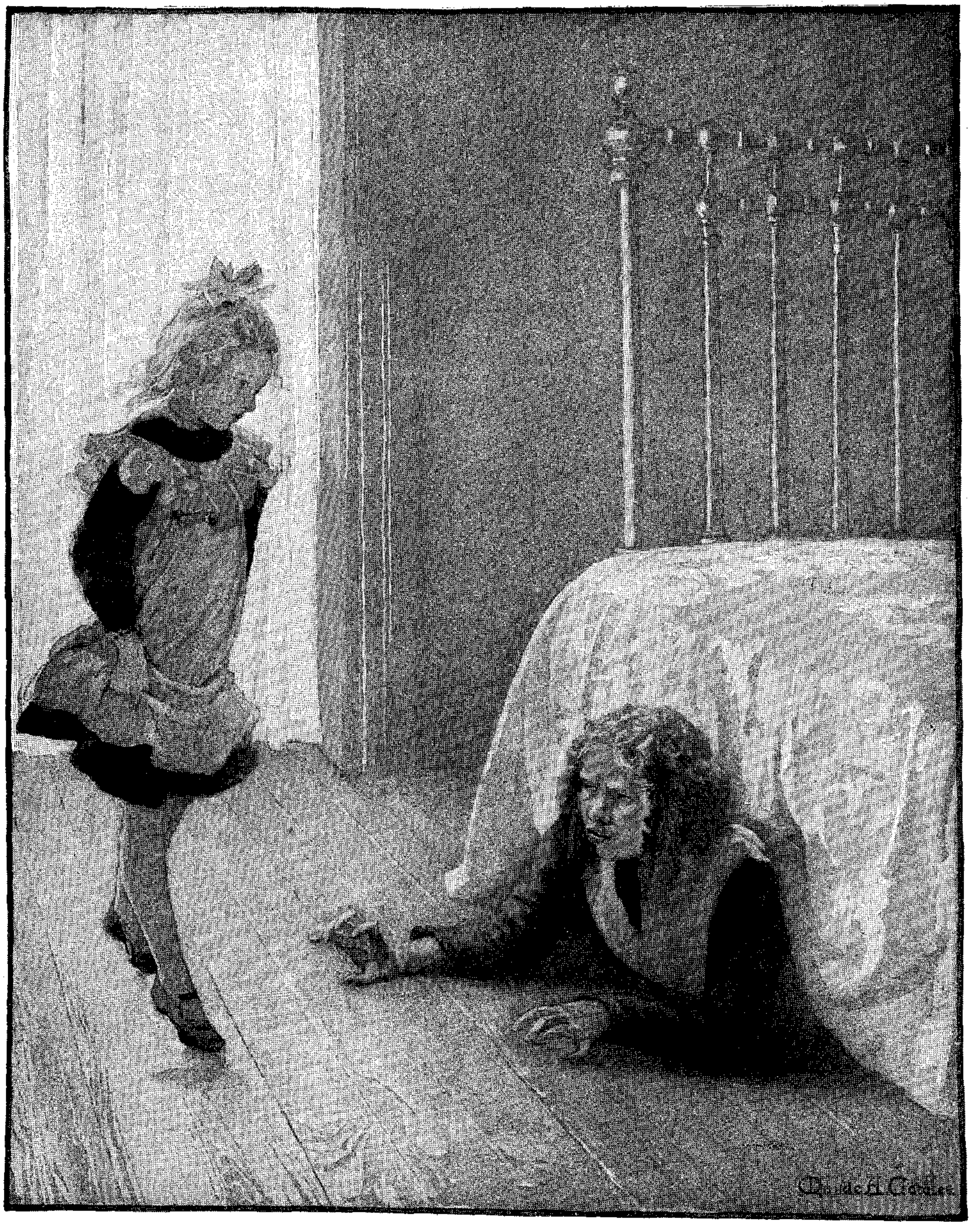
"Oh, please, Lily-Ann, I don't want to play wild beasts any more!" I exclaimed half afraid, although she was very obedient to my whims and, when I cried loud enough, came out in a crushed state to be a little girl again.

At first I liked Lily-Ann. She was so companionable, and then she knew such quantities of strange things. For instance, it was she who showed me how to make my hair curl. It could be done by eating crusts! There had always been a great deal of trouble about my crusts. I would never eat them, not even after I had been reminded of all the poor children in the world who had not a crust apiece to stay their hunger on, and whom it seemed that I should benefit in some marvelous way by eating mine.

"They can have these," I replied generously to such appeals to my feelings. "I'll save them for them every day."

That, however, was before Lily-Ann came, and I learned that a crusty diet was warranted to make the hair curl. To think that little Rhoda Harcourt might have curly hair! What a nice thing that would be! Of course it meant months of work, but Lily-Ann, whose hair twisted from the roots, must surely know. Under her encouragement I ate all my own crusts, and begged so earnestly for more at the table that I became a wonder to the family.

"Is the curl coming, Lily-Ann?" I would ask eagerly in the mornings when she stood over me, comb in hand.



"'Oh, please, Lily-Ann, I don't want to play wild beasts any more!'"

"It's coming more and more every day," she asserted, to my great satisfaction.

"Ouch! How you do hurt, Lily-Ann!"

"That's because it's so curly. See that long, beautiful one. I can't hardly get my comb through!"

I sighed blissfully, with my eyes full of tears, and wondered when my mother would notice the change in her little girl, for, indeed, something must have happened to my hair, judging from the jerks.

It was Lily-Ann again who taught me how to catch sparrows by throwing salt on their tails. I ran about very hot and eager all one morning, and ended by feeling rather foolish, for not a bird would be caught, though I crept persistently on their track, always sure that the next time I should be successful. Still, I did not bear any grudge against Lily-Ann. It was not her fault that I was unfortunate, and then, too, she was very sympathetic.

"Why, my cousin caught one only yesterday," she cried in astonishment. "But then she is older than you are. And so smart! She turned a horsehair into a snake once. Did you ever do that, ma'am?"

"No," I answered doubtfully, and immediately added with growing enthusiasm, "Oh, I should so like to do that!"

The end of it was that a faint suspicion which had crept upon me after the sparrow episode was quenched in the zeal with which I set myself to the awful task of raising snakes by the wholesale. There was always a touch of dread in the eagerness with which I visited the snake incubator, a rusty pan half-filled with water and hidden in a secret space behind the lilac-bush. Little by little the horror of the situation so overcame me that I hurriedly weeded the horsehairs out, but the six that remained were the finest and longest which I could find, destined, I could easily expect from their size, to become boa-constrictors.

I believed everything that Lily-Ann told me. Up to that time there had never been occasion for me to question anyone's truth, nor had there been anything of which to be afraid. Now I learned of a new world that lay about me, the Land of the Dark, in which familiar furniture played wild pranks, and shadows came to have a very terrible meaning.

"After you go to bed at night," Lily-Ann said impressively, holding up a fat forefinger, "there are Things that come out and run all about the floor! Under the chairs and under the bed they creep around. Especially under the bed. If you should let your hand hang down, a Thing would take it and shake it!"

I peered at her from out the shelter of the bed-clothes, for I was in bed when this was first related, and she was sitting by me until I should go to sleep.

"I shall never do that, Lily-Ann," I said faintly, gluing my arms closer to my sides.

"You might in your sleep," she returned, with grim significance.

"And that ain't all," she went on, after a short but terrible pause. "There's a Bear in the garret. He wants something."

"What does he want?" I asked fearfully, determined to know the worst at once.

"He wants a bad child. He's hungry!"

Now I was bad, as I had just reason to know. Lily-Ann used to examine my record every night, and she was the greatest one that I have ever seen for pointing out flaws in character.

"I don't think I've been *very* bad to-day, Lily-Ann," I said trembling.

"You took your little brother's ball," she answered shortly.

"But I gave it back to him!" I cried aghast.

"You slapped your little sister."

"But she slapped me, too!" I pleaded.

"Not until after you slapped her. And you are six years old."

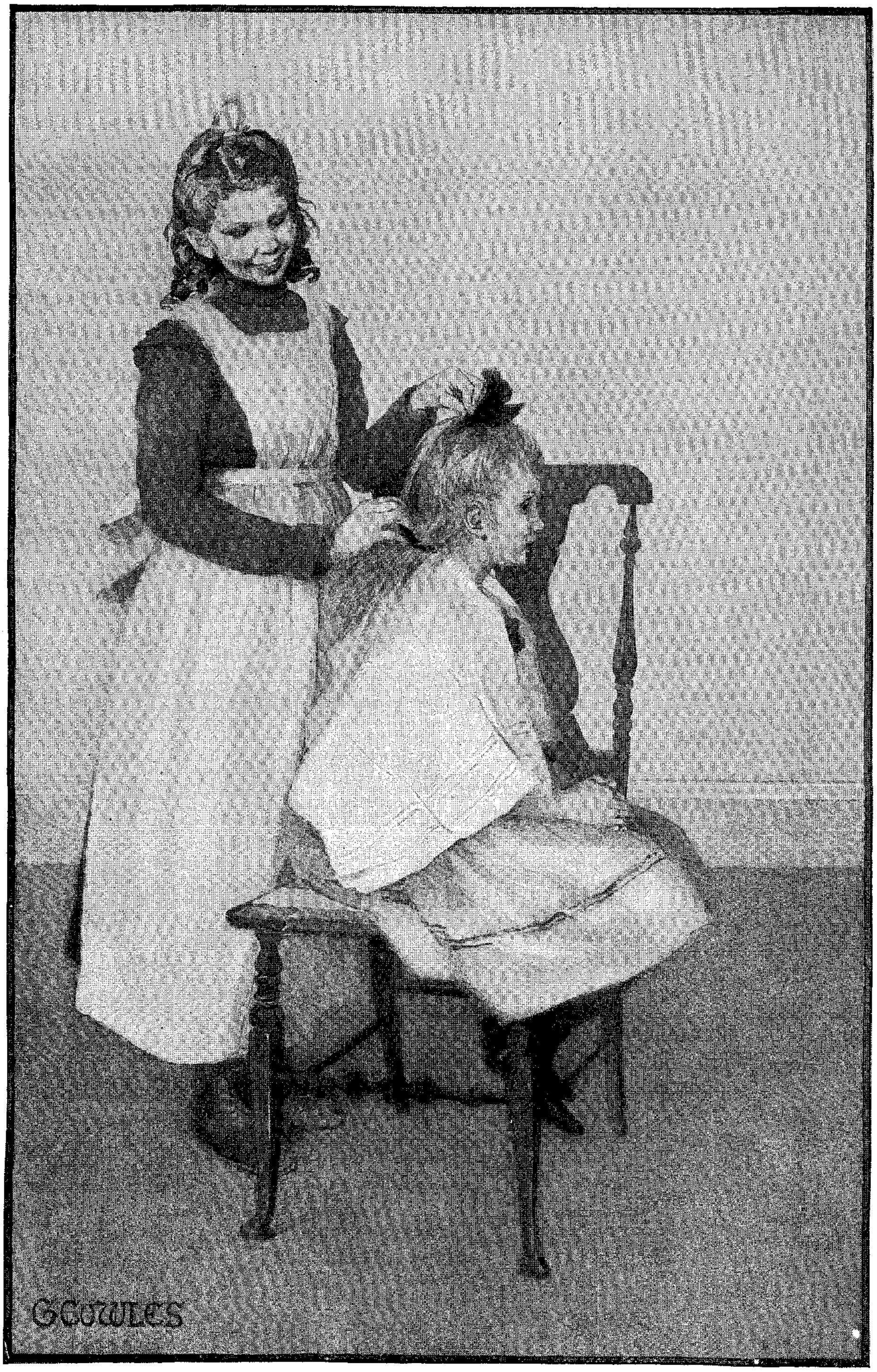
That was one of the unkindest things about Lily-Ann, she was always trying to make me live up to my station. And it was so hard to be good, and hardest of all to be good enough for my great age. That night, however, I made a compact with her.

"Dear Lily-Ann," I said piteously, "if I go right to sleep by myself, so you can get your supper, will you chase away the Things, and tell the Bear that there is no bad child in this house?"

I was not prone to criticize my elders and betters; but somehow I had remarked that Lily-Ann was fond of her supper.

She went away without much urging, and I lay there miserably in the dark. It seemed to me that there was a stir all through the quiet room, and out in the hall the garret door creaked in a new manner. The dark was so much blacker than it had ever been before, and even when I went down head and all under the covers I could hear the Things pattering about the floor, and the Bear rattling at the knob. Many a night after that I huddled myself up into a heap, afraid to sleep lest my hands should unclasp and slip out of bed, afraid to move lest the Bear on the prowl for bad children should pounce on me and eat me up, sins and all. I used to pretend to sleep very loudly and heavily that he might think me a good child. Still, I felt that it must be hard to deceive a Bear, and that sooner or later he would make an end of me. As for the Things, I never had any hope of getting the better of them. All through the long nights they slipped and slid about, or stood waiting at the edge of the bed to shake hands with a friendliness that was truly awful.

Even in my greatest fear, however, I never betrayed Lily-Ann. I was too much in her power to dare to tell tales about her. I used to marvel when the family commented on her faithfulness, or devised schemes for improving the home from which she had come.



"'IS THE CURL COMING, LILY-ANN?'"

Many large bundles went out of our house, and I often heard my mother speaking in a sympathetic fashion of the little girl whose childhood was passed in the service of others.

"Poor Lily-Ann, she's never had any childhood of her own," she would say regretfully.

Out in the kitchen too, I had heard our Norah exchanging confidences on the subject with her cousin who came in sometimes, when there was company, to help with the work.

"I give her all the cold things to take home every night," Norah confided. "The praties and bits of mate, just anything. They are that starving that they are not particular. Every smithereen of clothes that she has, the mistress gave her, and the old lady has been open-handed, too. There's many a ten-dollar bill finds its way to that house."

The cousin sniffed.

"The rest of us have to work for our own," she said. "Faith, it's fine to be reckless, sometimes."

"But I'm not trusting her," Norah continued darkly. "She tells lies. And she's cross to my child!"

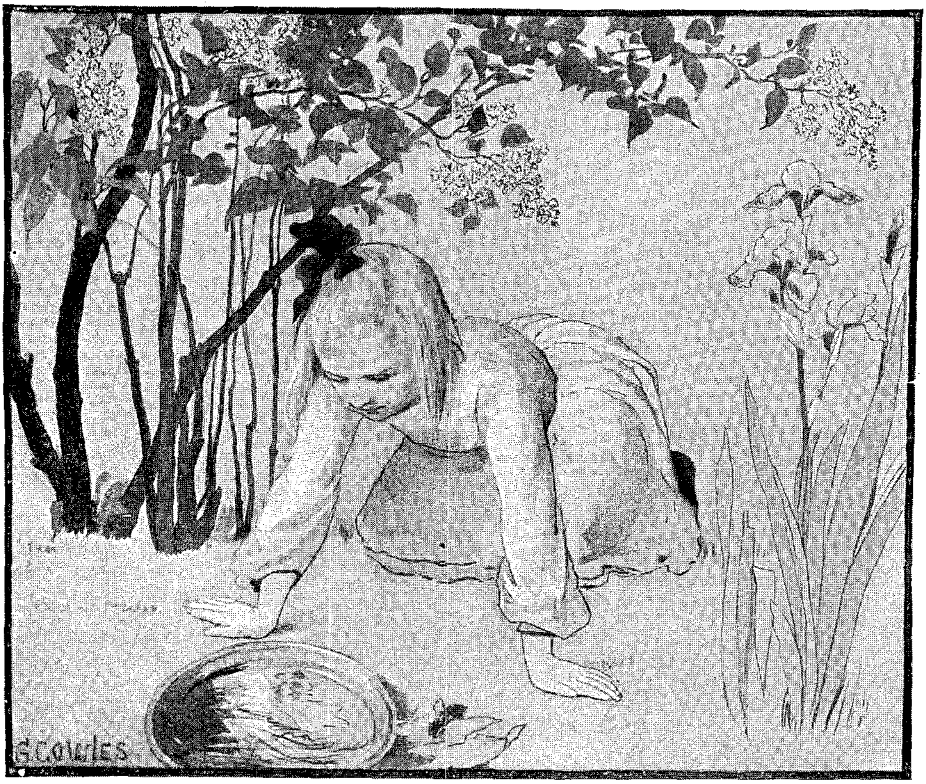
"Who is your child, Norah?" I asked with sudden eagerness, pressing up close to her gingham apron.

Norah lifted me upon her capacious lap and patted my back.

"And it's herself that wants to know," she cried, with a rallying laugh. "See that now! Ain't she growing a big girl, Bridget? See the praties in her cheeks! Sure, she's purty enough to be Irish."

"But who is your child, Norah?" I persisted jealously, and it was only when a burst of laughter broke from the two women that I understood, and hid my face in the concealing folds of the gingham apron.

I was very good to Lily-Ann after this time. Not that I had ever been bad to her before, but now I began to join in the work of charity. I made her a present of the little gold locket which my grandmother gave me on my last birthday, and of my second best



"There was always a touch of dread in the eagerness with which I visited the snake incubator" pair of shoes, which had been red once and still retained a delightful color. I wanted to give her my Sunday cloak also, but she reminded me that there were other Sundays yet to come. She did take my bank with its one jingling gold coin in it. Unfortunately, all the money of less value had been pried out long ago to buy candy, but I told Lily-Ann how sorry I was that the little red house was not filled to the chimney with pennies. I promised that I would give her all my money in the future to take home to her family, so that they might never be hungry again. Lily-Ann heard me in silence. She did not thank me with her lips, but when the Things grew too rampant at night she would reprove them sometimes in a stern manner.

"Go away!" she would cry, stamping her foot energetically. "Rhoda is a good child."

The Things and the Bear all grunted with the same voice as they retreated in discontent to their lairs, but I was not critical. It was enough for me that they went, if only for a time. Always I remembered that Lily-Ann could summon them at will, and her importance grew greater day by day.

There were hours, however, when I escaped into the safety of my mother's room. I was not too small to understand the delights of that cheerful room: the glittering objects on the dressing-table, the deep bureau-drawers filled with wonders much too dainty for a child to touch. There were keepsakes also, mementos of my mother's childhood and youth: prize books in foreign tongues, won at school and laid away in tissue paper; bits of costly lace, and many little worthless, well-beloved possessions. In the closet there was a box on an upper shelf. Quite an ordinary box it was on the outside, made of pasteboard and tied with bands of yellow ribbon which had once been white. My mother lifted the cover one day and showed me what was inside. It was the most wonderful thing, and it had come off her wedding-cake. There was a white platform surrounded with a wreath of white roses and leaves, and in the center of the platform there stood under a wreathed arch two little dolls, arm in arm.

"They are going to be married," my mother said. "They came off the top of my cake when I was married."

"Oh, isn't it too sweet for anything!" I cried in an ecstasy. "But, Mother, why does the lady doll wear a veil?"

"All brides do. You shall, too, some day."

"Shall I?" I questioned doubtfully. "But, Mother, dear, suppose I should grow up and never get married, won't you give me these little dolls to play with?"

"If that should happen I suppose I must," my mother said with a laugh, and tied the box up tightly again and put it back on the upper shelf.

I dreamed about that box. I talked of it to Lily-Ann and described the enchanting veil at great length, and I even condescended to tell the twins about the dolls that mother had. Once with great pain from the acute rasping of my knees, I climbed up the closet shelves and peeked in a loose corner of the box. Then I came down again, perfectly satisfied, for the dolls were still there, and if I escaped marriage they were to be my own. I determined that I would never marry. It would be at too great a cost.

Soon after this there came a day when everything seemed to go wrong. Lily-Ann was very cross, while my mother looked sad and even frightened. She went up and down stairs many times. She watched me furtively and asked whispered questions of Lily-Ann. I wondered what Lily-Ann could possibly be telling her. I knew that it was not about me, for I had been very good that afternoon. To be sure, I had pulled the cat's tail, but she and I had kissed each other affectionately afterwards, and were friends again. Nor was Lily-Ann apt to reveal my misdeeds. She liked to judge me herself in that dread hour when the dark brought repentance. Still, as the questions went on and on, I was sure that I heard my name, not once but many times, now from Lily-Ann, and now from my mother with a gasp of dismay.

Then my mother took me in her arms and kissed me, and rocked me as if I were a baby again, and in the middle of it all made me a little confidence.

"Rhoda, Mother always meant to give you those little dolls," she said.

"Oh, did you, Mother!" I cried eagerly.

"But giving is different from taking. Do you know what it means to steal a thing, Rhoda?"

I nodded solemnly.

"'Thou shalt not steal,' you know the Bible says."

"Yes, Mother."

"Did you climb up into my closet one day?"

I hung my head.

"Rhoda, when you knew that you had only to ask for Mother to give them to you, why did you take away my little dolls?"

"But I did not take them," I cried in surprise. "I only looked at them. Was I very bad, Mother?"

"You didn't take them? Think what you are saying, Rhoda."

"I did not take them," I protested, breaking into tears, for though I was bad, I knew that I was not that bad.

I could see that she did not believe me. She sighed, in a way that I had never heard my mother sigh before, and set me down on the floor beside her. Then she took me by the hand, and we made a very solemn pilgrimage up the stairs and through her room into the one which was my own, straight up into the corner where my doll-house stood. She opened the little door and motioned me to look in. The bride and groom were leaning stiffly side by side against the sofa in the parlor! They stared back at me with scorn on their sugar faces, and there was also something accusing in their expression, as if they were saying, "Little girl, how do we come here?" Still I would not confess. I had not taken them. I had wanted them very much, but now I did not want them at all. I should have liked to smash their sugar heads, for it was their fault. They had done it themselves, stepping down from their high shelf in the middle of the night. They were tired of living tied up in a box, and wanted my doll-house to set up housekeeping in. They had done it themselves just to plague me. There was no other way to explain it.

"What does she say?" grandmother asked, creeping in behind us.

"Not the truth!" my mother cried. "I should never have suspected my child of lying and stealing! But Lily-Ann says that it is not the first time!"

I stood and looked at them. It almost seemed as if I did not love them any more. They knew me so little that they thought I could steal those sugar dolls.

"Grandma, put her to bed for me," my mother said, still with that frightened look on her face. "I don't know what to say to her. I must ask her father."

Grandmother put me to bed with slow, patient fingers. She tucked me in and kissed me in quite a tender way.

"Tell Grandma," she urged in a whisper, bending down until her glasses touched my hot cheek.

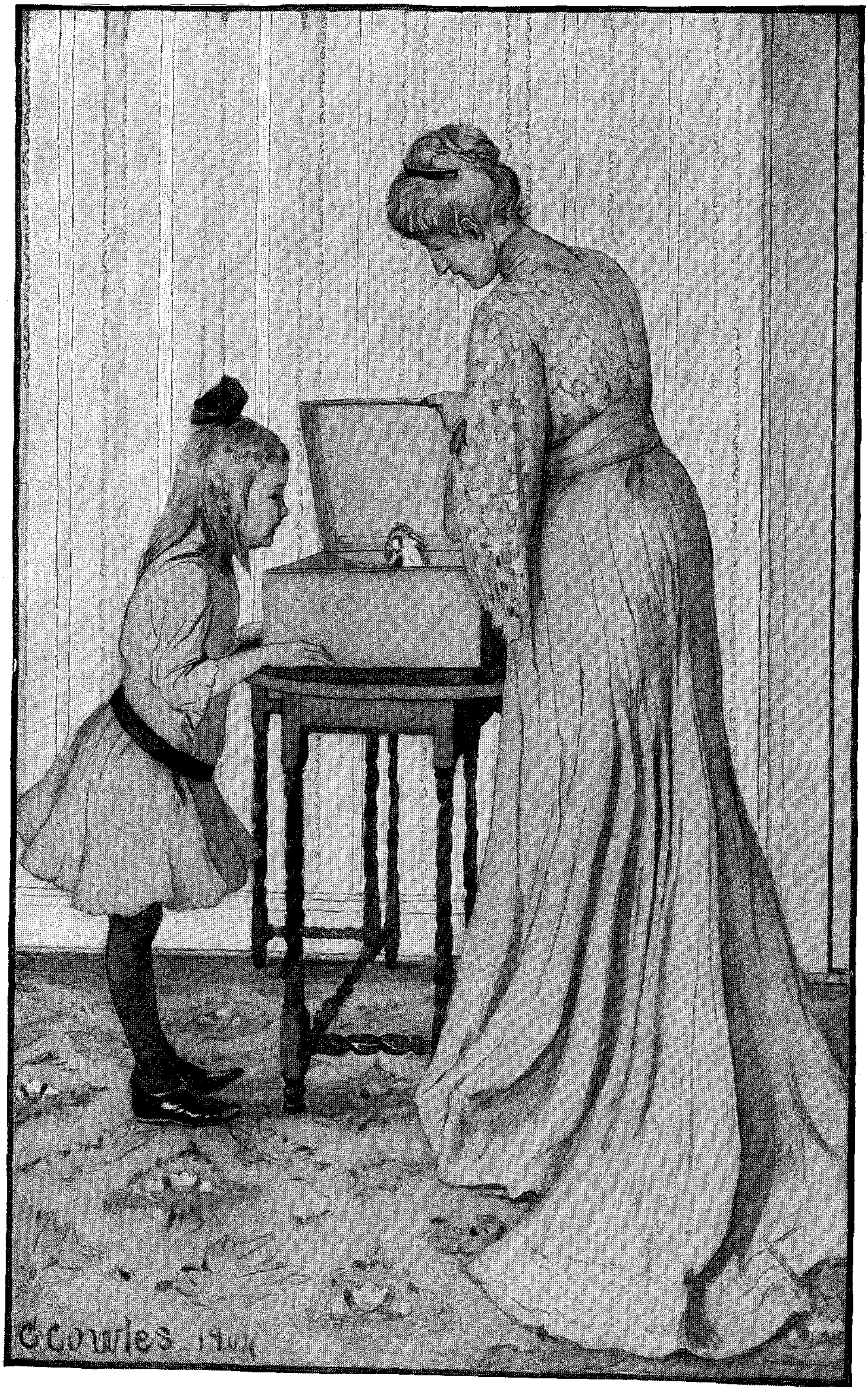
But still I would not confess.

It was very quiet in my little room after she had gone. I could hear the dishes rattling down-stairs, as Norah set the table with a bang of the plates and a thump of the knives. We were going to have honey for supper, and little cakes with frosted tops baked in scalloped patty-pans. I wondered whether I should have any supper, or must lie there in the dark, while they talked about me at the supper-table. I did not think that *I* could enjoy frosted cake baked in scalloped patty-pans if *my* little girl were alone upstairs in the dark. When I grew up and married, for I might as well marry now, I would never treat anyone so. Never! Never!! Never!!!

"Oh, please, God, let me hurry and grow up," I whispered to the darkness. "And, oh, please, God, let me have frosted cake for my supper!"

I waited for the prayer to bear fruit. Sometimes prayers were rather slow. I heard my father come home with a cheerful rustle of parcels. He hung up his coat and hat in the hall and tiptoed up-stairs to wash his hands. He knew that the twins were asleep in their cribs, but he did not know that I was beyond in the darkness, afraid to speak to him. He did not miss me, although I was always the first to welcome him at the door. Nobody seemed to miss me. I heard them draw up their chairs to the table. Now they were eating honey. Now they were eating frosted cake. Lily-Ann would have some of the cake. They believed in her. It was only their own little girl whom they sent to bed without her supper. It was only Rhoda whom nobody loved. If God would let me grow up quick, I would go away and not be a trouble to them any more. Perhaps off in the country I might find somebody who would love me, and believe in me, for I did not want to be loved unless I was believed in. I should be very lonely at first; nearly as lonely as I was now. A sore place came in my throat, that made me cry because it hurt so.

The kitchen door opened in the distance, and a whirlwind swept into the dining-room. There was a pause, punctuated by loud remarks delivered in a high Irish voice, and then the whirlwind came up the stairs and swept me out of my bed. It was Norah. I clung to her, for she was the only thing which I had left to love in the whole world. My father and mother had deserted me, but


C Cowles 1904

"MOTHER LIFTED THE COVER ONE DAY AND SHOWED ME WHAT WAS INSIDE"

Norah was staunch. She kissed me as she carried me, big girl as I was, straight down the steps into the dazzling light of the supper-table. Norah was excited. She had a red spot on each cheek, and her eyes shone like stars. She held me tightly with one arm and gesticulated with the other. Against the white panel of the kitchen door Lily-Ann was crouched in a timid, frightened fashion, with all the spirit gone out of her wide face, and almost the very curl gone out of her hair.

"She had them dolls yisterday," Norah cried accusingly, her finger pointed straight at the kitchen door. "I saw them in her box. Sure, I thought that the mistress gave them to her, and it's not for the likes of me to say what the mistress shall give or not give. Then this morning when there was questions asked, she crept up-stairs and put them in the doll-house. The sarpent! Is my child to lie in the dark crying her heart out, and that sarpent set at my kitchen-table, drinking her tay, and telling me wicked tales of my child?"

Nobody answered her. They stared at her in bewilderment. Norah had never acted like that before.

"If there was questions to be asked, why wasn't I asked?" she went on angrily. "If the mistress or the master had said to me, 'Norah, where's them little dolls?' I would have told them the truth. I would have said, 'Lily-Ann stole them yisterday, ma'am, and to-day she put them in the doll-house, sur.' But, no, they don't ask honest old Norah. They listen to that sarpent back-biting my child. The little innocent creatur! The dear little old-fashioned thing that niver took nought from nobody!"

I put my arms around Norah's neck and hugged her until I nearly strangled her.

"Give Rhoda to me, Norah," my mother said jealously.

"There's only one thing more to be said, ma'am," Norah continued, obstinately standing her ground, still with my arms about her neck. "Either old Norah goes, or that sarpent goes. I'll have no sarpents in my kitchen."

They were all looking at Lily-Ann now. There was a ring of truth about Norah's story which had convinced them at last.

"Have you anything to say, Lily-Ann?" my father asked sternly.

She had nothing to say. As she drooped a little closer to the door and wiped her eyes in a miserable fashion, I felt that I could forgive her all the harm which she had done me. Poor Lily-Ann, who my mother said had never been a child!

"Oh, please, Norah, let Lily-Ann stay!" I cried piteously. "I'll be so good if you'll let Lily-Ann stay!"

Norah might, perhaps, have been softened by my appeal; but my father would not listen. The words which he used were very stern ones, and his was the hand that held open the door for Lily-Ann to pass out of the house. She went slowly, almost regretfully, as though at the last she felt repentance. I never saw her again.

It was many a long year, however, before I cast off her evil spell. Even in the illnesses of my maturer years those crawling Things have come back, passing across the mirror of a pain-racked mind with all the horror of childish ignorance and fear. Yet I still feel that I have forgiven Lily-Ann. Coming from the home that she did, and unwatched and unsuspected as she was, she might easily have destroyed the holy innocence of a child's life. But she left me as she found me.

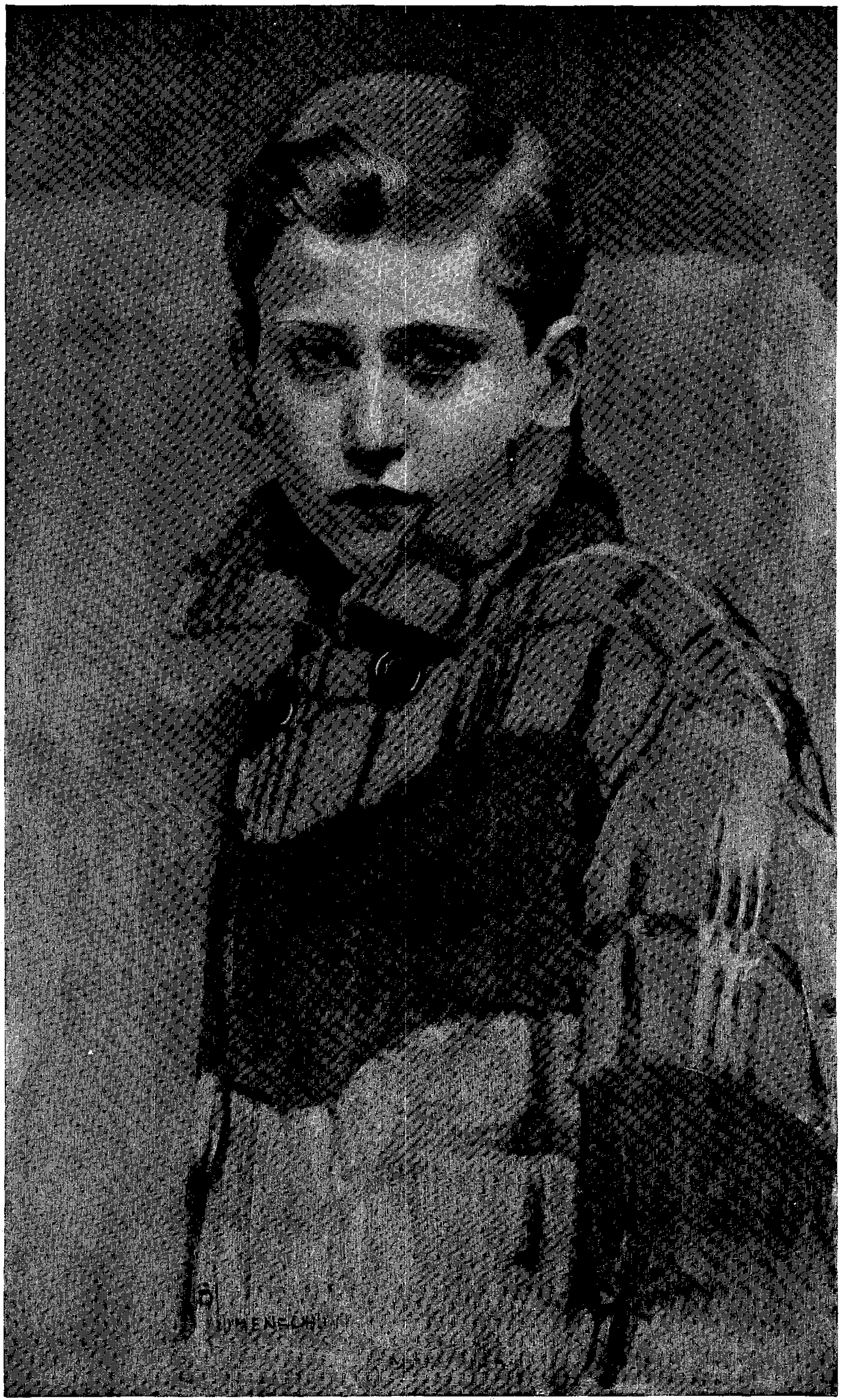
I went up-stairs very quietly that night. There was a candle burning on the bedroom table, and something which my prayer had brought, something frosted, with scalloped edges, was tucked under my pillow. The whole family came to put me to bed, and made so much of me that I glowed under their affection.

"She will forget it all in time," my father said tenderly, unwitting of my long memory. "Evil dies away quickly from a child's mind."

My mother was more impulsive. She went down on her knees and put her arms about me.

"Forgive Mother," she whispered, with her mouth against my ear. "Mother knows how true you are, Rhoda!"

After all there was really something for which to thank Lily-Ann.



DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

"CARL"

SEE PAGE 287